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**"JAMES K. O'CONNOR
—HIS VOICE AND PEN"**

1. Speeches, Emerson

O'Cor

N.B.

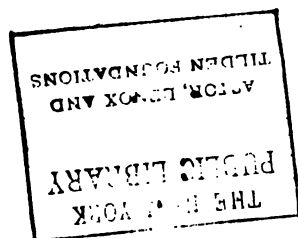
To Judge Ernest Harvier,
the fearless independent,
from one of similar gait,

- J. O'Connor,

5-19-'18.



JAMES K. O'CONNOR



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JAMES K. O'CONNOR

---His Voice and Pen

BEING A COLLECTION OF
ADDRESSES, SPEECHES, NEWSPAPER
ARTICLES, ETC., EMANATING
FROM THE ABOVE
SOURCE.



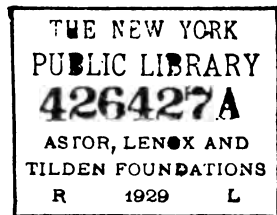
COMPILED BY HIS DAUGHTER
MARGARET M. O'CONNOR
NINETEEN-THIRTEEN

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NEW YORK



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Copyright, 1913
By MARGARET M. O'CONNOR

TO MY BROTHER
JOHN BARRY O'CONNOR

In the hope that he, too, some day, may thrill
listening audiences with his voice and expressed
thoughts, this volume is lovingly dedicated.

—M. M. O'C.

FOREWORD



Upon one occasion my father had delivered an address which was particularly well received, and of which the newspapers spoke highly. A few nights thereafter, a caller at the house mentioned it in glowing terms, and chatted likewise of other addresses previously delivered. This friend asked of father why he did not compile and edit his speeches and writings, to which the reply was given that a great many of them had been lost or destroyed and no attempt had ever been made to retain copies.

The result of the conversation was that I was told that some day I could compile the contents of this volume, and after that date we saved most of the products of my father's voice and pen.

The title may sound strange, but I use it because it is his selection. When he made the race for Congress in 1906, against the late Vice-President Sherman, some of the supporters of the latter circulated false and scurrilous matter, labeled by the very title this volume bears. I have, therefore, adopted it so that the public may realize some of the real thoughts which emanated from the pen and the real utterances which were enunciated by the voice of James K. O'Connor.

MARGARET M. O'CONNOR.

Utica, N. Y., July 4, 1913.

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ERRATA

- P. 32, six lines from bottom, read "arduous."
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MEMORIES OF OTHER DAYS.

ACADEMY ALUMNI BANQUET, 1904.

In these days of horseless carriages, wireless telegrams, heartless humans and thoughtless speech, it does not require much agility or a great stretch of the imagination to jump back a quarter of a century—in fancy. Close then your eyes and take the leap with me. The time, 1879—the place, the old Academy building in the Fifth Ward of sacred memory—to John Brandegee, who still clings, and to His Honor, Mayor Talcott, and to myself, who in days of old clung to residences in that bailiwick with as much tenacity as did ever Michael O'Rourke, Dan Shadrach, Couchy Meyers, Cale Dunn or John Davy Hackett.

My, how the memories crowd! First comes the thought of Friday afternoon rhetorical, and how soon every sixth week did roll around. A harsh, strident voice rasps out, "And the rider of that black horse was Benedict Arnold." Poor old black horse, how many times he has ridden across that school platform, and charged the heights. But Arnold was not allowed a monopoly on the charging business, for "Zagonyi's Charge" many a time and oft did faithful duty, but won its greatest favor when accompanied by the graceful presence and pleasing voice of W. Fred Adams. A few moments more and we hear the deafening crash of artillery, amid the blackness of desolate night, only to be relieved by the resonant tones of Herman Reichert, shouting, "Lights! Lights! It is, it is the march of Attila!" And then floats a peaceful calm over the blue ocean while Arthur McMillan assists Herve Riel in the arduous passage of the fleet through the straits. At intervals the tension is relieved by some sweet-voiced maiden reading, and you can gamble that she reads not of Jennie McNeill, The Curfew or The Leak in the Dyke. These have been left behind in the Advanced School. I will name no names, for most of our girls of that day are looking young and girlish yet and I am willing to keep their secrets. Ed Clark apostrophizes the Grecian Isles, Jim Sheffield again makes that maiden effort which bears the stamp of future oratorical strength, and Ote Northrop, with the aid of stiff and squeaky shoes, raises the siege of Londonderry. But, why go down the list? Scarce a soul of them is here to-night. Why have we not been strong with an association of this kind? Why did repeated efforts at organization only meet with dismal failure? Because the many, like Bob Burdette's Swallows, have migrated and built nests of their own in other localities, "and you can't bring them back if you want to."

Another scene is presented. It is the opening of school in the

morning. The Bible is being read for a few minutes. Poor old Bible! You too have been banished and can only be thought of in connection with the Academy as a memory, the same as ourselves. I never heard much that was read from you, old friend, because during that five minutes I usually had a book beneath the desk, and was industriously studying up a recitation due in the first hour, and which had not been acquired on the previous evening because of divers and sundry other pressing engagements too numerous to recall. Let us see! Somewhere in Proverbs cannot this be found, and did we not hear it upon several occasions? "He that passeth by and meddleth with strife belonging not to him, is like one that taketh a dog by the ears." And then there was Paul's first epistle to the Corinthians, the 10th chapter and 27th verse, which generally appeals to laymen inclined to the banquet habit, but finds scant favor elsewhere: "If any of them that believe not bid you to a feast, and ye be disposed to go; whatsoever is set before you, eat, asking no question for conscience sake."

The writing lesson came as a relief once a week, and then there was the singing lesson, that was a great treat—for the lawless. Interlineation and discord were prominent features, and more than once our instructor desisted in disgust. And then there were the various recitations, and the marching down to class and back, sometimes with "the measured tread of a grenadier," more often with the helter-skelter shuffle of the ferry-boat patron, each as distasteful as the other to those in-authority. Languages living and dead, sciences, history, mathematics, literature, all go by in a rush, leaving only a fitful memory here and there. B year—botany, and we each thought ourselves that flower which answers to this botanical definition—"A dicotyledonous exogen, with a monopetalalous corolla"—the daisy. With the thought of literature recurs a memory of the recitals of Gray's *Elegy* under Miss Sieboth that was, and poor dead-and-gone, playful, jolly, good-natured Al Symonds' favorite line therein, "Can storied urn or animated bust," in which he always inserted two interrogations. The urn that had the story had been left in the front yard by '77 upon retiring and bore its motto, "The star of the unconquered will." Al and the speaker and some others considered that motto and the above quoted lines as having personal bearing, even though we had to change the original sense and word emphasis. The shifting of this ornament from its place in the yard to a position as barrier to the front door was one of the incidents which required explanation to the principal, and later an interview with that good friend of all the boys, whose memory shall ever be revered, whose kindly face, cheery smile, pleasant greeting and

reassuring handclasp are forever imprinted upon the hearts of the old schoolboys and old schoolgirls who knew him as principal of the Advanced School and as City Superintendent of Schools, Andrew McMillan, of blessed memory.

One might rattle on for an hour in what General McQuade while penning would delight to call a random screed, but time is limited. The thousand and one things which memory calls from its dark and forgotten recesses, nearly all would serve to reawaken pleasant thoughts of the past,—the trials in the court-house which some of us felt compelled to attend, the pie man, the baseball nine—aye, and the female baseball nine, organized on paper as a joke,—the cider incident, which had its memorial day each recurring October for many years, the “scurrilous mock schemes,” the green vests of St. Patrick’s day,—all these and more could be told and retold, until you would have a surfeit of that class of tale.

But there never was a pleasant recollection but behind it lurked a shadow carrying sadness in its wake. Many, many of our schoolmates “have crossed the dark river that flows at the foot of the hill of life.” And in that list may be placed loving and beloved members of our own families, friends who were as dear as kindred, and associates whose memories neither time, circumstances, condition or change of environment can efface or diminish. Others have been forced to battle against strong odds, and their weak hearts have given way under the strain, driving them beaten and baffled to the foot of the ladder repeatedly. All of us have not attained the high ideals of those youthful days, while some few have exceeded their childish dreams. But whatever we are and wherever we stand, each recognizes that he or she owes much to the loved teachers of early days, and to that grandest bulwark of American liberty which shall endure for all time—the public school system.

The changes in the faculty of the institution have not been as many and as varied as might be expected in a high school. The farther we get away from schooldays, the more kindly become the memories of the teachers. As Colonel Ingersoll so aptly phrased it, we now look through “reverent eyes made rich with honest thought.” The average graduate requires quite a few years steady appliance in the world’s curriculum of common sense before settling down to a sturdy business basis, and when that has been accomplished there is quite a noticeable change in the view and point of vision. Across the gap of years stretching from 1880, the time of graduation, to to-night I can only find pleasant recollections of the faculty. Now and then I grieve for some of the thoughtless things done which must have carried pain and

sorrow to the heart of that scholarly gentleman who for so many years guided the destinies of the Academy, Principal George C. Sawyer. The class of '80, in which I have always been proud to have been numbered, left as its memento a memorial transom to that saintly man of lovable character, who suffered so much and never complained, Professor Edwin Hunt. The father of the present French instructor, too, was beloved of all. Having been born with a tender spot in the heart for womankind, it need not surprise you to hear that Miss Pringle, Miss Sieboth (now Mrs. Kennedy), and Miss Johnson, who succeeded Professor Hunt for a short time, have always been borne in the regard of the speaker as sacred ideals. Professors Payson, Williams, Anderson, though short in their stay, made friends, and the departure of each was regretted. And last but not least, I must pay respects to those still in the harness. "Three hundred words! Three hundred words!" keeps ringing in my brain. And how one would have to stretch and scrape and "pad" his or her composition to reach that limit! How some of you must wish that Professor Downing had the revision of these remarks and how glad you would be if he had fixed the maximum and not the minimum limit as of old at "three hundred words." And it is to be hoped that the style of rendition and the gestures have done full credit to his instructions in declamation a quarter of a century ago. There is still one left,—an esteemed personal friend of many years standing—Herr Nicholas Zarth. Hoch der Herr Zarth! Unfortunately I was not an attendant upon any of his classes, and thus was compelled to acquire German under the private tutorship of Professors Haak, Gammel and Gebhardt, supplemented by courses at the picnics of the Harugari, the Maennerchor, the Turnverein and the Saengerbund. I know that I hold his forgiveness for the apparent slight of not having mastered German under his tuition, and likewise for the insertion in his high hat of some cabbage leaves used in a botany lesson, and again for the raising of a window that another might smite the aforesaid hat.

Ah! those days are gone beyond recall! Those pages of the book of life are forever closed. The apparent ills and evils of the days of scholarship have long since vanished into thin mist. There remain only the memories of good work accomplished and pleasures enjoyed, and the ever sweet thoughts of how pretty we looked and how well we did, and whose bouquets we carried in (or who carried in ours) from the stage on graduation night. The golden fountain of memory may sometimes clog and diminish its spray, but upon an occasion like this, with our civic pride awakened and strengthened by the gathering of the genius, the ability, the beauty and the manhood representative of Utica's

aristocracy of brains, every inspiration is at hand to cause the stream supplying that fountain with the "Memories of Other Days," to burst forth at full pressure. For the kind attention given this ramble through "auld lang syne," accept the heartfelt thanks of the inflictor, who recognizes the fact that your patience comes from nobility of soul, and that one of the cardinal principles of this association is contained in the poet's injunction:

"Be noble,

And the nobleness which lies in other men,
Sleeping but never dead, will rise
In majesty to meet thine own."



THE OLD CITY MILL POND.

Utica Sunday Tribune, April 8, 1894.

To those perusing this column who were boys in East Utica during the period back of the last dozen years, the headline will bring many pleasant memories. Their brethren on the west side of Genesee Street were wont to regale themselves within the narrow walls of the Chenango canal locks, numbered from 4 to 9. Every passing boat drove them to the banks, there to shiver or blister, according as the day's temperature might be. With the East Utica boys it was different. They never were compelled to leave the water save when chased by their mothers or a policeman.

The Utica City Flour Mill was burned to the ground on the night of Tuesday, April 19, 1870. It was one of the hottest and hardest-fought fires Utica had seen in a decade. The massive brick chimney, 165 feet in height, withstood the ravages of the fire fiend. The constant flow of the mill stream over the water-wheel had saved that, too. The chimney, the water-wheel and flume, and a few blackened, crumbling walls and casements, were all that was left of a promising industry. To the small boy the fire was but of passing moment. It gave him a little more freedom, for he was no longer under the dictation of the dozen or more mill employees, and he could turn the current at his own sweet will down the mill race or over the wooden falls, thus changing the swimming place to either upper or lower pond.

Eight o'clock of any summer morning was none too early for most of the boys, and some, with a love for fishing, were on hand with the first gray streaks of the dawning day. When school was on, very often the lads of the vicinity performed their morning ablutions in the pond, and now and then an all-absorbing game of "water tag" was started, the duration of which prevented some one from answering school roll-call and necessitated the writing of an excuse by the best penman in the party. In a nearby field some of the railroad employees at various times attempted the cultivation of the succulent potato. Too often the "rooters" got in their work before harvest time. The corn fields on the flats were subject to similar depredations, and now and then one of a flock of Brahma hens owned by a neighbor went to make up a feast for the lads. Frogs, bullheads and suckers were within easy reach, and with the acquirement of a little salt by a polite request at the back door of the nearest house, the menu was complete. Many times has the excuse been given for not appearing at the paternal table, "I didn't feel hungry, so I thought I wouldn't come home to dinner." Possibly there was another reason for absenteeism on that particular occasion. Now and then, if you were in an

exposed position close to the water, the boy back of you accidentally stumbled against you and you tumbled into the water, clothes and all. The fire built for dinner would then serve the double purpose of drying your garments.

There were no class distinctions in those days. The boy who lived in a brick house on Broad Street and wore shoes all the year round was just as liable to find his clothes tied in a hard knot, or several of them, as was the bare-footed lad whose father had squatted in a Gulf shanty or an old, unused canal boat lying in the basin. And then what a howl of derisive laughter went up from the others in the water, who would come out in a few minutes only to go through the same evolutions, while listening to the refrain of—

“Chaw! Chaw raw beef!
The beef is tough;
Chaw a little harder
When you can’t get enough.”

Nicknames? Why, bless the boys, they reveled in them. A nickname was a badge of distinction; he who did not possess one of them could not be admitted into the inner circles. In fact, they hardly knew the names of each other in the style which they would be given in the directories of later years. There was “Poodle,” and “Fatty,” and “Shiner”; there was “Jude,” and “Stumpy,” and “Colua,” “Boots” and “Humpty” and “Corker,” and a thousand others. They were the youngsters who could dive off the highest beam, who could squeeze through the hole at the bottom of the box, and who dared to slide over the falls with the flood when the iron waste gates were thrown open. To jump in without waiting to undress was a daily occurrence with them, and if a new boy came around they squabbled for the privilege of tying his clothes or giving him the first licking.

But there never was a pleasant memory revived but somewhere lurked beneath it a tinge of sadness. The “whirlpool,” as it was called, was just beneath where the canal waste-weir emptied into the mill pond, thus again forming Ballou’s Creek, which had been swallowed up in the Basin. On some occasions the swirling current here became so strong that only the bravest and boldest swimmers could withstand the force with which it dragged the unsuspecting victim toward the bottom. Here it was that young Henry Battey, attempting to rescue a companion struggling within this vortex, was clutched in that companion’s drowning grasp and went with him to the bottom. Here it was that poor Tim Connell, taking his Sunday wash after a hard week’s work, was overcome and sunk. A dozen others barely escaped the treacherous

current, some of them even being dragged from the bottom and only restored to consciousness after heroic treatment over a barrel. Most of the frequenters of the pond feared nothing but this. Even those who could crawl through the sluiceway under the canal to Schwab's dry-dock were careful to avoid this particular danger spot.

At half-past three every afternoon all games were suspended and the troop swarmed up to the towpath of the Erie, to be ready to plunge in and be tossed about by the "waves," as we chose to term them, which the Ilion packet generated. The sound of a whistle from a tug or towboat as it passed beneath Broad Street bridge always begot a similar stampede. As soon as the Erie's surface had regained its usual limpidity, another rush was made back to the mill pond. In the meantime, some industrious individual had tied together in one long string all the clothes which had not been carefully secreted, and had abstracted from the pockets of the luckless wights who owned the garments sundry jack-knives, marbles and wads of chewing gum.

Next an adjournment to the Central Railroad's cattle yards would be in order, and a game of two old-cat, with a yarn or a ten-cent ball and a bat which had seen duty as a fence-picket or axe-helve, would be inaugurated. When the yards were in use, those who understood about milking would practice their art upon the cows, who were too weary to file a protest. The largest hat in the party served as a receptacle for the fluid, and no one was ashamed to drink therefrom. And after it all was over, as the shades of evening were approaching, the lads gathered beneath the mighty elm tree which stood on the bank of the lower pond, and swapped Munchausenisms, and smoked penny clay pipes filled, according to the toughness of the boy, with either tobacco, dockseed or dried bean leaves.

Those days are gone beyond recall. The cattle yard has been moved; the railroad's passenger tracks run through it. The coal yard with its trestles, upon which tag was so often played; the round-house, every inch of which had been searched for participants in the pleasures of hide-and-seek, are no more. And now the pond, which was the chief attraction for the many who gathered there, is about to be closed up. The Wheeler Furnace Company has purchased the land, and men are at work building a culvert, through which the water will be carried to the culvert under the Central tracks, and upon the site of the spot which has brought up all these memories many molders will soon be plying their daily vocation and endeavoring to "keep their feet in the sand."

THE GENESEE FLATS FIRE.

Utica Sunday Tribune, March 8, 1896.

"Tears for the dead, whose bodies lent
Fuel for Death's grim sacrament."

"Here is the spot where the ruins black
Smoulder and smoke in a steaming stack,
Scorched and singed and baked and charred—
Here was the * * * house, evil-starred."

Dawn is breaking over the city. Bitter cold is the March day about to be ushered in. Proud and disdainful looking, the lofty apartment house lifts its head almost to the gray clouds of the morning twilight. More than two hundred human beings are within its walls, silently sleeping. No cares or troubles, other than the ordinary ones of life, are disturbing their slumbers.

Footsteps hurry from hall to hall and figures flit from door to door. Rude is the awakening from many a peaceful dream. One ominous word is whispered and then shrieked in reply—"Fire!"

Great God! The vast tenement is on fire!

The stifling smoke is curling its way upward and slowly filling every hall and room. The very air is laden with poison. Men, half dressed and half crazed, rush from front to rear of the top stories, vainly looking for a mode of egress. Frantic women, clad only in their robes of night, seek for a means of escape. Here and there some man, cooler than his fellows, or some woman, more sensible than her sex, has managed to keep a good head. They immediately become the leaders of their group. The others are only too glad to follow.

Doors leading to fire escapes are not only locked, but extra precautions have been taken to wire them. They must be battered down or broken in. In many cases hands and feet were the only available weapons. Cut and bleeding hands are of no moment now, for human lives are at stake. There is not one door alone between the fleeing ones and liberty; another and yet another has to be forced. The way to safety lies through a tortuous labyrinth and all the while the smoke becomes more blinding and more stifling. The flames are almost upon them; their fierce breath can be felt.

Words fail. No tongue or pen can describe the horrors of that scene and do the subject justice.

One trained athlete swings from a balcony high up in air and drops to the next balcony below. The suspense of the crowd gives way to applause. The fire ladders cannot reach more than

half way to the top of the structure. A rope is thrown to the man last mentioned. He passes it up to those he left behind. It is sent one story higher still, and there secured. The perilous descent is made by one woman in safety. An elderly lady tries it. A few feet down and she becomes faint. Weak hands try to seize and hold her, but they too give out. A shudder and a moan. The woman has lost her hold and drops forty feet to the pavement below. She rises, staggers, struggles—falls, never again to rise in this world. The breath of life remains but a few moments, and then her Maker has called her home.

Brave firemen are in the building dragging to places of safety those who are too feeble or too frantic to care for themselves. Quickly the flames leap up. The sky is ablaze for miles around. Everybody who can be found is out of the building. It is believed that all are safe, save the one woman dashed to death upon the pavements.

The streams from the fire hose are as but puny rivulets. They make no impression upon what has now become a seething furnace. Every effort must now be made to save residences hundreds of feet away.

The vast crowd, which has collected from every direction, gazes breathless and awe-stricken upon the appalling sight. An universal cry of thanks ascends from their very souls that but one life has been lost. A few minutes pass, and the heart-rending tale that several are missing passes from lip to lip.

Floors give way, walls topple, and the spell-bound multitude forgets for a moment the awful grandeur of the sight before its eyes, to breathe a sigh for the unfortunates buried beneath the pile of ruins. Certain it is that three precious lives are thus lost. There may possibly be more, who will have to be placed in the category of the dead strewn upon the earth's great battle-fields and buried amidst the ruin of its catastrophes—unknown.

The many who escaped literally brought nothing with them. Some were bare-headed and bare-legged—but they were living, and for that they were truly thankful. The home relics which had taken years to gather were swept away in a moment, but sorrow over the losses was drowned by the joy of again fondly clasping loved ones.

The three who did not escape were a man and two women. The man had finished a successful business career, and was rounding out his life in a way pleasurable to many retired merchants. The women were a mother and daughter, who came of distinguished stock. The mother was in middle life; the daughter

still a girl at school, just budding into beautiful womanhood—the incarnation of all that was pure and true and holy, and bearing the name of one of the noblest women created. But the deadly smoke and the furious flame cared naught for youth or beauty or purity. The fire-fiend greedily devoured everything animate and inanimate which came within his reach.

A ghastly, skeleton-like brick wall swaying in the breeze. Piles of debris, some ice-coated, some giving forth steam and smoke where the water from the hose still plays upon them. Fire lines stretching far on either side. Policemen and firemen to keep straggling late-comers beyond the lines. That is the picture the fading sunset light of a second day shines upon. The day before its last rays had beheld seventy happy families ensconced safely in their little home nests, where now rises the ruin, black and forbidding.

It was upon the occasion of a somewhat similar, but more horrible occurrence, a native of Utica of hallowed memory, penned "Over the Ruins," the opening lines of which appear at the head of this column. And with him, we may say of the departed ones:

"Theirs was the agony, bitter and brief,
Ours the heartache and lingering grief;
Tears for the homes that are stricken to-day,
Mourning the loved ones snatched away,
Mourning the lost who shall come no more;
Tears for the hearts that are bleeding and sore;
Tears for the living not less than the dead—
The living who will not be comforted;
Who weep over bodies blackened and charred,
Burned in the * * * house, evil-starred."



WELCOME TO A LABOR CONVENTION.

(1906.)

Mr. Chairman and Convention Delegates:

You have been welcomed to this Queen City of the Mohawk by our Mayor, one we love to honor; a man who has himself for years been an employer of labor, and who is respected and honored by all the men who have ever worked under him. He has given you the freedom of the city, and I know that you will respect the request of your chairman and will do nothing that will bring to anyone a regret that that freedom was extended to you. You have been welcomed in behalf of labor by one of the brainiest men who has ever stood within the ranks of labor, Mr. Bates, a man who has been a leader in the cause of labor, who has since his boyhood striven to uplift the workingman. The welcome that has been extended by these two gentlemen is certainly one of which you may feel proud, and no words that I might utter could in any way add to the heartiness of it.

For a great many years I carried a card in a labor organization and am to-day an honorary member of that organization, known as the Typographical Union. I am a believer in the cause of organized labor.

Mankind is, at best, but a few degrees removed from savagery, and with us, as with the savage beast, it is ever the custom that the strongest must prevail; sometimes the strength of a good right arm and sometimes, more often in our day, the strength of money. Labor has ever struggled to uplift its members, and conditions to-day are due to that struggle. Compare if you can the home of the workingman of twenty-five or thirty years ago and the man engaged in the same trade to-day. The result has been accomplished through the efforts of organized labor. Look at the schools. The children of the laboring people only a few years ago were a source of pride to their parents if they had mastered the three R's—Reading, Riting and Rithmetic. Twenty-five years ago or more, when I was a student at the Utica Free Academy in this city, our graduating class numbered nineteen. The population of the city has not doubled, or more than doubled, in that time, and yet the graduating class of the Academy this year will consist of more than one hundred scholars, and most of them come from the families of laboring men.

The wages paid to-day, and forced to be paid by organized labor, have given the laboring men a chance to wear better clothes, build better homes, and eat better food. The workingman of to-day has given himself a chance to educate his children, so that

they will have better power to grapple with the problems of the world than the fathers and mothers of to-day.

It is not so very long ago since victorious armies were singing that wonderful song, the Battle Hymn of the Republic:

“In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free!”

To-day it is not dying to make men free that will do the most good—it is living to make men free. It is the duty of every man to so live that he will better the conditions of those about him. Some of us forget, when we are raised a little above our fellow men, when we are entrusted with a little more power or made the trustee of a little more worldly goods, we forget the conditions of the men who have not fared so well as we, and that is the reason for so many of the ills with which humanity suffers to-day. They forget that one fundamental principle of Americanism, “All men are created free and equal.” As we live, then, let us do that for the betterment of not only ourselves, but of all those contemporaneous with us and for those who are to follow, which shall lighten the struggle of union labor in the future.

The laboring man of the future will think; he will reason. He is no more to be led to the polls by those who control politics and vote as told. Laboring men will think it out and reason for themselves.

The laboring man of the future will be *temperate*. He is learning day by day that the social glass, when taken too often, steals away his brain. One of the distinguished British generals in the South African war remarked, when speaking of the march to Ladysmith, that it was not the young or the old, the crippled or the weak, nor the sickly who fell out of the lines, but the drinking man. That lesson will be told to every body of soldiery for years to come. Where is there a greater body of soldiery than the one marching beneath Labor's banner? Union labor is to-day the greatest army that America has ever known. Day in and day out, year in and year out, it is fighting the battle which has been fought since the creation of the universe—the battle of the weak against the strong, the battle of the oppressed against the oppressor, and the men who are in that march, the men who are constantly marching to the relief of the beleaguered garrisons everywhere, are the men who are within the ranks of union labor.

It is not long since that an employer said the reason why the request for a greater wage should not be granted to certain of

his employees was that they would only spend it foolishly for drink, and he might as well have it as they. That should impress itself upon all concerned, so that when they travel in this great march for principle none will fall out—all will be there at the finish!

Mankind deserves your best efforts. Whenever you meet in convention you do not meet to have a good time; you do not meet to pass resolutions; you do not meet to pat one another on the back; you meet to benefit your own kind, so that other organizations may take heart and follow up your good work, and so that all the world may be benefitted by what little good you may have accomplished.

You are facing the stern reality to-day. Do you know that possibly fifteen or twenty families control almost all the money in this country? By and by it may come to pass where a single man has it alone. And what then? Legislators have been bought away from you in the past; newspapers are bought every day. Why, only the other day I was reading in a paper, which some years ago started in as a labor paper, that a certain Legislator was not aboard the band wagon in a contest for a high office because he had not declared for this or that candidate who proved successful. I would rather stand alone and die fighting with my back against the wall for a principle that I knew to be right than to ride on anybody's band wagon.

John Brown, who was hanged at Harper's Ferry in '59 because of his abolition theories and action against the government, had scarcely been dead two years when from every valley and hill-side, every workshop and every place in the land, armed thousands and hundreds of thousands were marching to that tune, "Old John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave, but his soul goes marching on." If everybody got on the band wagon when John Brown was hanged there would not have been any Shiloh, or Vicksburg, or Appomattox. Instead of there being one republic on this continent at the present time, we might have five or six. Those fellows who are always wanting to get on the band wagon are the class of fellows who were Tories in the Revolutionary times. King George was good enough for them. George Washington, because he led hungry and ill-clad armies, because he fought on and on, despite continued defeat, according to this latter-day reasoning, must have been a fool, because he was not on board the band wagon.

My friends, in the cause of Labor let me say to you never be swerved. "Nail your flag to the mast-head and go down with the ship," if you must go down. The man who stands by a cause

that he knows to be right is worth more than a hundred thousand camp-followers who are working for a place on the band wagon.

I trust that this convention of yours, which seems to me to be largely a cosmopolitan affair, will aid your organization; that every one of you, when you return to your homes, will feel satisfied that he is a better man by reason of attending, and that when again you meet progress in all branches of your organization shall have been shown. The one thing for you to do is to hew to the right. Do that which you know to be right, for the betterment of yourselves, your neighbors and for future generations. Adopt as your motto the words of the beautiful poem which in boyhood we read in the old Fourth Reader:

“I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too.
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrongs that need resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.”



MINUTE OF RESPECT TO THE LATE CHARLES F. CLEVELAND.

(Entered in the City Court Record of February 29, 1908.)

The Court learns with deep regret of the death of Charles F. Cleveland, Chief of Police. Eight years of constant association in official life gives to one the opportunity of closely analyzing another. Seldom is the review thus made given forth in lifetime. When the Grim Leveler has taken from us that which was mortal of our associate, then do we break over the line of reserve and carry flowers to the coffin. The English language possesses adjectives a-plenty with which to describe the make-up of him who is gone. Honest, faithful, brave, fearless, dauntless, unflinching, loyal, conscientious, each tells of some of his characteristics, and yet much more could be truthfully said. The medal awarded him by the Congress of the United States for bravery at Antietam was to him his proudest possession. To those he leaves behind the greatest heritage is the knowledge that where many similarly situated have failed and fallen, ten years of service as Chief of Police closed his life, and in that time there was never a whisper of that tainted word of modern America which has closed so many careers and tarnished so many lives—"Graft."



ADDRESS AT ONEONTA.

July 4, 1903.

One hundred and twenty-seven years have passed since that eventful day when old Independence Bell pealed forth the joyous notes of Liberty. The immortal Declaration of Independence then enunciated brought into being a new, struggling and sparsely settled nation. Crude was its inception, diverse the interests sought to be assimilated. With foes within, with no resources, a powerful enemy to combat—the more we study the question to-day the more we are compelled to marvel at the wonderful success wrought by the master hands who guided the helm through years of despair.

When some years previously the first note of resistance to taxation without representation had been sounded, the colonists were merely struggling to protect their rights as British subjects. None were so daring as to dream of an independent nation. The first Continental Congress appealed for the rights of the colonists by addresses directed not only to the people of the colonies, but to the king and the people of England as well. But when Great Britain by force of arms sought not only to enforce its legislative enactments, but to subjugate or destroy those who would peacefully resist, there began the growth of another sentiment. It was not the rash impulse of a single moment, but the careful thought and preparation of weeks and months which finally resulted in the severance of all relations with England.

The motion to appoint a committee to prepare the Declaration of Independence was made in the Continental Congress in session at Philadelphia on June 7, 1776, and nearly four weeks later, on the day we celebrate, that marvelous and matchless document, which declared all men to be created equal, to be endowed by the Creator with certain inalienable rights, among them being life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and which ended forever the dominion of Britain over our land, was adopted almost unanimously by that body.

For over two years prior to that time British soldiers had been quartered in the Colonies with hostile intent. Fifteen months had elapsed since the shedding of the first blood at Lexington and at Concord, and the grass had been growing for more than a year above the graves of Warren and the patriot dead who fell at Bunker Hill. For the same length of time General Washington had been in command of the American forces in the field. Canada had been invaded and Quebec besieged by our troops, and Norfolk burned and Charlestown attacked by the British.

And yet, with all these stirring events happening, careful thought and deliberation was given to every detail before separation from the mother country was finally agreed upon.

Then came the occupation of New York City and the seizure of Rhode Island, and almost the darkest days of the Revolution, when hope had departed from nearly every breast, to be revived by the magnificent courage and daring displayed by Washington in crossing the Delaware—so often told, sung and painted—and capturing bands of the enemy and their arms.

Soon followed Brandywine and Germantown and their tales of disaster. But Bennington and Saratoga in turn changed conditions and brought to us the long-sought recognition of foreign powers, and the assistance in the field of many patriotic and freedom-loving foreigners. And Saratoga would have been another tale but for brave old Nicholas Herkimer and his band of Mohawk Valley farmers, who, at Oriskany, drove back and dispersed the horde of British and Indians the notorious St. Leger was bringing down to Saratoga to reinforce Burgoyne.

And so on through the years waged the battles, in New England, in the Middle States and in the South, leaving to us the hallowed memories stretching from Lexington to Yorktown.

And when finally peace was declared graver questions faced the statesmen of the republic, each in turn to be met and solved. It was only by strenuous labor, covering a period of several months, after the workings of several years had demonstrated the many weaknesses of the first articles of confederation, that the Constitution was adopted. Many were fearful of some of its provisions, some delegates openly refused to sign, and a couple of States withheld their sanction for some time thereafter. Thus it was that in 1789, thirteen years after the Declaration and six years after the acknowledgement of our independence by Great Britain, that the present republican form of government was inaugurated.

The experiment of the closing days of the eighteenth century has proven to be the most gigantic success the world has ever known, in these, the opening days of the twentieth century. The grandeur of the character and the greatness of the exploits of General Washington, and the devotion, loyalty and unselfishness of his comrades in arms, marred only by the treachery of one, have lost nothing by the lapse of years. To-day they are enshrined as reverently in our hearts as ever they were in the hearts of past generations, and in the years to come the story of that struggle for liberty will be perpetuated with the young of every

succeeding generation through the medium of America's greatest bulwark, the public school system. And so with those who aided Washington in steering the good old craft of state—Randolph, and Henry, and Otis, and Adams; Jefferson, Hancock, Sherman, Morris, Franklin, Livingston and their compatriots, whose names shall ever stand as household words and whose deeds shall point out to those who succeed them in similar places the true path to be followed.

Our trials and vicissitudes as a nation have been many since that launching of the ship of state. England had once more to be taught a lesson, but this time the instruction was principally given upon water, demonstrating to the satisfaction of the Anglo-Saxon that our people were good fighters under any circumstances. Where it had taken nearly eight years in the previous course of instruction to convince John Bull of his errors, he completed the second curriculum in three.

The years swiftly glide. We acquire territory by purchase, by discovery, by treaty, by annexation. State by State is added, and star by star to the flag. And all the Old World wonders as we grandly grow. Then the Texan, with his Lone Star, asks for our protective wing, and we gather him to the fold, which precipitates two years of strife with Mexico, and again the American arms are victorious. And again the hero of this war, General Taylor, reached the Presidency, as did General Jackson, who won the concluding battle with England in 1815.

Then, when there are no strifes to be settled with others, dark clouds begin to hover at home; differences in politics beget heated arguments and radical speeches in Congress, in the pulpit and in the forum, and inflammatory diatribes in the newspapers. One folly beget another, the crowning one of which was secession. Great as had been the crises met and overcome in the past, surely the republic now faced its darkest days. But the God who had been ever true to our country, "in its hour of peril and darkness and need," had raised up to power the man who could wisely handle the reins and solve the vexed problems confronting the nation. At times he was sorely tried. Occasions there were when the darkness was so dense as to almost compel despair of the dawn.

For four long years this land of ours was racked from end to end with the most remarkable and the bloodiest war ever fought in this world. Brother against brother, children of a common country, strove for the mastery on almost a thousand battle-fields. Rivers ran red with blood, corpses strewn valleys, hillsides and farmyards, widows and orphans were bereaved each day by the

hundred—the maimed, the halt, the blind, who had been made so in the dread conflict, were to be seen on every hand. States were swept over by the opposing armies, first the one and then the other; the portable goods taken, other property destroyed, thousands rendered homeless. Truly, as General Sherman remarked, “War is hell.”

To-day, nearly forty years after its close, we can look around and see some of its effects. The white-haired veteran with empty sleeve and tottering step, he is in a struggle yet. All these years it has been a struggle, and with the aid of the meager pension granted by the government he manages to drag out an existence, waiting for the final muster-out. Now and then there may be some unworthy ones who have managed to get on the rolls, but these are overbalanced by some of the deserving who never applied and the needy whose stipend could with honor be increased.

But what of his brother in the South—he who fought for “the lost cause.” His property had been confiscated, probably his home destroyed, his family scattered. When at Appomattox he laid down his arms and surrendered, he was in tatters and rags, gaunt and hungry. His battle too has been a hard one, and often has he been compelled to succumb. But upon the ashes of his desolate country has risen a new and grander South, with each of its States marching proudly side by side with their former foes in step to the swelling song, “My Country, ’Tis of Thee.”

And when the Great Emancipator, Lincoln, had seen the fruition of his labors in almost the ripened state, when the clouds of war were lifting and the remnants of the great armies which had been gathered from every section of our land were about to return to peaceful pursuits, the bullet of the assassin cut off too soon that life which, next to General Washington’s, had been the most useful this country had ever known. And twice since has the country been called upon to mourn Chief Magistrates similarly assassinated. And every American prays incessantly that such an event may never again mar the pages of our history.

The War of the Rebellion, instead of stagnating our country, gave it new life and impetus. The contestants, weary of the struggle and carnage, were gladdened by the appearance of the white dove of peace. Each gloried in the battles that he had won; each paid tribute to his gallant dead in the noble monuments which cover our land from end to end, and the poets of each section enshrined in verse the brave deeds of the heroes upon one side and the other. The camp-fires of the survivors still glisten and glow, conveying to the hearts of the young lessons in patriotism which at some future date may blossom and bear fruit

when the country needs their services. And the memories that cluster around them! We do not wish to forget the stirring scenes of those four years, for the scars have healed, and we only think of the bravery and gallantry of our soldiers. Chickahominy, Fair Oaks, Malvern Hill, Antietam, Gettysburg, Donelson, Shiloh, Vicksburg, the March to the Sea, Cedar Creek, Five Forks, Appomattox! What memories each of these brings forth to those old enough to remember. And those who participated in any of the great battles can always find listeners awaiting with bated breath the stories of carnage so often told and retold, and yet with a charm forever new.

As in previous conflicts, the man who had proven himself the great commander in time of war was chosen to lead the people in the paths of peace. Knotty problems again confronted him, and some were difficult of solution, but the great good common sense of the American people at all times came to the rescue, and the ship of state sailed on smoothly as of yore. The immortal Washington, the Father of the Republic, who had guided its destinies safely through the depths of war and the shoals of peace, refused to accept more than two terms in the Presidential chair. His successors accepted his declination in this respect as binding upon them. Some of the friends of the great Grant, believing that as there had been many other fundamental changes from the early days of the republic an innovation might be permitted in this respect, strove unsuccessfully to secure for him a third term in the Presidency after a lapse of one term. When it was refused by Washington and denied to Grant, what can be said of the fatuous dreamers who would seek to secure such a distinction for another, who possesses none of the attributes which made either great?

Since the closing of the Civil War we have lived in a fairly peaceful state, with the exception of the little brush with Spain and the occupation of newly acquired territory. Our prosperity, our commerce, our manufactures have increased manifold. The past is behind us, and yet its every lesson should be impressed indelibly upon the heart of every true American. The present, with its momentous questions, is with us, and by their determination much of the future shall be settled.

Again we have a hero in the Presidency. It is true that he did not have to fight eight or even three or four years to acquire his title of hero. A couple of skirmishes sufficed. And yet he is a hero nevertheless. For though the Spanish war lasted but a short time, it produced a sufficient crop of heroes. None but a hero would have invited Booker Washington to the White House,

knowing full well the enmities the action would arouse. There are those who maintain that it was begotten of a sense of gratitude, for if the stories told of El Caney and San Juan be true, were it not for the colored soldiers, the 9th and 10th Cavalry and the 24th and 25th Infantry, there would not have been many heroes left in the Rough Riders or any other participating regiment to tell the story. And this has been true of the colored brother whenever he has been placed under fire. Never was there a more magnificent charge than the one made by the 54th Massachusetts under Colonel Shaw at Fort Wagner. And that night the signal stations flashed it, the telegraph operators repeated it, the morning newspapers re-echoed it until the message sent out passed into history, "The colored troops fought nobly." And again could that truthfully be said of the colored troops in the Cuban campaign, and some future historian removed from surroundings of an official nature and writing from an unbiased and dispassionate standpoint will award them that praise to which they are rightfully entitled. Whatever phases the negro question may assume in different ages, climes and localities, there will be none to deny his fighting qualities or bravery under fire. And when the superior race which through hundreds of years degraded him by means of slavery has uplifted him by means of education to the plane of manhood and decency, the negro question will soon thereafter have solved itself.

The marvelous demonstrations made by our navy at Manila and Santiago have inspired a wholesome respect for this nation beneath all the crowns worn upon all the other continents. And yet these very acts have brought home to our own door the question which has been too often the curse of those same kingdoms—colonial possessions. Porto Rico and Hawaii are near enough to permit ready assimilation into future States of the Union. But not so with the far isles of the Southern sea. Their peoples, manners, customs, are dissimilar. In only one respect do they resemble us; and that is the polyglot combination of many races, which unlike ours has not been assimilated into one homogeneous whole, and probably never can be. The destiny which placed them in our hands may yet work out a satisfactory solution of the problem, but until that day comes it would seem that a nominal or tentative occupation in the cities upheld by the force of arms would be all that this government can do. Reports come to us of the civilizing and humanizing already done, but this is in the spots where Spanish civilization had been in control. Portions of those islands are just as barbarian and unenlightened as they were before ever the Spaniard set foot in the Philippines more than three centuries ago, and they will continue in the same condition for ages to come.

But these are not the only problems of color which have arisen or will arise to vex us. Every twelve or fifteen years questions of finance have disturbed the republic, and sometimes the hue was the green of the paper currency, then again the white of the cheaper metal or the yellow of the precious gold. And when dire results seemed about to ensue because of the raising up of one kind of money at the expense of the other, that luck or Providence which has always been with us intervened and solved the problem. It was neither politics nor finance that settled the silver question, but Nature's bountiful supply of the yellow metal newly discovered in the Klondike and the Yukon, dragged forth from its hidden recesses in the rivers, the lakes, the valleys and the snow-covered mountains by the indomitable pluck and energy of the daring and ambitious American. The untold wealth of that frozen region still pours forth in a steady stream and may it long continue.

But the vital questions of today are not of color, colonies or finance, as a specific problem. Labor, just now, is occupying a prominent place in the public eye. I am one of those who believe that the men engaged in every form and species of labor have the right to organize for the protection of themselves, the betterment of their conditions and the future welfare of their families. Compare the wages paid today with the wages paid a few years back. What has caused the betterment? Was it voluntarily given by the employer or wrested from him piece by piece and step by step by organization among the employed? Where can be found a more faithful class of employes than the railroad engineers and where a better paid class than they? And this has been produced by the watchfulness and care of the men who have guided their organization through all the growing years of the power of the railroads.

It was but a few years ago that communities were bonding themselves for railroads to aid in construction through their towns, and the little road came and wended its way along a few years, and failed. Then came one or more reorganizations, connection with other branches, and then leasing or consolidation with one of the great systems which overrun the land like the netting of a spider web. Through it all the engineer by his Brotherhood, which in times gone by has proven itself greater than any one railroad, has kept step with the march of events.

Turn to the printing trades,—where can be found a more intelligent body of men? And none more reasonable. Think of the vast number in that craft and nearly all sheltered under the protecting wing of the Typographical Union and its allied trades.

How few and far between the cases of friction between employers and employes in this line. They always stand ready to arbitrate, and the serious difficulties they have had may be enumerated upon one's fingers.

And then it was with some unreasoning personage of the stamp of Roberts, Reid, Laffan or Otis who looked upon all who toiled for a living as menials and unworthy of notice. And in each instance so far recorded surrender came only after the bitterness of defeat and the loss of invested capital which fell largely upon others interested and by whom in each instance the surrender was finally forced upon the unreasonable ones.

When labor receives higher prices for the commodity it has to sell, labor lives better and is willing to pay higher prices for the commodities it receives. The landlord collects higher rent. The storekeeper receives more for his goods. The farmer gets better pay for his eggs, his potatoes, his pork, his mutton, if the trust has not already gobbled them up, as it has his beef. The prosperity of the worker is the prosperity of the community and he who denies to the working man honest and equitable value for the services he renders is an enemy to the community. It happens sometimes in the ranks of labor, as well as in municipalities, fraternities and every other kind of organization, that the wrong man is placed high in power, resulting in blunders, useless strikes, unnecessary loss of wages to the men and material injury to the cause of labor and the community at large.

But the great employer of labor contends that every demand for an increase made is of the last variety. Witness for instance the acts of the Coal Trust and its emissaries before the Commission appointed by the President to investigate conditions in the mines. Beaten and baffled at every turn, shown to have been guilty of intimidation, perjury and even worse crimes, forcing the strike so as to raise the price of coal, Baer, its head, had the audacity to speak of Divinity having placed the coal regions in the hands of himself and co-conspirators for the benefit of mankind. And now they are endeavoring to cheat the people, the President and the Commission by evading the conditions of the latter's award. Compare the manly, courageous, open-handed conduct of John Mitchell, the mine worker, all through the strike and investigation, with that of Baer, head of the trust, and say who is the Anarchist.

The trend of the day is certainly toward socialism in a marked degree. Men who twenty years ago would have laughed at such a thing as folly, are today urging the public ownership of public utilities. The community which owns its own waterworks is not

paying tribute to a band of financiers or confidence operators who demand dividends upon stock which contains more water than their reservoirs. If your city or village does its own lighting by gas or electricity, it is not being met with threatened opposition from some striker who has purchased a franchise from a boodle board of aldermen or trustees. Street railways now-a-days are paying rentals for limited franchises instead of obtaining valuable grants in perpetuity for nothing, to be leased for a high rental to some newer corporation.

And as conditions are improved by each such instance, so grows the hope that soon all public utilities will be under government control.

The trouble has been with most people that they were not willing to become acquainted with the modern type of socialism. Too often has it been confounded with the radicalism of the foreign theorist, and some of the ignorant and unthinking are quite ready to confuse it with its dread antithesis—anarchy. The former should be read, studied and digested by every thinking man and woman in this republic. The latter has no place in this or any other country and its unholy tenets and their professors should be scourged from the earth.

I have spoken of the iniquitous Coal Trust and its methods as exposed before the Investigation Commission. And yet it is not one whit worse than the Beef Trust which corners all the available meat in the country and forces the same to unreasonable prices, thereby filching from the pockets of the poor to fill the coffers of those already enriched by years of such legalized robbery.

Think of the greatest of all trusts, the Standard Oil, which fought its way to the top by crushing out competition, blowing up rival plants with deadly explosives, and not even hesitating at murder, which facts stand proven upon the records. Its principal owner turns his eyes to heaven, adds another cent to the price per gallon and then endows another church or university and is hailed as the friend of religion and learning. Think too of the Steel Trust, financed by the great underwriter or underwritten by the great financier, which every few years can permit a head to retire with countless millions to found libraries in this and some other countries. I never read of a library gift of this kind but the memory comes back of the poor Homestead strikers, asking for an increase of wages only to be shot down by armed imported thugs of the Pinkerton variety. This is the money wrung from the sweat of those poor toilers which is founding libraries with the idea of perpetuating the greatness of the donor and his name.

And yet there are those who tell us that the trusts are not a menace to the future prosperity of the land, that they are beneficent institutions, born of divine wisdom and intended to relieve mankind. Therein lies the danger of the republic, and if ways are not found to curb them, we may fear an uprising from the trenches which will some day submerge this land in a deluge of fury, blood and destruction far worse than the French revolution of 1793. If it comes, its stay may be short, but its execution will be terrible. The prevention of such a revolution lies in the curbing of the trusts and the sooner it is accomplished the better, not only for America but for all mankind.

Let us hope that scene will never be enacted, the curtains never drawn to unveil that picture. That the Hand of Destiny which has guided our Nation through all the dangers and pitfalls of the past will ever be upon the helm of State and steer the good old craft into harbors of safety when tempests arise. That those who are entrusted with the task of ruling may always find the wisest course and avoid any dangers which threaten. That the honor and glory of our beautiful flag may remain unsullied until the end of time.

Gaze at it as it floats so grandly in the air. Is it any wonder that the man, woman or child born beneath its folds or who has been enrolled by voluntary act under its protection becomes enraptured at the sight. Who has heard the singing of "The Star Spangled Banner" and not felt the blood leap through his or her veins? Who has not given the echoing shout and shared in the sympathetic blur with Whitcomb Riley when he sang "Old Glory,"

"And seeing you fly and the boys marching by,
There's a shout in the throat and a blur in the eye,
And an aching to live for you always—or die,
If dying, we still keep you waving on high."

That flag is not only the hope and pride of the eighty million Americans of today, but of the innumerable hosts yet unborn. Thanks to the Grand Army of the Republic and other patriotic societies, the school child is taught to revere it while learning to lisp the letters of the alphabet. The little girl murmurs in gentle tones, "We turn to our flag as the flowers turn to the light." The boy shouts back in lusty voice,

"The red says be brave,
The white says be pure,
The blue says be true."

And so the first lesson of patriotism and love for the flag has

been instilled in the youthful breast never to be eradicated. But patriotism and respect for the rights of others will not alone save the Republic. Rugged honesty and morality lie far away and beyond these as the basic elements to be used in the foundation of the national character. The sickening spectacles presented in the past by one political party in New York, the rottenness of today as exemplified by the other in Philadelphia, the criminality of both in the City of St. Louis and State of Missouri, the administrative frauds in Cuba, and the gross scandals of the postal department make the heart sick, and the promoters, aiders and abettors of every form of public villainy should be pilloried and scourged. Decency demands that every participator in crimes of this kind should not only be driven from public life but placed behind prison bars. The public pulse should not only be quickened in this respect, that proper instruction and inspiration may be given the young, but the sacredness of the ties of home should be given newer and stronger safeguards. Congress has refused a seat to the Mormon polygamist chosen by one political party, now let the Senate show its honesty of purpose and debar the fellow bearing the other brand. Mormonism has no politics, and only assumes the cloak of party to further its own schemes of power and aggrandizement. The question of divorce is reaching that stage where national legislation must sooner or later be enacted. For the good of the future generations, the young should be taught that ties of this kind are not to be laid aside at will and therefore should not be entered into until after mature deliberation.

With the best endeavors to avert the dangers mentioned, with the inculcation of principles of truth, honor, justice and right in the minds of coming generations, the United States shall march on, proudly and gallantly, as before; stooping only to assist the fallen and distressed of nations; never flinching, never wavering, with Old Glory flapping its untarnished silken folds in the breeze, unconquerable in peace or war; the leader in trade, commerce and manufacture; the ruler of the wave, continuing to grow and prosper until it shall be conceded by every nation to be the greatest world power.

With the hope that such may be the accomplishment of our national aims, we make the poet's admonition our fervent prayer,

“Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!

Sail on, O union, strong and great!

Humanity with all its fears,

With all the hopes of future years,

Is hanging breathless on thy fate!

In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee."



PYTHIAN MEMORIAL DAY.

June 6, 1901.

ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE RATHBONE MONUMENT, NEW FOREST CEMETERY, UTICA, N. Y.

Brothers in Pythian Knighthood: Thirty-seven years ago from out a kindly heart grew the inspiration which gave birth to the Order of the Knights of Pythias. The restrictions and limitations placed about admission to the membership have been in excess of those of other similar organizations. And yet so marvelous has been its growth, that today it numbers nearly half a million American citizens in its ranks. That there is something above the ordinary about its principles to thus attract membership, is plain to every one. That it is destined to have a wonderful influence upon the future is apparent to its devotees and fast becoming so to those outside its pale. Friendship, charity and benevolence, its symbols, express some of the best human emotions. Founded upon such tenets, and with its motto, "Esto perpetua," the world cannot doubt that it is to remain forever.

Its founder, Justus H. Rathbone, to perpetuate whose memory yonder monument was built by loving hands, was a simple, unassuming man, who believed in true friendship and sought to inculcate that and other human virtues. Just at the close of the war between brothers, in which the most unusual scenes of strife the world had ever witnessed had occurred, when because of those scenes and many vicissitudes, the older societies were badly crippled, the bark of Pythianism was launched upon the waters of fraternity, and smoothly plowed its way to popularity and prosperity. It was the balm that healed many wounds. Its strides were rapid, its growth sublime.

Today in accordance with custom and Pythian law, we have assembled to pay our tribute of respect to the man who gave this idea birth, and to keep green the memories of our own former associates, who have passed to the great beyond. In these two cemeteries, here on the hillside, rest the bones of many great men—men who have left their impress upon American history—aye upon modern civilization. In these, not only the citizens of our own locality, but of the state and nation, take pardonable pride. And yet as time passes, many of these may be forgotten, but he whose workmanship laid the keel of our great fraternity, shall grow in memory and in greatness, and so continue, after many of the great incidents and marvelous giants of this and preceding generations "shall have sunk down the afternoon of history and the twilight of tradition, and been swallowed up in

the thick night of oblivion." He had a purpose and a mission. The purpose was accomplished, the mission is being fulfilled by the best types of American manhood extant.

The beautiful custom of "Memorial Day," gotten up by the living soldiers in honor of their valiant dead, has taken deep root on this continent of ours, and each of several great fraternities is doing its best to improve and beautify the same. Its inception was a natural consequence of the ancient custom to show honor to departed friends. It comes from one of the most beautiful emotions the human soul has ever known, and radiates in every direction, ennobling the living participants, and strewing fragrant roses upon the memory of the dead. The savage had his rude ceremonies and mounds, and each improved type of humanity has shown greater and better thoughts and actions towards its departed, until today we embalm their memory in song and story, the most lasting monuments which can be built. Stone and iron which now are massive and imposing, may in a few decades be crumbling and decayed, but the beauties of spoken and written language are unyielding and imperishable. The poet said:

"Be noble!
And the nobleness which lies in other men,
Sleeping, but never dead, shall rise
In majesty to meet thine own."

True nobility of character emphasized the founder of the Knights of Pythias, and shines through every page of its ritualistic work. To him who follows its beauties upon each occasion of display to the novice, it grows more and more beautiful, bringing out that nobleness "which lies sleeping, but never dead." It cannot fail to impress each that by his acts and deeds the world can be made better and brighter.

Though we are members of three separate branches of the same parent organization, we gather here reverently as one to pay our respects to him who brought our fraternity into being. And as Uticans, we are proud that he was a native son of Utica, and that his remains have found their last resting-place within sight of the city of his birth. No more beautiful or appropriate spot could have been selected. There is handsome little Utica, resting between the hills, and the winding Mohawk on its mission to the sea. To the west and almost within view, is the historic battle ground of Oriskany, at which gallant old Gen. Herkimer drove back "diminished and dispersed" St. Leger's pillaging Indian and Tory bands. Had that battle resulted differently there might have been a co-operation between the defeated hordes of the Eng-

lish general and the cohorts of Burgoyne in the vicinity of Saratoga, which would undoubtedly have changed the fate of this nation. And a little further to the west was Fort Stanwix where it is claimed that the first American flag fluttered to the breeze. I have digressed. But to one who was born amid these surroundings, the glow of enthusiastic Americanism must burst forth in flame, when his mind turns to the beautiful scenes and the sublime memories of the Mohawk Valley.

And when by the beautiful and impressive, yet simple ceremonies of today, we shall have testified our grateful appreciation that Justus H. Rathbone lived and brought into existence the Pythian Order, then each as separate organizations shall march to the graves of our own hallowed dead, the friends of recent years who suddenly faded from our vision and whose memory we shall ever hold sacred, and deposit our emblems of tribute and devotion to those whom soon it shall be our fate to join

“Beyond the rock waste and the river,
Beyond the frost chain and the fever,
Beyond the ever and the never.”



ADOPTED AND NATIVE SONS.

Utica Sunday Tribune, June 12, 1898.

At Friday evening's meeting of the Common Council the following petition was presented, through Ald. Weimer:

To the Honorable the Common Council of the City of Utica:

The undersigned, with many others, knowing that the natives of the City of Utica will never have gumption enough to organize an association of their own, and firmly believing that even should they do so, the number of hammers present and in use would result in its early disintegration, have formed an organization to be known as "The Adopted Sons of Utica."

We have agreed to have some sort of a demonstration on July 4th, and to our way of thinking the best manner of carrying out this programme would be to make the leading feature a lawn fete at Chancellor Square in the afternoon and a yellow tea in the City Hall in the evening. We therefore request your honorable body to give us the sole and exclusive right to use and occupy both places and the whole thereof on said day.

In order to disarm any adverse criticism which may arise in the Council or elsewhere we desire to call your attention to our office-holding strength:

Mayor from Canada; Surveyor from Philadelphia; Treasurer from Clayville; Corporation Counsel from Frankfort Hill; Health Officer from Montreal; Registrar of Vital Statistics from Port Leyden; City Judge from Oriskany Falls; Special City Judge from Litchfield; City Court Clerk from Stockwell; Board of Assessors from England and Germany with its North of Ireland Clerk; Charity Clerk from Florence; Justices of the Peace from Lee and Marcy; Chairman of the Police Board from Marcy, and two recent appointees on the force from Winfield and Watertown; President of the Council from Albany; Democratic leader from Lowell, Mass., and Republican from New York City; Chairman Public Buildings and Grounds from Wales, which also produced and sent us, about eight years ago, our Assemblyman. And there are others.

In addition to those now in office, a gentleman from North Brookfield who lately resigned as Justice of the Peace, owing to his arduous duties in holding down several other offices, has the ear of the Republican boss and receives all the crumbs which the favorites of the latter have to bestow, while the Democratic master has only eyes for the last Corporation Counsel, who transferred his lustre from the town of Winfield to the Democratic Club.

We are a majority of the Chamber of Commerce, and nearly every other organization in your city, and the membership committees and the powerful black ball serve to keep out the undesirable natives. We conduct most of your successful business enterprises and only patronize those so conducted. We minister to your spiritual wants, heal your sick, try your cases, edit your newspapers, bury your dead. If there is any branch in which we do not excel, immediate steps will be taken to remedy the defect.

An appropriation of several hundred dollars would be greatly appreciated. We could then have music by the Waterville Band, and buy red fire for the Rome base ball rooters who have agreed to march up Genesee Street in a body that night to create a little enthusiasm. Some of the loose change could be utilized to quench their thirsts at Tygart's, Friede's, Gomm's and the other caravansaries kept by Adopted Sons upon the route.

Knowing that only one-third of your honorable body ever own up to Utica as a birthplace, and firmly believing that they will soon be replaced, as well as your clerk and his assistant, by some of our members, we strenuously urge upon you the granting of the permissions hereby sought and the passage of the appropriation above mentioned.

Utica, N. Y., June 10, 1898.

The Adopted Sons of Utica, by their Officers, Robert Obaniel, President; Patrick Wallace, First Vice President; Isaac D. Jones, Second Vice President; Charles (his X mark) Goldman, Secretary; Paolo Mangano, Treasurer.

There is considerable point to the petition, though of course it was intended as a burlesque.

Upon presentation of the above, President Beatty said it would be referred to James K. O'Connor. Yesterday the following was filed:

To the Honorable, the Common Council of the City of Utica:

The morning papers of this date contain mention of a dignified reference of a communication from the Adopted Sons of Utica, by the President of the Common Council to one "Scotch". O'Connor. I presume the reference was intended for me, inasmuch as a Utica birthright was one of my misfortunes, and at the advanced age of six years a nickname was acquired by reason of one winter's wear of a Highland cap with streamers. The fact that every boy then in the school attended carried a nickname long since discarded appears to have had no effect in this one instance, for while the natives who bestowed the name have let

it drop, the new arrivals insist upon using it, many of them with a sneering elevation of the nose.

The average man has been permitted no choice in the selection of his birthplace or his parentage. There may be those who would gladly conceal both, but with me pride forbids. No better birthplace and no better parents could have been selected had Nature left the job in my own hands.

The accident of birth should never debar any American citizen from rights or privileges held by any other citizen, and in this sex cuts no figure, for I am a believer in woman suffrage. But the Utican born and bred should also be accorded equal rights with the other fellow. "Knocking" of any kind does no good. Each of us should join the "boosters" instead. If the Council cannot get along with the Mayor, quietly ignore him. As to the Mayor, why a few splenetic vetoes now and then relieve his system and make him a better man and citizen. The last word is used in its fullest sense, for I have no use for those who buy gold bricks and then yell "Police!" "Help!"

But let us get down to that Fourth of July celebration. Every town, hamlet and cross-roads in the country is making preparations for a grand Fourth of July demonstration. My local pride has to suffer when the sight of sleepy old Utica, nodding and dozing in its chair presents itself. Pride in its past is a great thing to have, but no man or town will ever succeed with its face to the rear. Reminiscences should be left for cold winter nights when we have nothing else to do. The kind of water with which a mill grinds is proverbial. Another poet disposed of the past and future each in a single line, and made a great hit by exhorting his readers to "act in the living present." Dreams of future greatness will put little flour in the barrel today.

I would go on and attempt to get up the Fourth of July celebration alone, but knowledge that a cry would immediately go up from a chorus of ten thousand throats, "He's in it for what he can get out of it," forbids. My recent experience in the recruiting line satisfied my curiosity upon that point. The others whose curiosity has not been satisfied can have a peep at the receipted bills for expenditures incurred, by calling any day at 20 Weaver Building.

The Chamber of Commerce could most reasonably be expected to do something in the matter of a glorification, but their time is largely taken up in fostering new "enterprises," from a majority of which the benefits received are largely on paper.

Today the land is ablaze with patriotism. Nowhere should

the Fourth of July mean more than right here in Utica. Due observance of the day would bring thousands of people from adjoining places to our beautiful city, and they would not come, as do most convention attenders, "with a two-dollar bill and a clean shirt, neither of which they change." Untold money would be spent with the people from whom we always expect to collect, when any contributions are needed, and from them it would soon be scattered through many other channels, thus assisting every branch of trade.

Trusting that my feeble efforts will have awakened renewed pride of birth in our native sons (and daughters), extended pride of locality in our Adopted Sons, and an unquenchable fire of American patriotism and a desire to properly celebrate Independence Day within the heart of every man, woman and child, who resides within sound of the City Hall bell, (and those within a radius of 100 miles need not be barred either,) this report is most respectfully submitted to your honorable body, by

JAMES KEEGAN O'CONNOR,
Native Son.

Utica, June 11, 1898.



RED MEN'S MEMORIAL DAY.

ADDRESS DELIVERED AT SYRACUSE, N. Y., OCTOBER 30, 1904.

Seated about a council fire where the glowing of the embers has given place to the somber shadows of night, gathered to pay tribute to the memories of loved and departed brethren, at this time well may we ask what is the tie that binds us together in the strong grasp of fraternity.

"Watchman, what of the night?" is a query as old as humanity itself. "Red Men, what of your labors?" is the query we propound from day to day to our chosen chiefs, and upon their truthful answers depends in a large measure the question of their future advancement in the Order.

Fraternity is not a novel proposition. Away back in the days of the cradling of the human race, men felt compelled to unite themselves in tribes and bands for better protection from hostile fellow-beings and ferocious animals. And from such unions of men arose rude forms of law and religion. Time slowly worked its wonders of betterment, the cave and the hut were supplanted by newer conditions, each in turn an improvement upon the other, until today feudalism and paganism have given way to those magnificent superstructures, Constitutionalism and Christianity. Man left to his own resources and cut off from all the rest of the world is bound to degenerate. "Experience teaches," was an ancient proverb ere the dawn of the Christian era. He who is compelled to walk alone in the pathway of life, secures but little experience. Childhood is taught, to adopt a phrase of the gifted and eloquent Ingersoll, "by want and wish and contact with the things that touch the dimpled flesh of babes," and we, the children of a larger growth, learn all that we know from contact and association.

Today fraternity is the most potent force for good in the land. Men are taught by it to be truthful, to be honest, to be charitable, to be forgiving, and to respect the rights, opinions and property of others. No man ever joined a fraternity and faithfully followed its doctrines, principles and precepts without becoming a better man, a better citizen, a better husband and a better father. Of course there are black sheep in the ranks,—they manage to get in everywhere. Of course, there are those who make mistakes,—infallibility was never an attribute of humanity. But yet taken by and large, the fraternities have done this world a great deal of good. Time was, and not so long ago, when even in this free land of ours, fraternal organizations were looked upon somewhat in the nature of outlaw bands. But the good that has been done in their name has worn away the prejudice of other days,

and in this day and age the man who wears not the button or emblem of an order is a very lonesome specimen indeed.

One of the largest fraternities in point of numbers and the largest of purely American origin is the Improved Order of Red Men. Under the protecting folds of its waving banner, nearly four hundred thousand American citizens find shelter. Only beneath the starry flag is it permitted by its laws to exist, and no man may seek admission who is not an American citizen or has not duly and legally declared his intention of becoming such. This then is the greatest reason why it appeals to the young men of our land, those who feel and know that the grandest boast which man may utter is "I am an American citizen." Its only restrictions upon admission are that the applicant be a white man, of full age and understanding, sound of body and mind and of good moral character. There is no room for political discussion of any kind within its border, and the only time that a subject approaching the matter of religion is introduced is when the applicant is asked to affirm his belief in the existence of a Supreme Being, without which affirmation he cannot be adopted into a tribe of the Order. Bigot and intolerant find here no welcome.

"As you enter their wigwam, so you depart—a free man," has long been the motto of the Red Men, and every man who has passed the outer wicket knows that to be a solemn truth. The Americanism of the order is the true American spirit which breathes fervid patriotism in every word and every line and stands for equal rights for all, and not the false article which would deny to others the very benefits we seek ourselves. When the call to arms sounded in '98, from every tribe went forth men, brave and true, to respond in their country's hour of need.

The Improved Order of Red Men traces its ancestry back to and beyond the days of the Revolution. Its every impulse has been patriotic from the time of the "Liberty Boys," who under the rallying cry of "Freedom" and the leadership of Paul Revere, threw overboard the tea in Boston Harbor. To them and their gallant leader are ascribed some of the bravest deeds of the Revolution. That watchword, "Freedom" has never once been lost from sight, and is today the foremost of the symbolic words used by the members of the Improved Order of Red Men in their intercourse with each other. To that has been added "Friendship" and "Charity" which are the true foundation stones of fraternalism.

What are our aims? We strive to make better men, better citizens, better Americans of all. To uplift mankind, to alleviate

distress, to aid the worthy, to increase respect for law and order, to give "honor to whom honor is due," in short to

"Leave behind us
"Footprints on the sands of time,
"Footprints that perhaps another
"Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
"A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother,
"Seeing shall take heart again."

No man so well understands the motives and principles of fraternity, no man so well appreciates "the Brotherhood of Man and the Fatherhood of God," as one who has been down at the heel, with empty pocket and empty stomach, in a land filled with strangers, all of whom pass him by carelessly, unthinkingly, and then, in the midst of despair, has found a brother willing to supply his temporary wants and send him on his way rejoicing.

No man values the friendships of fraternalism more highly than one who has been warned through its means of a dangerous pitfall in his pathway prepared by an enemy, or one who has been cautioned through the same agency and kept from the performance of some rash act, liable to disgrace himself and loved ones and bring discredit upon all connected with him. To such men fraternity unfolds itself in its purest, brightest light, and the memory thus created clings even unto death.

Man is at best a selfish animal. The traces of ages spent by his ancestry in savagery have not yet been effaced by a few centuries of so-called civilization. We must be weaned away from selfishness, be taught to think of the comforts of others, to forget ourselves now and then so that some other image than the one depicted in our mirror may find an odd moment in our thoughts. The man who "has no time" to join an organization is generally engrossed with thoughts of self alone. He is the type of man who spreads ruin and desolation in his wake when vested with power, and who struggles to that power over the bones of fallen comrades, many of them stricken down by his own intrigue, without ever experiencing a single pang. Fraternity would teach him something purer, higher, better, holier than such a course, but such teachings are the very ones his sordid nature would avoid. He lends no helping hand to woe or want or misery, rather does he gloat over the misfortunes of the downcast. Inspired by no gentleness of heart, moved by no tender feeling, sympathy to him unknown and unknowable, such a man passes through life with only the short-term "friends" produced by money and power, who fade away when either or both have disappeared, and in the end he

"Goes down
"To the foul dust from which he sprung,
Upwept, unhonored and unsung."

Contrast such a life with one the pages of which are filled with noble acts, generous deeds, kindly words and items of self-sacrifice innumerable. Heroes are not alone found on battle fields or at posts of danger. There is scarcely a day passes in the life of noble and generous men and women, but some deed has been done, some act performed, that can be classed as true heroism, and yet the doer thereof looks upon it only as commonplace, and too often is the world inclined to accept such things at the valuation placed thereon by the person entitled to the credit.

To the warlike, the famous stanza of Barry, the Irish poet, appeals with a striking force.

"Whether on the scaffold high,
"Or in the battle's van,
"The fittest place for man to die,
"Is where he dies for man."

But fraternalism says "Live for man!" For by living we can each day contrive to do something whereby those about us may be uplifted. Every blow at the chains of darkness which encircle the forms of many of our neighbors, is one step nearer the light for them. Every smile upon our faces draws forth an answering smile from some other face where perchance a frown might have rested. Every drop of water on a fevered brow or a parched tongue begets one more grateful impulse, and the human being with gratitude in the heart wears a benignant face. Therefore to live for the living and to give to the living all the sunshine and flowers we may be able to bestow is one of the aims of the Improved Order of Red Men.

Our objects? Ask you. We watch beside the bed of the suffering, we feed the hungry, we clothe the naked, we give to the needy, we bury the dead with simple yet solemn rites acknowledged by all to be the most beautiful performed by any of the fraternities. And when a brother has entered Death's mystic portal our duties have not ended. We do not permit his widow to want, nor are his children allowed to starve either in mind or body. The Great Council of the United States, in which body it has been my privilege for many years to sit as a member, has provided for an Orphans Fund, and a portion of the per capita tax levied each year is set aside for the purposes of that fund, thus supplying a living and a chance to obtain a good common school education to the needy orphans of deceased Red Men.

We give no charity in the "hand-out" sense. The benevolence extended belongs to every member as a matter of right because of his membership. Whenever there is a case of sickness, no matter what may be the brother's standing in the world at large, he is entitled to the same benefits as his neighbor. And when the Grim Destroyer has crossed his threshold, the same death benefit is paid without a murmur, whether the trimmings of his coffin be of the most costly purple or of the cheapest satin.

Aims, objects and purposes? Aye, we have enough and to spare. Summed up all in all, it may well be said that Redmanship lives "for the good that it may do." Now and then the curious and the selfseeking drop into the harness and hitch themselves to our cart, but they do not last long. The first admonition, "Let not selfish motives e'er restrain the generous impulse of a noble deed," grates as harshly upon their ears as did ever the words of the Magnificat upon the ears of Robert of Sicily. They may pass the ordeals and come out as a brave man should for a time, but they fall by the wayside at last, unless the alchemy of fraternalism burns off the baser dross of their make-up in the crucible of freedom and reduces the remainder to that pure gold which reflects only true friendship and charity.

Is it any wonder that such an organization finds recruits everywhere beneath American skies? In the far-off mountain fastnesses of Alaska, where eternal snows gaze down un pityingly and unceasingly upon the adventurous American seeking to charm from its hidden recesses the precious yellow metal, council fires of the Improved Order of Red Men are lighted every week, not one, but several. In the salubrious climate of the Hawaiian Islands, two tribes flourish. In the new possessions the Order followed the flag and the Philippine Islands glory in five tribes, most of whose members were adopted into the Order before leaving home for those distant isles. The States and Territories are all represented. "Maryland, my Maryland," was up and at it in the early stages, for it was there the Improved Order was born seventy years ago from the scattered remnants of the parent organizations. Virginia, "the mother of Presidents," has been to us likewise the mother state of the heads of our Order, furnishing many of the Great Incohonees. Pennsylvania too is the "key-stone" of Redmanship, leading the van with sixty thousand braves, while Indiana and New York each swing into line with close to 40,000 more. "Even in the Everglades" of Florida gleam our council fires while the "pine clad hills of Maine" send back an echoing shout. Texas, though late in arriving within the fold, has passed many of her older neighbors, while California, "the land

of the setting sun and the Native Son," is well up in the five-figure class. On the arid plains of Arizona, in the lumber camps of Michigan, up amid the Coeur d' Alenes in Idaho, beneath the palmetto's shade in the old South state, in the Back Bay District of Boston, beside the levees of Louisiana, within sight of the myriad wonders of St. Louis's Fair, answering "What cheer?" in little Rhody, "where rolls the Oregon," aye, even in "Darkest Chicago" have been spread the great truths taught by the gospel of Redmanship, and loving hands join nightly about its burning council brand to carry out in their best and highest meaning the great workings of the Order, and to inculcate in new breasts a love for its teachings.

Steadily, marvelously has it grown. Once a little sapling in the fraternal field, today it is a mighty oak able to withstand the ravages of any storm. The pride we take in it is a just one, which shall endure for all time.

Its missions are not all sad ones. Often does it bring joyous tidings, (of which at such a time and place as this it might not do to speak.) Suffice it to say that pleasure and enjoyment are not forgotten. Many fraternities bear my name upon their rolls, but nowhere else have I found more genial, whole-souled, companionable people than in the ranks of the Red Men. A sort of camaraderie exists among the membership found scarcely anywhere else than between the men who have endured together the hardships of the tented field.

And when a good man is "gathered to the hunting grounds of his fathers," as we express it in the language of our aboriginal prototypes, in no other body of men does one see deeper expressions of sorrow than with the Red Men. This beautiful ceremonial of today, arranged in accordance with laws several great suns ago promulgated by the Great Council of the United States, brings vividly to our minds and hearts the virtues of our dead brethren. This "Council of Sorrow" reawakens the memory that we are all of earth,—earthy, that our days are but few at best, and that "with every swing of the pendulum a soul goes into eternity."

Read, ponder, reflect. Let the lesson of today sink deeply into each heart beating beneath this roof. The Indian of old said, "The honest and brave man meets death with a smile." It is our boast that we emulate his bravery, that our Order is based upon his good qualities and that from his virtues we draw the inspiration for much of our secret work. It is a grand and a noble idea to say good things of the dead, but why not of the living? Many a man and woman has gone to the grave broken-hearted followed

by a wagon-load of flowers and eulogized even to fulsomeness by cleric and editor, to whom a few kind words and a rose or two at the proper time might have furnished a renewal of the lease of life.

History teaches us that all upon this earth save language is mortal. And so in literature and song we must embalm our dead, if we would have their memories survive. Marble pillars crumble and decay, mausoleums fall to ruin, the sleeping places of the mighty of past ages are forgotten. The mortality thus shown upon every hand teaches us that we can but preserve the memories of our departed friends in imperishable language. And let the words spoken contain only the truth and mention only that of our departed brethren which is good and wholesome and which will tend to elevate and beautify their memories.

And so when it comes the turn of others to commemorate our virtues as we today commemorate those of the departed may there be nothing weak or frail to conceal or extenuate, may the open books of our lives read as would one whose every day of existence had been spent in consonance with the closing words of William Cullen Bryant's masterpiece:

"So live, that when thy summons comes to join
"The innumerable caravan, which moves
"To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
"His chamber in the silent halls of death,
"Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,
"Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
"By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
"Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
"About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."



WELCOME TO THE RETURNING SOLDIERS.

April 24, 1899.

COMPANY G 203 N. Y. VOLUNTEER INFANTRY AND COMPANY K
202 N. Y. VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.

"O, for the touch of a vanished hand
And the sound of a voice that is still."

Utica's most distinguished citizen, some twenty years ago, in response to that which he would describe as a "halcyon and vociferous welcome" upon his return from a trip to foreign lands, said: "To me there is no country like America; no state like New York; no valley like the Mohawk; no county like Oneida; no city like Utica."

Roscoe Conkling sleeps beneath the turf on yonder hillside, but the sentiment he expressed on that occasion will live so long as there is a city of Utica, so long as there are men and women resident here blessed with civic pride, the blood in whose veins can be stirred by such utterances.

Possibly there have been moments in the lives of some of you returned volunteers when that declaration seemed far-fetched, but when you heard again the clang of the city hall bell after an absence of many months, all doubts were dissipated. Other returning temporary absentees voted the sound of that bell under similar circumstances to be the grandest of music, while their bosoms labored with that sweetly sad and sadly sweet feeling which fills the eyes with tears, but the heart with joy.

Wherever you have been we did not forget you. You have been uppermost in our thoughts, whether in camp in your own or an adjoining state or in the lands which in school boy days we heard designated as "the Sunny South" and "Cuba's tropic isle." Many other idyllic visions of youth have no doubt been shattered by this trip, but it has taught some things in the stern reality line, which in after years must prove of inestimable value. Nowhere else than by close association upon the tented field does man become so well fitted to judge of his fellows. True metal will there crop out. Craft is bound to drop its mask in unthinking moments. The obsequious cringer becomes an object of contempt and loathing. Manhood is now and then compelled to bow beneath a heavy burden, while brazen idols shine for a time as burnished gold. But "it all comes out in the wash."

Though many leagues have stretched between us, we at home have been able to look into your hearts, and though never a mur-

mur on the one side or a grumble on the other reached the surface,

“Our hopes, our fears,
Our prayers, our tears,
Were all with ye.”

And do not think that men alone experienced those feelings. The handsomest women in the world were yearning for your return and received you with open arms. That statement need not be qualified in any particular, for in every land they concede that America furnishes the most beautiful women, and I have traveled in and through thirty-five States of this Union and several of its territories;—I have gazed upon beauty amid Canada’s glittering ice palaces and while trudging over Mexico’s desert plains, I have observed the beautiful Creoles of Louisiana, the marvelous women of the South, the visions of loveliness to be seen in that vast Empire of the Pacific which stretches from Siskiyou to San Diego and from the Sierras to the sea, the buxom lassies to be found in the North and Middle West, but nowhere,—nowhere in all my travels, have I met more handsome women in a day’s walk than right here in our own beloved Utica.

In the ranks of each company are men of the Twenty-eighth Separate Company, some of them comrades who served with me in the old days under Captain Remmer, the noblest and kindest commander who ever led a body of men on a field or off. That your comrades of the Twenty-eighth did not forget you or either of their old commanders, Major Remmer and Captain Horsburgh, was evidenced by that most magnificent event of recent years, the Military Carnival, which netted such a handsome sum to be divided between the companies.

The Board of Supervisors of Oneida County, which I have the honor to serve in an official capacity, with kindly intent stretched the law a little and provided for the return home and burial of the bodies of those who died in the service. Tonight there is but one vacant chair among those for whom this banquet was intended—and he, my boyhood’s playmate, poor Nick Schug—but other organizations from this locality were more afflicted. Our chief regret at this moment is that we cannot say, “None of plague or battle died.” Your friends at home would have been proud had the opportunity been given to display your valor upon the battle field, and yet now we are selfish enough to be glad that such was not the case, for while some might have achieved a little transient earthly glory, others would be filling heroes’ graves. We know that you would have remembered the Maine, for many of the names upon your muster rolls indicate a kinship

with the crew so foully done to death in Havana harbor fourteen months since, and with the gallant Sixty-ninth, which if placed in the Santiago campaign instead of another regiment would have left the prowess of New York Volunteers higher in the estimation of the world today.

When the "nation's hour of peril and need" came last year, the telegraph supplied the place of Paul Revere and his fleet steed, and the call to arms met with a lusty "Here!" from the throats of two million American yeomen, when service could be found for only one-tenth of that number. This proved that Americanism is the same today as ever in the past, and that our young men will always be ready to follow that emblem of liberty which Dr. Drake so beautifully apostrophized:

"Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given,
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born of heaven."

To Kelly, to Burke, to Shay,—aye, and to Shanley, too—to each and every officer and man from Utica and vicinity in the two regiments, I would like to announce in the most fervid terms, our heartfelt gladness over your return. You come from the ranks, you are of the common people. Thank God, so am I. The hearts of the great mass of the common people have been with you in every movement since the day you left home. Words can but feebly express our feelings toward you now. Even our vivid demonstrations failed to give those feelings a proper vent. There is no adequate phrase with which to greet you in our common tongue, and so I must go back to my Gaelic ancestors and borrow one, "Caed millia faillthe"—"An hundred thousand welcomes."



TO THE SOLDIERS WHO HAD SERVED IN THE PHILIPPINES.

June 12, 1901.

It is indeed a matter of regret that the mayor of the City of Utica is unable to be present upon this occasion to welcome you on behalf of the city, but the little document enclosed with his letter is ample testimony as to the location of his heart, with reference to this enterprise. Utica needs no word from me or anyone else to tell you of the feelings entertained for her gallant soldier lads, for Utica has spoken tonight in thunder tones which shall echo for generations. Patriotism is an asset that never reached the bankruptcy schedules, so far as Utica is concerned. Every body of volunteers which went forth from this vicinity to follow the flag has been handsomely treated upon its return, whether or not they were permitted to face an enemy in open battle. But this demonstration was several degrees wilder and more enthusiastic, because we know that you have listened to the ping of the deadly Mauser; that you have faced unseen foes in hitherto unknown lands; that you have fought in the open and in the brush; that you have crossed wide oceans, forded rivers and surmounted supposedly impassable barriers.

There are men here tonight who will ever bear the scars of Filipino bullets. One in particular whom I knew as a school boy, carries a lifeless arm by his side—shot while on the firing line. Only a few years ago ill luck found him in a box car beating his way and greater misfortune (or else the tale would never have been told,) forced "Josiah Flynt," the magazine writer, known to the police of New York, Chicago and other places as 'Cigarettes,' a degenerate, upon him as a companion. And to read Flynt's stories one would think that every poor fellow compelled to "hit the road" was a confirmed criminal. I have been out a little in the highways and byways of life myself, have met and traveled with some of the men whom Flynt would hold up to scorn as tramps, and many of them were Nature's noblemen.

And there are other instances where heroes have been "entertained unawares." Down in the City of San Antonio, Texas, in the police court record of December 12, 1892, one may find the name of a 16-year old lad who ran away from an Iowa home, with a conviction for vagrancy and a ten days' sentence to Bexar County jail entered opposite. And his only crime was sleeping in the grass, in this land of the free, in the city whose greatest pride is the Alamo, where Bowie and Crockett fell, fighting for freedom. How that police justice who imposed the sentence,

provided he possessed a memory, must have hung his head on a spring morning of 1898, when the world was electrified with the story of the sinking of the Merrimac in Santiago Harbor. For the coxswain of the sunken boat, the man upon whom command of the enterprise would have devolved had Richmond Pearson Hobson fallen, was Osborne Deignan my room-mate—not in the jail, but in the soldier's bed, where we had the green grass for a pillow and the blue sky for a coverlet, as we happily hummed a paraphrase of one of Eugene Field's best, "When We Were Broke in Texas in December Ninety-Two."

There are others to think of than the wounded. The silent toast and the sweet melody which followed touched a sympathetic chord in every heart. The one sad memory tonight is that there are mothers in Utica who cannot join in the glad refrain going up from so many hearts and throats. Ah! those vacant chairs! O! these mothers' hearts. God pity and bless them! You who have recklessly charged where bullets flew thick and fast can turn to the "Poet of the Sierras," and learn something of battle and warriors:

"The bravest battle that ever was fought!
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not—
Twas fought by the mothers of men."

"O! spotless woman in a world of shame;
With splendid and silent scorn,
Go back to God as white as you came—
The kingliest warrior born."

During your absence whenever we picked up a paper and read of "something doing" in the Philippine Islands, we knew that some Utican was close by, for the town was represented not only in the volunteer regiments, but in the regulars as well, as may be seen by perusing the card. The most of those present tonight can say Iloilo and Panay with the ease of a Tagalog, and as for Manila and Luzon, they have become as familiar as Dupont Street, Tar Flat or the Barbary Coast to a soldier stationed at the Presidio. (I don't suppose that any of them ever went "South of Market," or braved the stench of Mission Creek to invade the domain of King McManus in the Potrero.) In the pictures which the war department has given out, of the Fourth Cavalry fording the river at Tarlac, there are those who say that our Utica trooper is plainly to be seen. And so it was, as Lieut. Goodale's letter proudly states, at every coign of vantage, at every responsible post. The Utican has a habit of getting there, which

was most aptly described by a Rome orator in a Republican county convention a few years ago,

“Dear Utica! Sweet Utica! Fairest of the fair!
Good Utica! Lovely Utica! You always get your share.”

And when I gaze upon the list of “non-coms” and notice the proportion to the number of privates, again I reiterate “Utica always gets its share.” Of course there is a pleasant fiction that some were created corporals on the rock pile, but that sort of thing must be passed over as a roast from some civilian. The appellation of corporal is too sacred to be bandied about by any son of Mars. For was it not as a corporal that Napoleon first achieved military distinction? And was it not at the summit of my military glory, during those never to be forgotten nine days of the Buffalo strike, that a corporal’s chevrons distinguished the speaker from the rest of the provision train raiders and almost secured me a place in the history published in installments by general court martial? Napoleon and I bore each other such a strong facial resemblance at one time or another that it is perfectly excusable to mix up our military records.

And now, my boys, a personal word, and a serious one, with you. Do not feel offended at these words of advice. I have taken fully as much interest in you collectively, and in the gallant regulars still across the sea, as any person in this vicinity. I have felt justly proud of the good records you have made. Keep it up. Glory is a transitory thing. Fame is a bubble. There were many who cheered and hurrahd for you as you walked up Genesee Street to-night who would not be apt to stand a strike for a dime to-morrow. If there are any little mistakes in the past which worry a single one of you, forget them. The score is washed clean. I can tell you that good, kind, old generous Utica is one of the most forgiving of mothers, if her sons only show themselves half way deserving. Get out and go to work. Do the best you can. Of course, there are some knockers in the community who make a great deal of noise; but the silent boosters outnumber them ten to one. And when you have done the best environment and circumstances will permit, the general public will give you the same salutation with which the ex-keeper of the military jail at Iloilo met a former mayor of Burnet Street at Barotoc Nuevo—“The top of the morning to you.”

And now, my valiant soldier boys, in closing permit me to say that I trust I shall meet each and every one of you many times in happy converse, but never in an official capacity.

Good-night! And may God bless and prosper you all.

MEMORIAL ADDRESS UPON THE LATE GREAT INCOHONEE, THOMAS H. WATTS.

DELIVERED IN THE HALL OF REPRESENTATIVES, STATE HOUSE,
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, SEPTEMBER 14, 1905, AT A
MEMORIAL SESSION OF THE GREAT COUNCIL OF THE
UNITED STATES, IMPROVED ORDER OF
RED MEN.

Tomb, pillar, column, mausoleum, sarcophagus, are but temporary at best. Granite, marble, iron, bronze—each succumbs to Time's ravages and merges into dust. Individuals spend their short allotted time upon this sphere, and in the general belief are then transplanted to other shores. Language alone of all things earthly seems to have a chance in the immortal class. Its forms may change, new words be brought into vogue, diverse meanings introduced, entirely new varieties created with the passing and coming of nations, but yet the carved, written and printed records of past ages are readily deciphered by the scholars and translations placed within easy reach of all.

In what better method, then, can we express our feeling for the departed than by truthful encomiums in simplest words? The flowers placed beside the open coffin or above the closed grave wither almost with the day's fading sunset. The fragrant perfumes exhaling from the flowers of the English language, culled by the talented speakers to whom we have already been privileged to listen, shall be wafted down the aisles of time so long as our great fraternity continues to exist. These flowers shall bloom perennially in our records, and when not one of those present to-day shall possess an earthly existence they will be moistened and freshened into new fragrance by teardrops from the eyelids of those yet unborn.

Death is never a pleasing subject to handle, especially for one whose thoughts turn continually to lighter vein. And when the departed is one near and dear, a friend of many years' standing, one between whom and yourself, by continuous contact and long association, there had grown an unseverable bond of mutual esteem, the task becomes indeed a difficult one. To say that I sincerely admired and deeply loved our late Great Incohonee, Thomas H. Watts, would be stating facts mildly—to make a frank confession, it was nearer a case of hero-worship. Entering the Great Council of the United States at about the same time, engaged in the practice of the same profession, drawn together by many similarities in thought and taste, the greatest pleasure of attending these annual sessions lay in the thought

of the warm welcome and the pleasant greetings daily to be exchanged with Brother Watts. Meeting him each great sun was

“As prized as is the blessing from an aged father’s lip,
As welcome as the haven to the tempest-driven ship,
As sweet as smile of lover to gentle maid.”

Alas, a pleasure never again to be experienced!

To exchange thoughts and confidences with him—by conversation’s aid to discern the broad grasp of affairs earthly which he possessed—to see the ease with which he could dispose of knotty problems, was not granted to all of his friends in this Great Council; but those who have shared such delights carry grateful remembrances, lasting unto death.

Big, broad, brainy—men made in his mold are rarely met. Nature stamped him for a leader of men; Destiny cut short a career which might have proven remarkable. Gifted with talents which with scarcely an effort placed him in the fore-rank of legislation’s battle-field, worthy to take issue with and cope successfully against the many giants delegated by the Great Councils in the various commonwealths throughout this great land of ours, with an insight into human nature and ability to read men possessed by few, his intimates never wondered that he climbed to the top of the ladder in our beloved fraternity. Indeed, failure to do so would rather have been cause for wonderment.

And then, in the pride and flush of his manhood, at the zenith of fame known to the Improved Order of Red Men, enjoying the esteem, the love, the confidence, the respect of all, with barely a moment’s warning, comes the end—the fate which each must some day share. The cold earth closed over him, the green grass fought its way upward to the sunlight and waved above the resting place of his earthly remains.

The form of Brother Watts has passed to the silent tomb, but pleasing memories of his life and career in our midst, his genial companionship, the work done by him for fraternity, his generous, kindly heart, his pleasing, eloquent voice, and the grand soul which beamed from out his beautiful eyes, these—these memories shall endure with us to the end of time.



FOURTH OF JULY ADDRESS, 1904.

CORN HILL CELEBRATION, UTICA.

Those of you who have never gone through the motions of delivering a Fourth of July address, while the small boy set off his cannon crackers and fired his toy pistol, while the lusty-lunged infant squalled above his mother's cooing, while lovers spooned and neighbors gossiped, can hardly appreciate the unalloyed pleasure which now and again falls to the lot of the man to whom Providence has allotted "the gift of gab." The only other man who enjoys similar treatment is the piano-player at a "recital." His soul, however, is wrapped up or rhapsodied in his own melody—a condition almost impossible for the average speaker to create. And yet, in order to fill out our programmes, the "orator" is as essential as the small boy—and does less damage.

Some years ago I heard the story of a joyful (and we do not often see a sorrowful) Irishman, who was celebrating the alleged natal day of his patron-saint by enthusiastically shouting "Hurrah for Ireland!" A woozy, or oozy, or boozy individual, whose lop-sided straggle along the sidewalk was apparently disturbed by the loudness of this "harp's" tune, braced himself long enough to butt in with "Hurrah for Hell!" Quick as an emerald flash came back the Gael retort, "That's right, you divil! Every man hurrah for his own country!" And that gun was spiked.

The son of Erin was right. The man who has not a country to laud is poor indeed. And the man who does not think enough of his country, state, county, city, town or village to whoop it up for her on all occasions deserves the poet's condign punishment—"unwept, unhonored and unsung." We in this great cosmopolitan nation—the most of us but one, two or three generations removed from the "Old World"—feel a genuine thrill of pleasure as our Italian friend grinds from his organ some patriotic tune, laudatory of Garibaldi or other local patriot. Those who are able, join with our Teuton friends in the singing of "Die Wacht am Rhein." Many thrill with joy at the sound of the "Marseillaise." All improvise a brogue and sail into the chorus of "The Wearing of the Green." But when the band strikes up our newest national anthem hats go high in air, arms are waved, hoarse male shouts mingle with shrill feminine shrieks, but above the din of the frantic multitude can still be discerned the tune we all know and love—"There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night."

This country of ours is the grandest on the globe. It would

take all the spare moments of the average life to view its beauties and grandeurs. And yet how few see them or can converse intelligently thereon. There are some who have not begun to see America, and yet, upon obtaining the price, can only be satisfied with an European tour. And other jealous fools envy them! Why, up here at Trenton Falls, eighteen miles to the north, is one of the most beautiful and picturesque spots known, and scarce five hours away is that wonder of the world, Niagara Falls. And yet people who have never seen either, and scarcely know in what direction lie the Adirondacks, are scheming and planning and pondering every day and some nights how to make an European trip. My friends, see America first, if you have to "tramp it."

While the number not posted geographically or topographically upon our country is indeed great, how much greater is the historical ignorance. Turn to your neighbors right now where you stand and see how many of them ever heard of Thomas Paine, the real father of American independence. And the greatest American of all, Thomas Jefferson, above the fact that he was once President—how many can give any further information? Who was Ethan Allen? What did Mad Anthony Wayne do? Whom did Williams, Paulding and Van Wirt capture? What of Nathan Hale? What was the name of Paul Revere's companion, who hung "the lantern aloft in the belfry of the old North Church"? How many of you really know that Oriskany was the actual turning point of the Revolution, and the tall shaft there standing marks the fall of heroes who in truth saved this nation? What was the date of that battle? And who were the leaders on each side? How many men engaged? Oh! men and women of Utica, you think you are proud of your country, but go home and take unto yourself a civil service examination in United States history and geography and you will be ashamed of yourselves for the little knowledge you possess. But then you will average up with the rest of the country.

Yes, we are all patriots after a fashion, but how many men to-day lifted their hats when Old Glory passed in the procession? Teach that to your boy. Make him patriotic. Instill in his heart to love and honor the flag, and to learn the story of his country. And don't neglect your girl, either. And while we are on the subject of pride, don't forget your city. There never was a man born in Utica who sought a living elsewhere but kept the old burg in mind. I have met them in California, in Idaho, in the Dakotas, in Illinois, in the Virginias, in Georgia, in Missouri, almost everywhere in the United States, and each was proud of

the city of his nativity and ready to whoop and fight in her behalf if necessary. Why, then, should not the present inhabitants share that feeling? If your pulses don't throb that way now, put on a little pressure. If there is not a tingle in your veins, get the virus somewhere and inoculate yourselves.

Where is there a city more beautiful? Where is property safer? Where less crime? Where are better pavements laid? Where are the streets kept cleaner? Look around you. If you see any defects, bring them to public notice in the proper way, so that they may be remedied. Do your best to secure greater improvements. If you have any knocking to do, knock at the right time and place, and right here at home. If a stranger is about or you are in some other place, remember that boosting for home and nativity is the order of the day. There are two statements which I have used on other occasions and which are always in order, so I may be excused for again repeating them: "The handsomest women in the world are to be found in Utica," and "The grass grows the greenest between Oneida and Schenectady."

Amid the scenes of joy and festivity a sudden shadow crosses. Pardon me for giving way to a single thought of sadness. But among the many friends possessed on Corn Hill and in Frog Hollow, as we from downtown spoke of this locality in days of old, there is one to-day missing, who, if alive, would be in the front rank of the promoters of this celebration. You who lived near George W. Jones knew him and loved him, many times testifying your appreciation of his worth as a man, a citizen and an official. But, my friends, you can hardly appreciate and mourn him as does one who passed through the ordeals of a couple of campaigns with him and by his side, and who for nearly five years has been in daily contact. It seems as though a brother had been lost. And there are many other hearts whose grief at his demise will not be assuaged for a long time to come.

The lawless acts of two contending elements in Colorado lately, and the revolutionary usurpations of power by a hot-headed Governor and a strenuous-life militia commander, merely serve to prove to us that a well-known citizen was right when he testified at a recent inquiry that every person was more or less outside the pale of safety and sanity at times. We can give thanks that such conditions do not exist in our midst, and yet there are some who apparently would be glad to have them prevail. If you doubt me, read some resolutions published in the papers the other day, alleged to have been passed by an organization of recent creation whose officers prefer to remain un-

named. When one side oversteps the bounds of law, some people insist upon the enforcement of that section of the Penal Code known as the "Conspiracy Act," never dreaming that the very same statute covers some of their own actions and that the punishment sought to be meted out to others can be dealt to them. One of the wisest minds of the day, Bishop Potter of New York, said only yesterday, "The trade union has come to stay, and it is a tremendous force, which must be reckoned with in a sane, careful and respectful way." The cause for much of the disturbance of this kind lies with those who should be the first to act understandingly and should be able to provide a remedy before the first outbreak. It is only a few years since a man in a certain locality was very busy organizing an association of his fellow-workers in a certain trade. Soon he managed to set up for himself, and finally came to control pretty nearly all of that business in his neighborhood and employ the greater number of those employed therein. With the rise to power and wealth his ideas and sentiments changed. That association which he had built and fought for was crushed by its creator.

Not long since there was a meeting between representatives of both sides in a trade dispute. All of the employing committee save one, I am told, were of the kind spoken of as "gentlemen by birth and breeding," let that mean what it may. And this is the way one of the bright young fellows from the under side characterized the man who, having been once a workingman, was deemed to be the best friend of labor in the group, but who proved to be its most strenuous opponent: "The first thing announced was that he was born in a shanty, and he then immediately proceeded to prove to everybody that, despite luck and wealth, he had never risen above primary conditions."

Alas! Of how many of us could the very same thing be said with truth! We cannot rise above self. Our viewpoints change with condition and environment, but the range of vision rarely gets beyond our personal individuality. The strongest railer against the injustice of monetary conditions to-day is the fellow born to luxury, but now compelled to earn a living, while many times it will be found that the poor have their worst enemy in the beggar who has risen to horseback. Shakespeare once more exemplified that knowledge of human nature pre-eminent with him when speaking of the successfully ambitious man, who "looks into the clouds, scorning the base degrees by which he did ascend." We all mean to be free from and untrammelled by corporate influence, and yet few of us refuse a railroad pass. Our newspapers will attack unlawful privileges granted, and

then be quieted by a four-inch advertisement. Most of us are like the editors, we cannot keep the cash-box in the business office out of our thoughts. We are for free trade, except in the particular article in whose manufacture we may be interested. We clamor for peace, and then jump headlong into a war, and while proclaiming opposition to the "man on horseback," we wind up by creating heroes if none have been evolved by the strife. We believe in municipal ownership of every franchise, excepting those in which we may have capital invested or by which we may be employed. We whisper under our breaths about the injustice or intolerance displayed by this one or that one, and yet when a man dares to stand up openly and deliver knock-out blows in behalf of human rights we roast him right and left. Down deep in our hearts the great majority mean to be honest, and our inmost thoughts are tinged with socialism, yet when the chance comes to uplift the downtrodden and succor the distressed we too often "let selfish motives restrain the generous impulse of a noble deed." All this does not prove that we are not good Americans, only that we are fickle specimens of humanity, the same as grown the world over.

For the next four months this country will sway forward and backward in one of the most prodigious political battles we have ever known. Men on both sides, for no apparent reason, will desert former affiliations, to be hailed with great acclaim by former traducers and derided and abused by those who were wont to acclaim. Before long reason will desert two-thirds of the men, and they will scowl and frown on relatives and lifelong friends who refuse to accept the same political doctrine. Angry words will sever friendships. Hoarse mobs will frantically cheer fantastically uniformed enthusiasts, drinking in gulps of red fire with each shout. The small boy will be in his glory. But it will be a great thing for us. The surplus enthusiasm and insanity will be worked off, and the fall of snow will find us all in a "safe and sane" condition once more.

And each time we go through this performance we come out a little safer and a little saner, which goes to prove that despite its faults this is a pretty good old world after all, and we know that the best portion of it is in the Western Hemisphere, situated mostly between Canada and Mexico. And no matter who may prove the victor in the impending struggle, or who shall distribute the loaves and fishes, the mail and the packages of seeds, let us hope that each of us shall have the knowledge in his brain and the courage in his heart to repeat that famous aphorism, breathing true Americanism in its every letter, uttered by the lamented

Garfield in quelling a war-time riot in New York City, "God reigns and the Government at Washington still lives," and when another year rolls around the survivors—and may the percentage be the highest possible—shall meet once more to whoop it up for the grandest country under the sun and the proudest flag known to nations.



LEST WE FORGET.

TOAST DELIVERED AT THE WEXFORD '98 CLUB BANQUET, UTICA,
N. Y., MAY 18, 1905.

"Back through the vast of the clamoring years" come voices of untold millions of victims crying out to heaven for the punishment of the most cruel, brutal and tyrannical crimes ever perpetrated in the name of governmental policy. After more than seven centuries of unparalleled persecutions and punishments by Britain, with every effort made to brutalize, degrade and destroy a people, still lives the Irish race, with its numerous sub-divisions and additions, the most virile, vigorous and versatile family inhabiting this orb. Uncontrolled, unconquered and unconquerable, fighting ever against superhuman odds, at times struggling against extirpation, surrendering never, Ireland's battle has been the marvel of the centuries. Her hillsides and her vales have ever known the watchlights of freedom's struggle, despite the many attempts to destroy and stamp out the fire.

We who have gathered here to-night are Americans, true and loyal. We have no quarrel with any other American citizen. Some of the best people we know, some of the best friends we have and hope to hold, are of English birth or descent, and their forebears came here as did our own and many of ourselves—to better existing conditions. It is not with them we quarrel, but with the accursed policy of an accursed government, the protection of which they were glad to forsake. Every one has the undeniable right to cherish home and fatherland, but he should bear no resentment for the utterance of truths which he cannot gainsay.

It is our first duty as American citizens to know American history thoroughly, and yet, alas! how few perform that duty. Then we should learn and know the history of the country whence our people emigrated—and fewer yet respond. Some of the things I learned at mother's knee were tales of Ireland's wrongs and England's cruelties, which made deep and lasting impressions. And I believe it to be the duty of every one of the blood to hand down to succeeding generations a truthful recital of these un-avenged atrocities, until some day the chiefest malefactor shall be arraigned at the bar of nations and receive a long-delayed but well-deserved punishment. Lest they forget, I pledge you that my offspring shall learn that story over and over again, even as it was told unto me in boyhood, and that the scope of their reading shall be broad enough to completely impress the story of the land of their forefathers as well as of the land of their birth.

The worst offenders against Ireland and Irish folk have rightly

been said to have been Cromwell and Elizabeth. Sometime after the former's death some Englishmen dug up his remains and hanged them at Tyburn. It yet remains for others to chisel the scarlet letter across the face of the Elizabethan tomb in order to complete history.

Consider for a moment a few of the enactments of those times :

No scholar of the Irish nation was permitted to teach.

To send one's children beyond the seas for education meant confiscation of property.

No child of Irish parentage could be apprenticed in trade or mercantile pursuit.

At fourteen, all Irish youths must enlist in the army or marine service.

No Irishmen could hold office.

Women and children were sold into slavery.

Harboring one who adhered to the Papacy was high treason.

Irish farmers must sell their produce to government stores at lowest prices.

A holding of ten acres meant that one should be sowed with hemp or flax for the fleet.

In case of the murder of an Englishman and the non-capture of the criminal, all Irishmen in the district were held responsible as accessories.

The right to worship God according to conscience was denied, and the same price was paid for the head of an Irish priest as for the head of a wolf.

The oldest son of every family could be taken by the government as a ward and educated in England, often returning to fight against his own kinsmen.

These and a thousand other statutes equally odious may be found by anyone desirous of perusing the enactments of British parliaments of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In spite of all, the race struggled, lived on and prospered. Each immigrant to Ireland's shores needed but to stay a short while, and then, in the language of a great historian, "They became more Irish than the Irish themselves." The island became a commercial factor. Again in a new direction was the legislative aid invoked.

Let me quote from a summary recently made by a leading American newspaper :

"Live cattle from several counties were exported to England and undersold the English farmers. Then by the law Irish cattle were declared 'a nuisance.' Therein forbidden to bring them into England, next the Irish killed their beasts at home and began to export cured meats. Promptly, at the request of the English merchants, parliament put prohibitory duties on these salted meats.

"Later parliament forbade the importation of Irish leather—so that the Irish farmer could not sell his cows, alive or dead, or even the hides.

"The Irish tried sheep farming. At the request of English sheep breeders, Irish wool was declared contraband by a parliament of Charles II.

"The Irish began to manufacture their wool into cloth, making fustian flannel and broadcloth so successfully that, at the request of the English merchants and by an act of William III, the woolen industry of Ireland was destroyed and 20,000 manufacturers left the island.

"In their turn, cotton manufacturers, sugar refiners, soap makers and candle makers, at the request of the English competitors, were forbidden by parliament to carry on their work.

"The Irish, in despair yet struggling on, built ships—and in all save a few ports the Irish flag was forbidden.

"The Irishman could not even import into Ireland sugar, cotton or tobacco. They must go first to England and pay an English profit before the Irish could get them."

Great God, it seems as though it were almost a crime for an Irishmen to breathe! And though some people to-day through whose veins flows the blood of the Gael are pleased to be classed as Anglo-Saxons and speak with praise of the "mother country," whenever I hear the term Anglo-Saxon the Norman-Celt rises within me and asks leave to kick the speaker. An alliance with England? God forbid that America should stoop so low!

It was not an Irishman, nor an Anglophobe of any description, but one of the most talented and vigorous representatives of an English constituency in parliament who penned these lines descriptive of the English flag:

"It has floated o'er scenes of pillage.
It has flaunted o'er deeds of shame,
It has waved o'er the vile marauder
As he ravished with sword and flame.

It has looked upon ruthless slaughter,
And massacre dire and grim;
It has heard the shrieks of the victims
Drown even the Jingo hymn."

When all Ireland shall have settled its score with England, the County Wexford will still have a few debts to pay. To-night we celebrate the anniversary of the battle of Vinegar Hill, where a handful of Irishmen, with pikes and clubbed guns, but no ammunition, compelled an overwhelming British force to open ranks and let them march through. In the fighting for a couple of days previous they had driven a wholesome fear into British hearts. Tell that story to your children. Ballyellis Wall, too, must not be forgotten. The British are without any very authentic report from that conflict, for not a man wearing the uniform of the regiment engaged lived to tell the tale. And the burning of Hackettstown barracks made rare sport for our "rebel" ancestry, when they evened up a few of the many wrongs done them.

But an hundred such reprisals cannot wipe out the murder by Cromwell of the 300 women and children at the foot of the cross. A thousand of them cannot wipe out the crimes perpetrated to incite the uprising of '98. It makes one shudder to think of or repeat them. Homes destroyed, defenseless men shot down in the streets and roads, women hanged and flogged, girls outraged in broad daylight, babes ruthlessly battered head first against the walls in the very sight of their mothers, protesting husbands and fathers shaved and crowned with caps of pitch, driving them insane—these are but a small part of the crimes of those in power. Is it any wonder that the Franco-Russian historian, Valerian Gribayedoff, three-quarters of a century later, after an impartial examination of facts and records, should say that no people were ever subjected to such persecutions and indignities as were the Wexford people, and that their every act of rebellion was justified many times over?

When we meet or think or talk of Wexford these memories come surging through the brain, making the blood boil, gaining renewed strength and intensity as they sweep across the famine graves of '47 and '48, and lead us to uplift our hands to Holy Heaven and repeat with all the fervor of our hearts this supplication and avowal:

Lord God of Hosts, bear with us yet!
We have not forgotten! We shall never forget!

ELKS' MEMORIAL ADDRESS.

RUTLAND, VT., DECEMBER 5, 1909.

Since first mankind began to reason, Death and its cause and effect have received attention in thought and written and spoken language in almost every known dialect. No matter what one might say upon the subject or how original his ideas might appear, yet when each sentence and sentiment was traced down it would be seen that it was only a new form of expression for some idea that had received thought and treatment at the hands of poets and philosophers of bygone days. Bear with me then if I quote the originals and do not mar them by an attempt at revamping.

Fitz-Greene Halleck, in his beautiful tribute to Bozzaris, the Grecian hero, epitomized the old conception of man's fearsome Destroying Angel in these words:

"And thou art terrible! the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier;
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony are thine."

But the new thought, the new idea, which has steadily reached into the hearts of intelligent men and women of the present generation, and indeed one or two of its immediate predecessors, finds greater solace in those beautiful words of Tennyson, which have been sung in almost an hundred tongues and bid fair to become immortal:

"Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark."

On this first Sunday in December, in every city or town of more than five thousand inhabitants which floats to the breeze the American flag, with hushed voices and softened tread and to the sound of slow and sadly sweet—yet sweetly sad—music, the living members of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks are gathering to pay their tribute of loyalty and affection to "The Absent Brothers" whose names have been inscribed upon the "mystic roll-call of those who shall come no more." That we should devote one day in the year to thoughts of our departed friends seems a beautiful idea to those who never have crossed the portals of Elksdom. Since first the Grand Army of

the Republic, under the guidance of General John A. Logan, secured the observance of a memorial day for the soldiers over whom taps had sounded for the last time, many of the fraternities have wheeled into line and now make fitting observance of some one day in the year when tributes of love and affection are heaped upon the memories of those who never again shall respond to an earthly roll-call.

But Elkdom does not confine its affection for the dead to a single day in each recurring year. Twice in every diurnal period—that is, with every round of the clock—the true and loyal Elk, if only for a single minute, lays aside all thought of pending business, pleasure or pain, and upon the altar of devotion pours a spoonful of incense to the memory of those we have loved and lost. To me, the most touching, beautiful sentiment (in an experience varied almost as any to be found in the realms of popular fiction) is contained in these words of tender significance, so often uttered, so little understood—"To Our Absent Brothers."

In that great rambling masterpiece which has been translated numberless times and in numberless ways, and which has brought solace to millions of wounded hearts—"Les Miserables"—Victor Hugo gives vent to this thought, describing the tolling of a bell to mark the hour—"the tocsin is man, the hour is God!"

Oh! what a world of truth in that simple sentence! It has struck me forcibly more than once that while perusing that portion of the story of Jean Valjean's tribulations, within some tender, generous breast was born the inspiration which twice daily finds responsive echo in the hearts of our surviving brethren. The tolling of the bell is but man's reminder that the moment has arrived when a master thought, born of and inspired by Divinity itself, shall find temporary lodgment in mortal heart and brain, to the exclusion of every other thought and expression. No matter how simple or of little moment the custom may seem to the uninitiated, to the man of brain and thought, who is tintured with imagery and conception even in the slightest degree, the great master hand of the Supreme Power shines forth upon the face of the dial after the echo of the last stroke of eleven has faded into the surrounding gloom.

This custom, this thought, this inspiration to daily retrospect of our friends of the long ago who have answered the final summons, should alone be sufficient to bring within the folds of our tent every good and worthy citizen who is able to stand the test of eligibility.

Longfellow, in "The Beleaguered City," wrote:

"I have read in the marvelous heart of man,
That strange and mystic scroll,
That an army of phantoms vast and wan
Beleaguered the human soul."

And at the close of that poem,

"And when the solemn and deep church bell
Entreats the soul to pray,
The midnight phantoms feel the spell,
The shadows sweep away.

"Down the broad Vale of Tears afar
The spectral camp is fled;
Faith shineth as a morning star—
Our ghostly fears are dead."

What the poet penned, at its first publication, found few responsive chords among human hearts, but to-day the same gospel is being preached by every progressive fraternity, and nowhere with such force and effect as within the ranks of Elkdom.

Those of us who in our boyhood dared to steal a peep beneath the covers of Thomas Paine's "Age of Reason"—who in our hours of youth were almost ostracized because we scraped and saved to muster the price which would permit us to get within the sound of the voice of the brilliant Ingersoll and listen to his wonderful prose-poems, depicting on every hand love and light, life and sunshine—who dared to come to the support of the talented Beecher, when the prudes and Pharisees of his day and age tried to cast down and destroy him, daily express vain wishes that these giants of the past might only be given to us again, now that the world has begun to appreciate them and their unselfish devotion to the cause of uplifting downtrodden humanity, and driving fears and terrors forth from lodgment within human breasts.

Death is no longer a terror—only to the ignorant. The point of his shaft has been softened, the specter no longer appears grim and gruesome. The majority of men and women look complacently on their approaching end, and even welcome it without a tremor.

A native of my home city, lying upon a bed of pain from which he never again was to arise, dictated to his loving helpmeet, stationed there at the bedside, these words:

“Never again, to know
Health’s radiant, warming glow;
Never again to feel
The sinews pliant as steel
Tempered in action’s heat,
The sweat of honest toil,
Earning its respite sweet;
But day and night, night and day,
To watch the body’s slow decay,
And know that Death scores one in the game,
In sunshine and shadow, just the same—
Every day, every day.”

Just a faint tone of regret at the coming parting shines through, but it is far overbalanced by that bravery which permitted the dying man to speak of life as a game and of the scores that were being tallied by his opponent in the closing scenes of that grim struggle. The world clings with loving memory to those who meet Death with a smile, as this man did, and yet in another poem, often quoted, penned in earlier years, he had written:

“Theirs the agony, bitter and brief,
Ours the heartache and lingering grief.”

Memorial days are not designed to resurrect heartaches and buried griefs. Rather is the thought one “to make the whole world kin,” to bring together all humanity in “The Great Brotherhood of Man and the Fatherhood of God,” so that each may help to bear and lessen the burdens of his neighbors. We know that monuments of natural stone or iron, or prepared substitutes, cannot last forever. Daily they are vanishing on every side. We wish to express an appreciation of our friends who have lately fallen in life’s battle. Long ago someone said, “Kind words can never die,” and recognizing the wonderful truth contained in that aphorism, the members of the great Elks’ fraternity this day cluster together about a catafalque which represents the newly made graves of the passing year and say our kindest words of the brethren with whom we have met for the last time, hoping to bring to the loving and sundered hearts still grieving a soothing balm which shall in time heal their wounds and assuage their grief.

We know that however fearless or brave we may be upon this topic when discussed from a generic standpoint, yet when the loss sustained has been our own, when the fallen brother has been bound to us by ties of kindred or by the close association of years,

our feelings are wrought upon and overcome, with very little more resistance than the feelings of those whom we look upon as weaklings. That great woman who has looked into so many hearts and written, never indited more truthful lines than in one of her early efforts:

“There is room in the halls of pleasure
For a long and a lordly train,
But one by one we must all
File down the narrow aisles of pain.”

The bell has tolled for each of the brothers of the lodge who has passed away during the year. Each lighted candle has been extinguished as the departed brother's name failed of response when called by the Secretary. This brief ceremony has done much toward convincing the outer world that all of Elkdome is not just “good fellowship.” It is true that there are many good fellows within the ranks, and we do not want any bad fellows, but the day when being a good fellow was the only passport necessary to Elkdome disappeared with the infancy of the order. Today Brotherly Love is its chiefest asset and its best known characteristic, for it is being practiced on every hand daily by the vast majority of its members. The proudest boast we have is that “there are no Elks in county shrouds or filling paupers' graves.” The open heart, the open hand, the closed eye and the sealed lips are our symbols, but from them the world at large obtains no sign. The Charity we profess and bestow is known only within our own portals. We plead for Justice to all mankind, and strive to impress upon all who approach our altar that it is their bounden duty

“To aid the cause that lacks assistance,
To fight the wrongs that need resistance.”

And last, but not least of all, we seek to inculcate thoughts of Fidelity—that Fidelity which means Loyalty to America and American institutions. Beneath the starry flag only can our Order or its branches find lodgment, and no lodge is opened or closed without the display of that beautiful emblem. Each neophyte is told its story in sublimest language. And with us Fidelity means much more. It means respect for and obedience to the laws of our land, respect for and obedience to the laws and officers of our lodges and Grand Lodge, and away and beyond all that our members are following the injunction of that gifted genius, Colonel Ingersoll, and “holding high above all other

things—high as Hope's great throbbing star above the darkness of the dead—the love of home, and wife, and child, and friend."

Following out the behest of those four great basic principles, Brotherly Love, Charity, Justice and Fidelity, we are each striving to make this world better that we have lived in it. If all mankind were to-morrow to adopt our platform of principles and hereafter be governed thereby, "The Golden Rule" would have full sway, and with the abolition of misery, poverty and degradation, the approach of the millenium would indeed be rapid.

To our brothers who have gone we say, "Hail, and farewell, we hope to meet again." The sorrowing kindred and friends they have left behind we bid "Be of good cheer, for the morning cometh." This life is but a span, and more often too short than too long. Let us hope that when that span of life terminates for each of us to-day present, kind hearts and willing hands will be ready to "write our faults upon the sands, our virtues upon the tablets of Love and Memory."



MEMORIAL DAY, 1906.

ORISKANY FALLS.

For a few brief hours a portion of the American public stops in its mad rush after the Almighty Dollar to pay a tribute to the fallen and departed heroes of another generation. The thought of Memorial Day is a sweet one, upspringing from a holy inspiration. The fact that it has spread over the entire continent shows that, despite exposures of undreamed and unknown muck, much remains that is still good and pure and true. The Grand Army of the Republic, which strove for, upbuilt and maintained the observance of this day, has by so doing erected to itself and its members a monument which shall outlast Time's ravages.

Memory flashes in retrospect the parades of the early '70's, when the line was long and the springy step of the trained veteran gladdened the heart of the onlooker as the column strode by in stately tread. We had not then begun to realize what this day meant. Grief was freshened in the hearts of those whose kin or comrades had fallen in the trenches or succumbed to the horrors of the prison pens; but to many of the survivors the occasion seemed more of a reunion than anything else.

Each succeeding year brings home more and more the truths and happenings of that terrible conflict of the '60's. To-day the survivors form a thin and scraggly rank. White their hair, bent their forms, slow their step. Praise and cheer them if you will, but do not stoop to pity, for they are soldiers yet, and in a soldier's life pity has never found place. They are still fighting battles in the grim struggle of life. They are still marching—marching slowly to the grave. Soon other hands must take up this work which they have so proudly performed for nearly forty years. May it be fulfilled with the same devotion which has characterized the work of the Grand Army and allied organizations.

The country has long been at peace, broken only by Indian outbreaks, local riots and the skirmish with Spain, all of which soon passed into history. The rising American knows little of actual warfare, excepting from magazine perusal, and the happenings in far off lands can never interest our youth with the same intensity as did the great battles of the Civil War. And now that the country has been so long reunited, that the old enmities have been forgotten and the old lines obliterated, the boy of today reading for the first time the story of that wonderful conflict feels the same tingle in his veins and the same thrill in his heart while

poring over the story of the charge of Pickett's Virginians at Gettysburg as he experiences when absorbing the story of Meagher's Brigade at Marye's Heights. He fills with pride that each and all are his countrymen, and he knows that the vast majority have passed away, thus verifying the words of Judge Finch's beautiful poem, "The Blue and the Gray," which has become so familiar as to preclude the repetition of any portion.

The story of that long struggle is more interesting than any novel, and time and again he turns back to read over once more the tales of Seven Pines, of Malvern Hill, of Antietam, jumping thence possibly to chapters treating of Donelson, of Shiloh and of Vicksburg, mayhap opening again at Fort Sumter and then contrasting with the surrender of Charleston.

O, to be a boy again for one short hour and delve back into history's pages, filled with a boy's enthusiasm and conjuring up the pictures which only a boy's mind may conjure. No matter how vivid the dream, the stern reality was infinitely greater. The histories, the panoramas, the war pictures, the scenes of the conflict cannot educate us upon that point. The stranger bent upon a mission of peace, and knowing nothing of the cause, placed in view of any of the many fierce battles which raged during the long four years, could only have ejaculated:

"Blood is flowing; men are dying;
God have mercy on their souls!"

And we who pride ourselves as being followers, in one fashion or another, of the Prince of Peace, dream contentedly that never again shall such conflict deluge our soil with its best blood. Pray to Heaven that dream may remain true and unchanged!

War is but a form of Savagery, and the eagerness with which we gloat over its details, the readiness with which we respond to calls to arms, demonstrate anew that we have only climbed a few degrees from man's original estate. And thus it will ever be. When the beat of a drum, the blare of a bugle, the boom of a cannon, the glint of a sword, the color of a uniform no more entice the youth we shall have attained a state of perfection or eternal lethargy. Ingersoll's description of an infant possibly best fits the situation:

"Taught by want and wish and contact with the things that touch the dimpled flesh of babes. Lured by light and flame and charmed by color's wondrous robe."

And no matter how old we grow or how the race improves,

traces of childhood and savagery remain, and there is not one of us who would willfully have such traces totally eradicated.

We need a conflict of some kind now and then to teach patriotism. And how many there are who have steeled their hearts against the intrusion of that article as though it were pestilential. The titles "leading," "eminent" and "respectable" citizens were prior to the Revolutionary Days appropriated to the use of those whose love for Mammon and Tory affiliations compelled them to follow the standard of King George. If that same conflict were on today many of our great social and financial leaders would follow the suit of their prototypes of the Revolution. The acts of the Senators, Congressmen and Army officers who in '61 resigned and went with their states could be called by no other name than treason, and yet the motives of many were truly of the highest. Today treason not only to a section but to all of the American people is not uncommon in high place, and resignation with or without treason has gone out of fashion. Now and then the clang of a penitentiary gate cuts short a Senatorial career, while Mormonism and the recognition of its higher law, with a morality as peculiar as the higher law of the insurance lobbyist, can hardly be called a bar.

Though there be no warfare in sight, the American people are today in the throes of the greatest conflict they have ever known. The battle is not against foreign enemies but against a hydra-headed monster we have reared and fostered at home. Special privilege, graft, commercialism in politics, rebates, insurance frauds, Standard Oil oppression and a thousand kindred evils have arisen since the Civil War and seem to be fast polluting the stream of national health. When we look today upon the survivors of the Rebellion a thought of thankfulness arises that embalmed beef and deviled ham were unknown in their day. Bad as their rations may have been, the loss of life therefrom was comparatively small when viewed in the light of the losses from that cause alone in Cuba and the Southern camps of '98 and '99.

Never were a conquered race of people more thoroughly exploited and plundered than are we today by those who have set themselves up as our masters without even the formality of conquest. And the voices raised in protest are far too few. The newspaper is bought outright or cajoled by advertising contracts, the pulpit in too many instances accepts the gift of tainted money, and lauds and lends an odor of sanctity to the doings of proven criminals. The judicial bench, the prosecuting officer, every minion of the law almost, appears ready to prostrate himself in the presence of the new power which springs from money. They

know full well that power is ruthless, relentless, remorseless, and so craving a few short hours of peace and sunshine, they clamber aboard its band wagon.

Contrast it with the period preceding the war by a score of years. Our own beloved Gerrit Smith was mobbed right here in Central New York. Wendell Phillips was jeered, derided, ostracized, Charles Sumner stricken down in the halls of Congress, Owen Lovejoy cruelly murdered, and every shame and obloquy possible cast on William Lloyd Garrison. And yet these pioneers in the anti-slavery fight stand out today in bold relief on history's page, while many who joined in vilifying them and later climbed aboard to become conspicuous in the work of "saving the Union," have dropped from sight. That has been the way with every great movement for betterment. It was a clamoring populace of nineteen centuries ago which shouted "Away with him. Crucify him." And Barabbas continues to be the favorite of the clamorers for statu quo, of those who fear to disturb business conditions by offending the mighty. The money changers are still in the temple, and they today as formerly most strenuously object to any change of base. Agitation is to them the greatest crime, although the history of every reform demonstrates the necessity of constant agitation. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," continues to be as truthful a statement as upon the day of original utterance.

The post office, the first lesson in applied socialism our continent knew, daily proves the wisdom of its inauguration and governmental control. The national debt, which when placed in figures sometimes startles and appals, might easily be reduced by adding to the mail service a few additional features, and cutting away some of the innumerable grafts that have from time to time been exposed. But how are you going to do it? The "American House of Lords," the United States Senate stands in the way. Take for instance the parcels post,—the introduction of such a form of assistance to the farmer and the common people will be denied so long as "Senatorial courtesy" prevails and Express Companies manage to retain senatorial seats. You know and can appreciate the benefits of rural free delivery. Now if that could only be extended to take in parcels of respectable size at a reasonable rate, how much would each one be benefited in the saving not only of time but money. And yet the corporate interests who feel that their vested rights are being disturbed say "Nay," most emphatically, and so long as the great State of which we sometimes feel proud gives up half its representation to a senile dodderer whose only hope is to protect those vested interests, and the

other seat, when its owner is permitted to be present by his nurses and attendants, is occupied by a railroad official, one of the formerly "eminently respectables," who is opposed to the work of the muck-rakers because it has exposed to public view so many of his own shortcomings, the people will have very little say upon the subject. There is an inseparable bond between railroad and express companies which can only be sundered by governmental control or ownership.

The alliance is not all for the benefit of one side. One of the most notorious grafts for years has been that collected by the railroads for the transportation of mails. The government pays every year for rental the actual cost of each car employed, and then the hauling and tonnage are paid for in addition. If the government could only make the same terms with the railroads as do the express companies, the cost of transporting the mails would be reduced more than 75 per cent. But the railroads own too many Senatorial seats, and then again it is neither treason nor anarchy upon their part to employ a well paid lobby. However when the letter carrier, the post office clerk and the rural free delivery man organize for their own good and send a representative to look after their interests or indeed dare to present a petition asking for redress or improvement of their conditions, those too prominently identified therewith are ousted "for the good of the service."

Day after day as we read of these matters, as the foul story of the meat trust is unfolded to us, as we learn of the crimes of oppression and repression in the oil trade, as the sickening tales of the horror of child labor are unfolded, we learn that we are really struggling in a fierce battle against Greed and Graft. To those who toil and think comes the resolve to enlist in that struggle, not for three months, but until the war is over. The ramifications of these allied forces extend so broad and deep that they can only be discerned after long and patient watching. Some of those who decry the scandals at the National Capitol, who are disgusted with the unholy alliance at Albany between those who pretend to lead the forces of both political parties, who have even spoken in tones other than mild of the curious goings on in judicial and prosecuting circles in the City of New York anent the giving away of widows' and orphans' money to political shysters for the purposes of debauching the electorate, do not scruple to accept special privilege at home, and to denounce as anarchists and enemies of government those who would endeavor to curb their greed and rapacity. You who live among green fields and find a bountiful supply of water at hand can hardly realize the

extortion practiced in the name of legality by corporations which control the supply of that much needed article in the cities. And in some places the water monopolists are angels of light in comparison with those who control the lighting situation. Take it, or leave it. Pay their price or burn rushes.

Back in infantile days, at mother's knee, we learned to prattle "Give us this day our daily bread." And daily we repeated that for oh so long, that it has come to be little more than an idle repetition with most of us. But its literal meaning is beginning to be felt, for bread alone seems hard enough to get. The cake and pie and chicken have long been absorbed by the favored few, the friends of special privilege, the greedy abettors of graft and the grafting allies of political commercialism. And as bread was baked before coal was known, they are placing coal fast out of our reach.

We should not await for another Lexington or another Sumter to arouse. Today is the hour of enlistment in the "Soldiery of the Common Good." As we pay tribute to the heroes who sacrificed their lives for their country in her hour of need, let us resolve to do our best to down and destroy the new enemies of the Republic who daily encroach more and more upon our liberties. The contest will be a long and fierce one, because of the men (mostly Hessians) and supplies at the command of the allied forces seeking to strangle freedom of thought and speech and to control the vast resources of this great Continent.

But if the Republic is to prosper and endure, the forces of evil must be routed, and in that struggle each must bear his part or be branded coward or traitor.

"No question is ever settled,
Until it is settled right."

And the grave questions which have recently arisen and which seem almost to threaten the foundations of government can only be settled by a return to the standard of honesty. The forces of evil must be overthrown. The fallen angels who so long paraded as paradoxes of safety and sanity have come to the light in their true Luciferian color, and the two armies which have been so long fighting sham battles with ammunition filched by the same commissary department from trust funds, from widows and orphans and from every consumer of life's necessities, no longer receive the plaudits of the populace.

The light of publicity which has been turned on by the muck

rakers gives promise that some day the people shall again come into their own, and if each of us has borne bravely and well his part in the contest, then the coming generations can lay their tributes above our graves on future Memorial Days, feeling that each turf shelters a hero who has fought the good fight for truth and right and justice in the "Army of the Common Weal."



ENTRY IN CITY COURT MINUTES.

New Year's Day, 1910.

Ten years have passed. And 50,000 faces in review. All shades, shapes, classes, ages, sizes. From youthful innocence to stalwart crime and hoary-headed decrepitude. Whence they came and whither they went, in a majority of instances, is shrouded in mystery. Some were repeaters. Some learned their lesson in one visit, and today are useful citizens and respected members of society. Others had been whipped in the battle of life, left at the post in the start, never given half a chance. The more I see of them, the more I learn to love the world's unfortunates. It does not callous one's heart to serve in such a position if one has a heart. The well of human sympathy never runs dry. God pity the living and be merciful to the dead. That not one of these shadows of the past shall again haunt this court room is the fervent New Year's wish of J. K. O'Connor, city judge of Utica.



THE IRISH SOLDIERS IN THE CIVIL WAR.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE ONEIDA COUNTY VETERANS ASSOCIATION,
JUNE, 1903.

I have been asked to speak upon the topic, "The Irish Soldiers in the Civil War." The subject is so fraught with richness that one hardly knows where to begin, and having commenced, it seems impossible to find a stopping place. This great cosmopolitan country of ours has received, absorbed and assimilated into its body politic the natives of almost every land under the sun. For two or three decades prior to the breaking out of the sectional strife in '61, the larger part of the immigration had been from Germany and Ireland. It was little to be wondered at then, that distinctively Irish and German companies, battalions, regiments and even brigades were formed almost immediately after the opening of hostilities. Other lands had their representatives, but more often as scattered individuals than as an organized body. There is something in the ozone we breathe which makes us all good Americans, no matter whence we sprung or how long or how short our stay in the land has been. But—to the Irish. Their blood baptized the scene of every engagement, their bones bleached on every battle-field, their corpses strewn every valley and hillside. I am reminded of a story of two fashionable ladies discussing where they were to spend the summer. Several places were mentioned and each in turn shrugged her shoulders and said, "No. Too many Irish there." At last one said, "I'm not going to Newport this year. Too many Irish there." The other rejoined, "And I am not going to Narragansett, for there are too many Irish there." An old Irish woman sitting near who had overheard considerable of the conversation, then said, "Phwy don't yez go to hell. You'll find no Irish there."

It was even so in war, for the Irish went everywhere, and if Marye's Heights wasn't hell, there is no such place.

Of the individuals of Irish birth or extraction who attained great prominence upon the Union side the names which come most readily to mind are Sheridan, Kearney, Shields, Meade and Meagher.

James Shields had won glory enough for a lifetime in the Mexican War, but when he once more sniffed the smoke of battle, insisted upon again taking to the saddle. And right well did he perform. The only times that ever the redoubtable Stonewall Jackson was cleanly whipped were at the hands of Shields and his men. But those early days of the war were the hours of in-

trigue and ambition and many a good commander was forced aside to make room for a favorite.

The name of Phil Kearney is indissolubly linked with Fair Oaks and Seven Pines, and his untimely death at Chantilly sent the heart of the nation into sorrow and mourning.

Sheridan, the dashing cavalryman who cleaned up for the Army of Northern Virginia, and made of that once proud and almost invincible array a bunch of scattered remnants, whose achievements along the Potomac and in the Shenandoah Valley placed him at the head of cavalry leaders the world over, was a true type of the Irish soldier.

When Appomattox had cast its peaceful mantle over the terrible scenes of four years back, the three great names standing out in bold relief were Grant, Sherman and Sheridan. The Irish felt interest in all three, for the last was all their own, the great Grant only had to feel back a couple of generations on his mother's side to find the blood of the Kelleys, and Tecumseh not having any Gael in his ancestry had butted in through matrimonial alliance.

Possibly the most picturesque figure of all the Irish Generals was Thomas Francis Meagher. He had been convicted of treason in his native land along with John Mitchel, Smith O'Brien and others of the Young Ireland party in '48, for which he was sentenced to death, which sentence was afterwards commuted to transportation for life. He had escaped from Australia, come to America, practiced law, edited a newspaper, become associated with Colonel Michael Corcoran (after the latter's release from arrest and court martial for refusing to parade in honor of the Prince of Wales,) in the recruiting of the 69th in 1861, and went out with it, in command of a zouave company. Colonel Corcoran was captured at the first Bull Run and for 13 months lay a prisoner in foul and loathsome dungeons in the South.

When the regiment returned to New York after their three months enlistment had expired, an ovation awaited them, as indeed it did at every place they stopped. Then was it proposed to return for three years as a regiment. And as most of his senior officers had been killed, disabled or taken prisoners Meagher came to the front and was made Colonel. Quickly followed the decision to form the Irish Brigade, and with a public meeting or two, eloquent speeches by Meagher and distinguished Irishmen of New York City, the 63rd and 88th New York Irish regiments were formed. Later came the 29th Massachusetts and the 116th Pennsylvania, and then the 28th Massachusetts. But the Gen-

eral's story is the story of his brigade, and time forbids any further sketch.

Individual mention could not be made of all the gallant officers of Irish birth or extraction, so that but a few must suffice. Generals Thomas Smyth of Delaware, John A. Logan, John Cochrane, Robert Nugent, Patrick A. Collins, Lalor, Geary, Birney, Doherty, Fighting Tom Sweeney, Martin T. McMahon, Gorman, McGinnis, Sullivan, Reilly, P. H. Jones, Kiernan, Stevenson, Minty, Colonel Patrick H. O'Rourke of the 140th New York, Colonel James A. Mulligan, Colonel John P. McMahon of the 164th New York, (afterwards) General Coppinger and his brave fellows from the Papal Brigade, Mulhall, Kelly, O'Keefe, Keogh, Cronan, Clooney, Stafford and Luther, those other gallant soldiers who won glory or a hero's grave, Colonels Cantwell and O'Connor who were killed at the second Bull Run, and Enright, Burke, Gleason, Murphy, McDermott, Bryan, McEvily, Brady, O'Neill, Quinlan, Cahill, Haggerty, Duffy, Mackey, Garrett and Temple Emmett. What a gallant roll. Their deeds and memories shall shine resplendent upon the pages of American history long after the last grandson of the last survivor of that war shall have been called home.

Others there were who fought not alone with sword but with pen, and of these the proudest names to Irishmen are Colonel Alexander K. McClure, Fitz-James O'Brien and Charles G. Halpine, known to fame as "Private Myles O'Reilly," about whose lives there always shone a halo and whose memories shall ever be revered.

Oneida County was not backward, for almost every company and certainly every regiment bears upon its muster rolls names distinctively Irish, and there is just a little quiver in our voices, just a little quicker throb to our heart beats, just a tinge of moisture on the eyelash when we think of the gallant commander of the 14th Regiment, General Jim McQuade. You who knew him, loved him deeply, and although born here in Utica, there was no truer or more typical Irishman in the ranks.

In many localities companies composed entirely of Irish by birth or extraction were formed and these were joined with other companies in forming regiments. The 140th New York recruited at Rochester had two Irish and two German companies, while the others in the regiment were mostly boys from the farms.

The 10th Ohio, 23d Illinois, and the 37th New York (Berry's Irish Rifles) were some of the Irish regiments not identified with the Irish Brigade or the Corcoran Legion, and having been bri-

gated with other peoples, their individuality as purely Irish organizations was lost sight of.

The Corcoran Legion was organized after Colonel Corcoran's release from Richmond in the month of August, 1862. It was originally intended that it should be composed of eight regiments, but these were consolidated into five, the 69th National Guards, and the 105th, 164th, 170th and 175th New York Volunteers. The last named was later distributed among the others to recruit them to full strength. While the Corcoran Legion saw plenty of service of one kind and another, and did considerable fighting in the campaign culminating at Cold Harbor, and later in the vicinity of Petersburg and the Weldon Railroad, the real laurels for Irish bravery on the Union side must be awarded Meagher's Brigade.

Of course all Irishmen were not on the one side, and just as bravely did those battle who fought for the Confederacy. As a rule the Irish in the South opposed secession, but "went with their States." It is related that in Atlanta after the passage of the secession ordinance, many came out with cockades in their hats. None of the Irish residents wore the cockades. A number of them were being jeered at one day, when one of the party responded, "We don't talk. We fight." And so it was. They had companies at the front in the early days of the struggle, while many of the cockade-wearers waited for conscription. At Fredericksburg more than one fourth of the rebel forces were Irishmen, and that told the secret why the six deadly charges of the Brigade against the stone wall on the hillside were futile. The same kind of brave fellows stood behind it. General Pat Cleburne's name is a hallowed one throughout the South. The Jasper Greens of Savannah were such an other Irish fighting regiment as the 69th and they have been represented in every war since the Revolution. The commander at Fort Sumter when recaptured was John Mitchel, son of the compatriot of Meagher in the uprising of '48, and in the world of letters Lieutenant Theodore O'Hara who wrote "The Bivouac of the Dead" and Father Ryan, of Georgia, will stand side by side with our own soldier-writers, O'Brien and Halpine.

Some of the most magnificent tributes to the valor of the Irish Brigade come from the South. United States Senator Patrick Walsh of Georgia, General Clement A. Evans and Colonel Sanders of the 24th Georgia have paid them deserved encomiums which have been published the world over. And whatever praise has been given them has been richly deserved, and won at a terrible sacrifice.

Their names are indelibly inscribed upon the rolls of the Army of the Potomac, and written upon its every battlefield. Go down through that long list of engagements, every one of which sends a thrill through Northern hearts. Fortress Monroe, Yorktown, Williamsburg, Cumberland, Chickahominy, Mechanicsville, Hanover Court House, Fair Oaks, Gaines Mill, Savage Station, White Oak Swamp, Malvern Hill, Harrison's Landing, Fraser's Farm, South Mountain. The Irish Brigade was there each and every time and many are the deeds of daring and of valor performed by them and told in song and story. Then came Antietam and that glorious charge of which "Little Mac" spoke so glowingly in his report. "Thin grow their ranks, and thinner." But worse is yet to come. Think of that fateful 13th day of December, 1862, which competent critics on all sides have declared was not a battle but a wholesale slaughter, where thousands were sacrificed to ambition and incapacity.

That morning the gallant general had placed a sprig of green in his own cap and had asked his men to follow suit. Each had readily responded. And, "O, the wild charge they made." Six times they swept up the Heights, reforming, closing up, never flinching, facing that terrible fusilade of grape, canister, shell, shrapnel and deadly minie ball, mowed down in columns, wading through great streams of blood, climbing over hills of the corpses of their fallen comrades, "marching right onward still" to the very stone wall whence came the avalanche of death and destruction. They came on like whirlwinds. They fought like demons, but back of that stone wall and scattered over that hill were other bands of demon Irishmen with Kershaw, Cobb, McLaws and Anderson, fighting as only Irish can. That picture has been painted so often, the very school children know it by heart.

And when the last ineffectual charge had been made, when the cannon's mouth was stilled, when the dead and dying were sought, and the story of that fight was sent broadcast to the world, all agreed that "nearest to the enemy's breastworks, nearest to the terrible stone wall from behind which such frightful volleys of death were hurled, nearest to the foe and his strongholds, were found the men of the Irish Brigades, the men with the green emblem in their hats."

There are only three other instances in war's annals which can be quoted in the same breath,—Pickett's Virginians at Gettysburg, the Old Guard at Waterloo and Nolan's Six Hundred at Balaklava, each of which as its tale is told and retold for the thousandth time sends that strange thrill through the heart of man.

Of the 1200 men whom Meagher led up that hill, only 280 appeared on parade the following morning, and of the 5600 in Hancock's corps more than 2000 had fallen.

Time and again delegations of officers went back to New York and recruited for the Irish Brigade. And time and again it was needed. It is related that on that morning following Fredericksburg, General Hancock said to three men in the 88th New York, with that freedom of expression which so often characterized the commander of those days, "Why in hell don't you men close up to your company." One of them saluted and responded, "General, we are a company." That told the terrible tale of slaughter, as nothing else could tell it. Before that simple statement the lurid writings of the war correspondents, and the rhyming of poets must sink into insignificance. Surely "there were blossoms of blood on their sprigs of green."

Soon after this seeing it would be impossible to recruit to full strength without retirement from the field for months, and being unable to obtain such leave for his brigade, brave Meagher retired from command.

Again at Chancellorsville, they did their duty, and despite recruitings when Gettysburg was reached, the Brigade had fallen to 400 men. And however much any of us may differ with the religious belief of a majority of them in doctrine, theory or precept, we can only look on and say, "Sublime!" to that picture of this remnant kneeling upon the battlefield to receive Father Corby's benediction, and then rising and sweeping on in that glorious charge.

For a time they fade from sight. Again were their depleted ranks filled. Once more they tread the field of battle, and in the East and in the West Irish valor remains the same, with never a shrinking man, never a wavering of the line. The Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Totopotomy, Cold Harbor. Each can tell its tale, and each bears willing testimony to the undaunted prowess of the fun-loving, fire-eating sons of Erin.

It is estimated that more than 175,000 soldiers of Irish birth or descent fought in the ranks of the victorious Union Army. Many fill nameless and unmarked graves, some died of wounds, others of disease, still more have succumbed to human ills in the years of peace that followed. Few are their numbers now, white their hair, unsteady their step, but tales of their deeds of daring and of valor, their sunny smiles and grim jokes in the face of death shall ever remain, striking monuments to their memory.

One of the tributes paid the Irish soldiers was:

“Whether storming the bloody heights of Fredericksburg or checking the enemy’s advance at Fair Oaks and Malvern Hill, or making the fearful dash at Antietam, or rescuing the abandoned cannon at Chancellorsville, or sweeping Early from the Shenandoah, or in planting the Stars and Stripes on the walls of Atlanta and Savannah, the Irish soldier has won a high reputation; and the greatest detractor of his race, even the London *Times* itself, has not dared to question his bravery as a soldier, or his devotion to the flag under which he fought.”

One quotation more and I close. You remember that prior to the blowing up of the Maine in 1898, the country teemed with A. P. A. and other anti-Irish organizations. And since the publication of the Maine’s death-list showing 182 Irish out of 267 foully done to death by that terrible explosion, those organizations seem to have faded from the face of the earth, so far as the United States is concerned. It was that list of Irish names which inspired Joe Clarke’s now famous poem, “The Fighting Race,” that has been copied in every unprejudiced newspaper and magazine published in the English language. The closing stanza of that poem describes Irish valor with that tinge of humor so dear to the Irish heart:

“ ‘Oh, the fighting races don’t die out,
“If they seldom die in bed,
“For love is first in their hearts, no doubt,’
“Said Burke; then Kelly said:
“ ‘When Michael, the Irish Archangel, stands,
“The angel with the sword,
“And the battle dead from a hundred lands
“Are arranged in one big horde,
“Our line, that for Gabriel’s trumpet waits,
“Will stretch three deep that day,
“From Jehoshophat to the Golden Gates—
“Kelly and Burke and Shea.’
“ ‘Well, here’s thank God for the race and the sod’!
“Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.”



THE REWARDS OF OFFICE HOLDING.

SUPERVISORS' BANQUET, 1910.

The rewards of office holding, so far as the average office holder may be concerned, can be summed up in two words—Kicks and Curses. Now and then some fellow comes along who may be hanging on the outer fringe of politics and who manages to grab a luscious plum, through mere chance or rather because some other fellow has been too long and too often politically active, and he knows enough to squeeze out all the juice and seal it away hermetically. Thus he lands on Easy Street, and ten thousand young men figure him out as an exemplar and seek to travel the office-holding route so that they too may reach Easy Street, in the vicinity of Comfortable Avenue.

It is the same old story. The result of one individual's good fortune furnishes the lure which draws the come-ons into the green-goods man's net. The surrounding conditions, circumstances, environment, are never investigated. There is only one theory in connection with the matter,—“He has won out, why can't I?” To attempt to offer advice to one thus smitten is absurd,—yea, preposterous.

They never stop to look at the other side. Hidden away in some of the musty corners in Albany and Washington, delving over dusty shelves, time-worn books and ancient records and documents, for what might once have seemed a comfortable salary, but which now barely furnishes subsistence, may be found some of the brightest personages in America. There they became anchored and there they remained. Living well, dressing well, but never thinking of the rainy day, if they should happen to be protected by civil service and able to dodge all the pitfalls from which or through which charges are liable to emanate, they remain in such anchorage until death or disability claims them. Those who are not protected by civil service, who are subject to change at the whim of the people expressed in an election, acquire all the habits of the anchored, and if anything are more inclined to be in the spendthrift class.

It has been said many thousand times by those who should be in position to know, that the same amount of time spent in legitimate business pursuits would produce more than ten times the result achieved in politics. And ninety-nine men out of every one hundred who have dabbled in politics will vouch for the truth of that statement.

Look at the fellow who has vainly tried the leading of a for-

lorn hope on several occasions, spending his good money chasing a will-of-the-wisp, believing that lightning cannot always strike in the same place. If he starts off with a competence, the habit only leaves him when he is broke. If he have nothing when the first entry is made, the last race generally finds his a prominent name on the judgment dockets of his county.

Then there is that other fellow who got the start, basked awhile in the sunshine as one of the favorites of a fickle populace, then on a second or further try found the truth of the words in the old song,

“He has lost his popularity

“And that is worse than crime.”

Outside of the race track, nowhere else do former favorites become has-beens or down-and-outs so quickly as in the political game. And the percentage of come-backs is not much greater than in the prize ring.

The two classes last spoken of can be exemplified by a story they long ago told in a Western State. It was in one of those localities where the poorhouse wagon made regular calls upon the various villages and hamlets to pick up the paupers bound for the county poor farm. At one stop an old fellow got in, scarcely noticing an occupant who had entered the wagon at some previous stop. And scarcely had the second man entered the vehicle before he began soliloquizing, “Well, well, this is pretty hard. Here I am, going to the poor house, and to think that twenty-four years ago I ran for County Clerk of this county against Henry Chambers. If I had only been elected then, how different things might have been.” The first occupant of the vehicle then broke in with, “What, are you Wallace Burton? And going to the poor farm?” “Yes,” responded the other, “I am Wallace Burton, and I am going to the poorhouse. And what might your name be, stranger?” “O, I am Henry Chambers, the man who beat you for County Clerk twenty-four years ago, and I am going to the poorhouse too.”

Of course all officeholders and candidates do not wind up in this fashion, but yet the cup holds far more of bitterness than of honey. There is often the boss demanding the performing of things impossible when viewed in the light of self-respect. To follow him without a murmur arouses the vengeance of the populace,—to break with him means the loss of future nominations, unless he die or be overthrown. It requires a skilled acrobat or juggler to keep the middle course and stand in well both ways.

But the fellow who attempts the performance generally slips and falls before many exhibitions of his agility can be given.

And then there is the ingrate whom you help along, for whom you boost, whose coffers you help fill, and who no sooner lands upon his feet than he wants to put you out of business, because he thinks you constitute a standing menace to his greater popularity.

Then again is the fellow whom you take to your bosom as a subordinate, for friendship's sake or because of auld lang syne reminiscences between the families. You teach him all about the office you hold, mingle him in close touch with all your friends, tip off all your political secrets to his willing ear, and then find that he is secretly taking steps to supplant you, and massed behind him are many of those friends to whom you introduced him.

Verily there are a thousand other heart-burnings and scalds in the game, and to narrate them seriatim would require more time than has been allotted for the entire program tonight. In office holding, as probably in no other line of business, does the truth come home most forcibly of that famous old adage, "Virtue is its own reward."

You and I have seen men who made good in executive offices dethroned by some whiffet or popinjay who could not make good in a thousand years, simply because the tide was running all one way, making it what the newspapers call a "yellow dog year," when any old thing on the right ticket goes through. Judges who have shone above all their predecessors have been made to bite the dust because of some fancied slight to some would-be leader and his following. There is scarcely one man in ten or twenty thousand who dares stand up openly and speak his mind upon any current question, and then go before the people as a candidate.

"Better a day of strife
"Than a century of sleep,"

said a good old southern poet whom I love to quote and whose manly sentiments have thrilled many a stalwart breast, but in politics there are a greater number of advocates of the policy enunciated in

"He who fights and runs away,
"May live to fight another day."

How few can drop out of the game when their original ambitions have been satisfied. I believe it was our esteemed fellow-townsmen, Roscoe Conkling, who coined or at least first applied to officeholders that phrase, which for so many years has echoed

and re-echoed on the hustings and in the public prints, "Few die, and none resign."

The most of us either jumped or were pushed into this game at tender years, and we generally become too old to learn anything else before the taste dies out, if ever. And when you have looked the board all over, the only conclusion that you can draw is that office holding has no rewards worth mentioning, except satisfaction and self-respect. And to obtain them in politics one must govern his course by Kipling's latest poem,

"If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowances for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about don't deal in lies,
Or being hated don't give away to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

"If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim,
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same,
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools;

"If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: 'Hold on!'

"If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!"

"EULOGY OF THE DEAD."

ELKS' LODGE OF SORROW, TROY, N. Y., DECEMBER, 4, 1910.

"For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
"Nor busy housewife ply her evening care;
"No children run to lisp their sire's return,
"Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share."

The toll of Death for the year has been levied, and wherever a lodge of Elks is located, the surviving members are gathered this afternoon to render their tributes of love and affection to the departed and deliver a message of sympathy and tenderness to those afflicted by bereavement.

The Present is but the thin, hazy line of demarcation between those two vast eternities, Past and Future, which surround us on either side. To some that Present may seem a generation or even a lifetime, but to the many it is but the tick of the clock, the stroke of the bell, or at best the stretch from one midnight or sunrise to another. Howsoever according to personal fancy we may measure time, the fact remains that each measurement means the close of human lives, be they few or many.

The footfall on the pavement, the snapping of a twig, the closing of a door, are but trifling incidents occupying an infinitesimal space of time, yet simultaneously with each of these trifling incidents a human being has drawn the last breath and abandoned life's weary battle.

Alas! In most instances, how soon forgotten! The floral expressions of sympathy wither and fade before the earth has been fairly heaped upon the grave. The glowing tributes of the newspapers soon drift into casual mention, and then forgetfulness. Even the monuments erected in testimony of the love of the survivors, stand not long before they too give evidences of that decay which so surely attacks all that bears semblance of mortality.

From the somber musings of the saddened soul of one of the best beloved poets of the Southland, that land of flowers, poesy and song, there crept forth this verse:

"The dials of earth may show
"The length, not the depth, of years,
"Few or many they come, few or many they go,
"But time is best measured by tears."

What a world of truth in those soulful lines! Quickly speed the hours of joy and gladness, but leaden wings retard the passage of our woe and sadness.

Mark Twain in one of his serious moments, penned these descriptive words, "When all these things shall have sunk down the afternoon of history, and the twilight of tradition, and been swallowed up in the thick night of oblivion." And in the accompanying passages there gleams forth the tender, pathetic soul which, alas, was forced too often to hide itself that a reputation as a humorist might not be lost or marred. And as it was with the great author who looked into men's hearts, so must there be with every sentient being, exposure temporarily at least of the traces of the dual personality which can never be thoroughly obliterated. And it is well for all mankind that we are able to mingle and intersperse the laughter, joy and sunshine of our natures with the tears, sadness and clouds that inevitably belong to our other selves.

Life is but a struggle at best. Real happiness has been in the grasp of the very few and then only for a limited space of time. Most of us have had fleeting glimpses of that elusive rarity, and we ever strive and endeavor to again get within its hallowed reach. And yet with all its seams, its burdens, its crosses and its hardships, only a small minority willingly surrender life when that call to eternal silence is made.

The Golden Rule has long been the creed of the Elk. Through life it is his endeavor to smoothen the furrows and the ridges in the pathway of his fellowman, to help the needy, to lift up the fallen, to dry the tears of humanity, to soften the looks of anger, to pass along the pleasant word and the contagious smile. And with the practice of that creed from day to day he grows in that grace, which counts for future store, be his faults and lapses what they may.

The Elk faithful through all time to his obligations, fears not life's close. He looks upon the transition from earth's sphere to the hereafter with eyes unfilled by wonderment, doubt or agony. He glides forth bravely from the shadows where he has battled manfully and nobly borne his part into what most of us believe to be "the dawn of a never-ending day."

We gather not merely to grieve for the dead, not to freshen and start anew the tears of mourning kindred. Rather do we meet today to take away from thoughts of Death, its fears and stings and terrors; to point out the good qualities of our deceased brethren, forgetting whatever frailties or infirmities any of them may have possessed; to imbue the survivors with thoughts of right living; to banish fear and superstition, and bring more nearly all human-kind within one great brotherhood.

New names have been graven on the "mystic roll call" of our mortuary tablets, and each recurring year will bring its additions. Those who today are apparently enjoying the best of health may be numbered with next year's enrollment, while those now seemingly within the shadow may remain with us many years to come. Today our thoughts are reverently fixed upon the memories of those whose names are newly graven. Death made his choice from young and old, from grave and gay, from weak and strong alike. Each one of the departed held his place in the hearts of his brethren. And yet the disparities in age, in temperament, in strength, which seem so great to us at the passing moment, disappear almost in the twinkling of an eye. The term of life is so short that when viewed dispassionately, as such things must always be in the future years, it will seem as though each one had filled out "the allotted span."

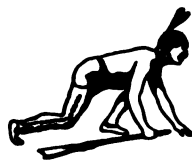
The greatest history making period in the world's annals was undoubtedly that stretch of years from the fall of the Bastille to the battle of Waterloo. As we casually read of them now, the figures of that age appear to be giants whose lives were unusually long. The heightening of color in this respect is caused by impressions long since created and handed from generation to generation. The cold facts when searched out show unto us Mirabeau dying in the early forties, Danton barely passing his thirty-fifth birthday anniversary, which was a boon denied Robespierre, and the Exile of St. Helena, though surviving long years after the passing of the others, scarcely seeing more than one-half of a century in all.

It matters not now whence our brothers came, how long they tarried, or how soon their work was ended. Each labored for the betterment of humanity, all battled for the common good. With the consciousness of duty fairly performed, with the knowledge that, to the best of their ability, they have practiced the principles and precepts of Elkdom, carrying out its behests as opportunity offered, these worthy brothers have lain down life's burden and sought eternal rest. Never again are we to felicitate them with the cheery smile, the hearty greeting or the warm handclasp. No more are they to meet and mingle in the lodge-room, no more to sit with us about the festive board. The tender thoughts so many times inspired in their breasts as they responded to that beautiful sentiment, "Our Absent Brothers" will rise within and shine forth resplendent from others who come to take the places of these so recently added to that long list of "Absent Brothers." The endless chain thus formed shall grow and thrive and have its earnest devotees, let us hope and pray, so long as

humanity and civilization shall survive, and when all nations, kindreds and peoples shall have become one great solidarity, if such be the decreed fate of the universe, may the peal, the chime, the toll or the clang of the bell at eleven, still beget in the hearts of its auditors the reverent thoughts now brought home to the Elk who remains mindful of the teachings of the Order.

Brothers, you have been faithful. You have lightened the burdens of others. And when you closed your eyes in that endless sleep, the orisons of those others were uttered in your behalf. Above the caskets which contained your mortal remains, Divinity's earthly ambassadors have chanted, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust." We now pay our last tribute as brothers to your manhood, to your worth, to the fraternal love which bound you to us. With each and all of you, we feel that all is well.

The lightning's flash, the thunder's roll, the cataract's roar, the loftiness of the mountain peak, and all of Nature's grandeurs, sometimes lead us away with their raptures into forgetfulness of that homely truth, "The noblest work of God is man." These were men. To them and of them we say, "Farewell! We hope to meet again some day in famed Valhalla. And until then your memories shall be tenderly cherished, as in time we expect others to cherish our own, in the list of 'The Absent Brothers'."



THE BOX-CAR TYPOGRAPHER.

RESPONSE AT THE ANNUAL BANQUET OF SCHENECTADY TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION, MAY 20, 1911.

There are only a few of us left. And we old-timers must acknowledge with a mournful sigh that the craft and its craftsmen have undergone wonderful evolutions. We charge it up to the linotype, but we must confess that there are some other causes. Alas, the world is changing, or rather has changed. To turn back thirty years puts us in another world completely. The telephone was a struggling infant, the typewriter an upper case monstrosity, the arc light a coming possibility, the touring car a weird unknown, wireless telegraphy a dream, and aerial navigation worse than three unknown quantities.

But what need had we for any such creations. For had we not the companionship of the peregrinating printer, the typographical tourist or the box car 'bo, whichever appellation his fancy seemed best suited with? And he was truly a rich and rare old gem. How every lad in his time envied him. How admiringly the galley-boy gazed upon his wrinkled visage and what draughts of inspiration were drawn in from his tales. And the young man just out of his time and holding down cases on the first rag upon which he had ever worked. What envy, what resolves to equal and excel the touring record of the last arrival permeated his breast. Just as soon as parental objections could be removed so as to allow of seeking fortune at a distance, that young man vowed to be out on the road. And sometimes the objections didn't count, and the cases were jumped. And the boys who had already hit the road a clip or two! How gladly they extended the hand of fellowship. How easily they stood for the panhandle,—for they had been on the other end of that game too. A two-bit piece got a bracer and a shave, and then one of the boys calmly took a half day off and handed over six bits to the tourist to throw in his case, or rather left it where it could be secured when the throwing-in operation had been concluded. Did he want a night's work? Half a dozen men were ready to lay off just to accommodate him. And then how he could stick type! And how his conversation enlivened the alley he was located in! And what an argument he put up to the proof-reader about the galley that should have been passed to Slug Seven on one alleged thin-spaced line.

A near-poet once sized him up and poured forth these lines along with some others:

"What paper hasn't he worked on? Whose manuscript hasn't he set?

What story worthy of remembrance was he ever known to forget?

What topics rise for discussion, in science, letters or art,
That the genuine old tramp-printer cannot grapple and play his part?

"It is true that much grime he gathers in the course of each trip he takes,

Inasmuch as he boards all freight trains between the gulf and the lakes.

Yet his knowledge grows more abundant than many much-titled men's

Who travel as scholarly tourists and are classed with the upper tens;

And few are the contributions these scholarly ones have penned
That the seediest, shabbiest tramper couldn't readily cut and mend."

But, now, alas, those days are gone beyond recall. And when once in a while some of those old ghosts drift in on a freight train, the young men of today, manning the machines, know them not. The panhandle game is played, there are no cases to throw in, there is no room for a "sub" unless in special cases of emergency, and the day of the old-time hand setter is past.

But while we live, they cannot beat us out of the memories of the past. Your printer of today is matter-of-fact, unimaginative, and his memory is not cultivated as a store-house of erudition. But the old-timer, what an imagination, what a memory he possessed. And the greatest enjoyment in this world is the possession of a memory which can delve into the past and bring bubbling forth the many pleasantries of by-gone days. And to the mind clothed with the genius of poetic imagination all of the things which seemed to be hardships in the olden time have drifted into the pleasantry class. Of all the talents we are endowed with, we can be most thankful for memory and imagination.

There are many memories swirling back to me to-night out of the vasty depths of the clamoring years ago, but one of the sweetest is that I carried a card of membership in the International Typographical Union, and another is a jumble of various means of free transportation, "side door Pullmans," baggage car fronts, mail car vestibules, upper decks, bumpers, tenders and

engine pilots. I must omit for truth's sake, "riding the rods," as I always considered that beneath the dignity of an artisan whose work was to preserve all other arts, and in this most of our great craft agree.

And let me tell you that all that the schools, law offices and Courts were ever able to do for me in the line of education was but secondary to that secured in a few months of box car touring. That was why when you picked up the old-time newspaper, it proved a joy to the eyes and a delight to the soul. Most of the men employed in its make-up had "toured" in primitive fashion. They had imbibed their knowledge by hard knocks, and they knew all the styles prevalent in newspaper work throughout the land. To be able to catch on at a moment's notice and make good, one had to set some errorless matter, and oftentimes edit it as well while he worked. And the proof-reader too was generally one of the same brand,—a man with "a heye like a heagle." You could read page after page understandingly then on almost any rag in the country and the most of it was like Dana's best. But in this day and generation of rapidity run riot, you cannot read over four lines in any paper without stopping to ruminate over what in the world could have been written in the copy that the linotype man gazed upon, when he clicked off that meaningless rot which now confronts you. Of course you of the newer cycle will say that we are old fogies and too hanged particular. We had to know how to spell, but you fellows can blame it on the linotype. We had to emit a cuss word now and then, but you gently tinkle your fingers down the keyboard and wind up the line with those wonderful modern cabalisms—ETAOIN and SHRDLU.

Of course the old-timer chewed tobacco, but it was a gentlemanly looking fine cut usually, and not the alfalfa now handed out. And he was not averse to a drop of red liquor now and then, but the liquor of that day is just as scarce now as is the old-time tramp-printer. No, he didn't bother the churches much, but his word was generally as good as the preacher man's. And he gambled in a quiet way, too. Who hasn't jephed with the quads, when there wasn't a nickel in the bunch, to see who should make the attempt for credit at the corner dispensary? And then among the roadsters, when no quads were handy, who hasn't played "crum or no crum" to determine which should make the next back door invasion and procure the breakfast hand-out?

O! When the leaves bud and the balmy zephyrs blow in the springtime, how the old memories will cling and cluster, and how the oldtime roadster will wish to cast off his respectability and glide back upon the road. It is well for him that he does not

attempt it, for the rudeness of the shock he would receive therefrom might bring a quickened wakefulness that would forever disgust him with the pleasures of memory and imagination.

The old-time tramp-printer is for the most part filling some unmarked grave. The scattered remnants of the tribe remind one of the disappearing American Indian. But the world was better that he had his being and lived and breathed. Many was the bit of sunshine he scattered. Many the smile he brought to faces usually wreathed in clouds—his last dime he always divided,—when he had two shirts or two collars, the one not then in use was always at the service of his neighbor, and the whole world was his neighborhood.

He is gone or fast going. Peace be to his ashes and memory. God bless that type of humanity. We will shed no tears, for tears were things he shunned. But drink he loved, and so in keeping with that love which distinguished him, let us drink to the memory of the old tramp-printer.



TRIBUTE TO SMITH M. LINDSLEY, DECEASED.

DELIVERED AT MEMORIAL MEETING, ONEIDA COUNTY BAR
ASSOCIATION, MAY 19, 1909.

Activity beyond compare; bravery of mind and heart and body; character of the highest type; devotion to right, to Nation, State, county and city; endeavor to stand in the first rank of his profession; fearlessness, the attribute of the honest soul; generosity to the deserving; hardihood to bear pains, aches and ills; individuality, which shone out of every act, word and deed; justice to all humanity; kindness of feeling, despite a pretended rough exterior; loyalty to home and family; manhood which compelled admiration; negativeness never; opposition to wrong, sham, hypocrisy and deceit; powerfulness among men without holding any temporary scepter or satrapy; quaintness of speech which never lost force; reliance upon self in the superlative degree; serenity and strength without stint; terror to wrongdoers and falsifiers; usefulness in every walk of life; vigor and vim to the end; watchfulness of the interests entrusted to his care; exceptionality in mental attributes; youthfulness despite the creeping years; zeal and zest which never flagged—these are but a few of the characteristics of him who has gone. Every letter of the alphabet indexing some trait, there is no wonder that we loved and honored him.

Men made in his mold are rarely met. Power he never sought. Apparently fierce and strenuous in demeanor, his heart-strings were always touched by the wants of the afflicted. His soul could not brook the glory which came from the ashes of ruined homes and blighted lives, and over the prostrate forms of broken-hearted women and sobbing children.

His name and his rank in the profession shall live long years to come. His memory shall be an inspiration to guide us along the lines of professional duty and in the direction of the highest goal.

His dauntless courage never forsook him, and he met the King of Terrors with the same calmness and complacency with which he would undertake the trial of an action.

With him all is well, and I believe his feeling upon the question of death to have been much the same as my own, so aptly stated by Tennyson:

“Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me;
And let there be no moaning of the bar
When I set out to sea.”

ON THE DEATH OF VICE-PRESIDENT SHERMAN.

BEFORE THE ONEIDA COUNTY BAR ASSOCIATION,

November 2, 1912.

From the date of the formation of the county, the Bar of Oneida has furnished many figures of national greatness—some achieved distinction in the profession, some in the civic world, while others excelled in both careers. And now the last of them has passed away. No longer can we lay claim to the nation-wide distinction of any member practicing at our bar. 'Tis two and thirty years this month since first I conned the pages of a Blackstone, and within my memory this Bar has been called upon to mourn the passing of Horatio Seymour, Alexander S. Johnson, Ward Hunt, William J. Bacon, Roscoe Conkling, Francis Kernan, J. Thomas Spriggs, and now of him who has gone within the passing week. They were Congressmen, and Judges, and Governors, and United States Senators. One had held the highest judicial position our system of government knows, and another had refused that very place. The fame that each acquired, the luster that his career shed upon our Bar, the reflected glory which that career brought to our city and county was but of a passing nature, as must all things human be. And yet their reputations and achievements live long after death and serve to spur on to greater efforts and higher goals the men of the newer generation.

Our friend who has just left us probably acquired the greatest distinction of them all. To stand almost within touch of and with but one life intervening between the governmental supervision of nearly one hundred millions of people, by the choice of those people themselves, can of necessity be the lot of but few. And the man who can hold such position, wield such power, and still smile genially upon all of his old-time neighbors, answering to the name of boyhood, never pretending stiff-necked dignity, proves to the world that democracy is the great underlying principle which governs the hearts, directs the heads and shapes the courses of most of the Americans in public life.

By reason of the sphere he occupied in the broader field of governmental work, the narrow field of the law knew less of Mr. Sherman than it would have liked to have known. Early came the call to him to take up the problems of civics, and his time was almost continuously occupied in that direction. It does not take an old man to remember when John Batchelor, as chairman, named James S. Sherman as secretary of his party's County Committee. Then came that chairmanship to him, and it seems only a short time since he was chosen Mayor of our city.

I remember well about that time, or shortly after, the prophetic utterance of Charles M. Dennison, who was one of the keenest judges of men: "Young man, if you intend to stay in politics on that side of the house, tie up to Jim Sherman. He will make his mark."

The memory comes back, too, of the campaign of 1890, which proved disastrous to us both, and of the friendly, sympathetic hand-shake which welded together our souls in that trying hour of defeat.

And with the changing of the years and the changing of alignments came the time when we were pitted against each other in the strife of political combat—the last fight he was forced to make of a local character, and possibly the fiercest battle of them all. Providence knew what it was about when the eagles of victory were permitted to perch upon his banner, for it was the outcome of that contest more than all else that brought to him the Vice-Presidency which he has so ably filled for nearly four years past.

And now, while still in the flush of manhood, with the right to expect many years of life, the grim summons came, and he answered it, as each of us must some day respond to that same call.

James Schoolcraft Sherman, Vice-President of the United States, has passed away. Peace to his ashes, and hallowed be his memory.



ON THE DEATH OF FREDERICK G. FINCKE.

BEFORE THE ONEIDA COUNTY BAR ASSOCIATION,

November 7, 1912.

As one of the committee on necrology appointed by him, I fain would lay a tribute upon the bier of our departed president. With an acquaintance stretching back more than three decades, and a firm friendship nearly the same length of time, the death of Fred Fincke comes in the nature of a personal loss.

Those who knew him best had for him a kind of worship, and yet he believed not in homage of that sort. He was an iconoclast, and not believing in idols, refused to be one. His was a rare nature. In him there was a blending of qualities of mind and heart that denoted rare genius. His language was a Niagara of rare gems. Men loved to hear Fred Fincke talk. Listeners could be commanded in the cigar-store, the club, at the political meeting, in the court-house.

When it was known that he was to address a jury, lawyers left their offices, merchants their stores and clerks their desks to hear the brilliant plays of wit and satire and drink in the flashes of humor and invective which they knew would be turned loose. In the olden days, when it would become known that his eloquence was to be displayed at a political convention, many new faces were found in the throng, and when Fincke had closed the ranks grew thinner.

He could play on ever string in the gamut of human emotion. Tears and laughter could be evoked from his audience at will. He possessed not only the power to lift mortals to the skies, but almost that other potentiality, to draw angels down to earth by the force of his magnetic eloquence. His triumphs in the crowded court-room were many, but possibly the event which crowned him as an orator was that magnificent welcoming address to the great Conkling, upon the latter's return from Europe, away back in 1877. Those who heard it, and they numbered as many thousands as that broad terrace on Rutger Street could hold, stamped it as a classic, and have ever since refused to forget the speech and the occasion.

Hypocrites drew from his nature naught but contempt. He loved to tear from the faces which wore them the masks of sham and cant. He believed in the equality of mankind, and never sought special privilege or courted favor. He loved to be called by the diminutive of his first name, and no one, not even the stateliest dame of proud colonial lineage, felt distressed or de-

meaned when he too addressed by Christian name. What would be familiarity in others was knightly grace in Mr. Fincke.

To many here present life will not seem the same without him. In this association he took a deep pride, and we never again at our annual gatherings shall see and hear a toastmaster who will shine for us as he has done in the past. The law loses a strong limb, men a good friend, the city a superb citizen, humanity one of its closest students. It will be many a day before we look upon his like again.



ON THE DEATH OF THOMAS D. WATKINS.

BEFORE THE ONEIDA COUNTY BAR ASSOCIATION,

December 30, 1912.

Gazing in retrospect, it seems but yesterday that this fair-haired, bright-faced lad came into our midst and straightway won a place in all our hearts. It is but twenty years all told—years that have passed all too soon. And in that brief space of time Thomas D. Watkins won for himself a name and a station which most of us could envy and only a few hope to attain, even with lives extended far beyond the ordinary length.

He was a marvelous man. Manhood and character were his chiefest assets, and these he possessed in plethora. There was a deep religious tinge to the man, and his religion was of the soul, not that of affectation. It is often repeated that corporations have no souls, and the attorneys who represent them are quite likely to be charged with being soulless, too. But this one had a soul, as can be proven by a case in point. A young employee of the New York Central had lost a limb, and for that loss brought action. The only other witnesses were still in the employ of the road, and they did not prove of much use upon the trial. The boy lost his suit, but Mr. Watkins came to him and his attorney and said: "I am sorry for you. I will be compelled to enter up this judgment for costs against you, but no attempt will ever be made to enforce collection. And some day in the future come to me and I will see that the judgment is satisfied."

Mr. Watkins was big and broad. We know that in large measure he was self-made. And yet he never forgot any little kindnesses that had been shown him along the road, when at first the struggle was hard and bitter. Most men believe themselves self-made, and but few are willing to allow credit for assistance to any other source. Not so our departed friend. One night he was filling the toast-master's station at a banquet, and one of the speakers was the man who had procured for him, an unknown youth little more than a year in town, an introduction into political life and a nomination for member of Assembly. There was no chance to win, and he knew it, but it gave the chance to people to hear him and to learn that a new force and power had arisen in the community. From that hour his progress had been steadily onward and upward, and he had outstripped the sponsor. There were but few who knew the story, and yet Tom Watkins told it with a genial warmth which came from the heart and won great applause from his hearers. It was the bigness and broadness of

the man's nature showing itself and giving to another part of the credit for the fame he had himself attained.

His life was an inspiration to the young men of the profession. With him it was

“Work, work, work, in the dull December light,
And work, work, work, when the weather is warm and bright.”

There was no task too gigantic for him to undertake, no burden too heavy to bear. And it was because of that capacity for work too great for the physical constitution with which Nature had endowed him, and the overpowering energy which consumed his frail body, that we are now compelled to mourn his loss.

With a happy home, a loving wife, beautiful children, and all the best of human surroundings about him, all to live and love and hope for, it seems that his life should have extended far beyond the early forties. But the inexorable and inscrutable summons was served upon him. To that home we must turn our eyes, our thoughts, our prayers. And in the years to come let us hope that at least one of those he leaves behind shall take up his father's footsteps and win, if that be possible, a higher name and a greater fame in the law than the name and fame so conspicuously won and worn by our distinguished departed brother.



ON THE DEATH OF HON. THOMAS S. JONES.

BEFORE THE ONEIDA COUNTY BAR ASSOCIATION,

February 21, 1913.

"Fast falls the eventide."

Still another bolt has fallen upon the Bar of Oneida. Another stalwart veteran has made his last earthly plea and has been called to plead at the Bar of Eternal Judgment.

Thomas S. Jones was a born fighter. He loved fighting men. He loved the heat of the court-room's battle, and he fought clean and straight. A favorite Southern poet, in one of his little gems of poesy, gave us this phrase—

"Better a day of strife
Than a century of sleep."

To Tom Jones these words meant something. He was not of the slumberers. He believed in action, in vigorous work, in giving to his clients the best that was in him, and that was much indeed. And a day of strife in the court-room was his meat and drink. He thrilled at the thought of it, just as a cavalry charger thrills at the sound of the bugle which calls him into action.

Brainy, ingenious, a master of resource, possessed of an analytical mind, with natural forensic ability of a high order, and a keen knowledge of human character; with all these advantages in his favor as a pleader and advocate, coupled with the fact that he was a close student and well grounded in the law, it did not take him long to climb to a high place in the profession.

That profession he loved. It was his wish, his aim, his hope to keep it clean. Every effort and endeavor in that direction was put forth by Mr. Jones, not only while an officer of this association, but while serving as a private in the ranks.

While some of his chiefest successes were in the line of private practice, yet it was his brilliant service as District Attorney of Oneida County which will probably be longest remembered. He was a terror to evil-doers, and yet of kindly disposition to the real unfortunates. During his entire incumbency of that position there was never a hint made of favoritism or partiality. He knew no master, and while outside of the District Attorney's office he may have dabbled in things political, yet in the performance of those duties he never permitted the faintest trace of the political aroma to touch his garments or enter any room or building wherein he was engaged.

He was a specialist. Not a specialist in a single branch or de-

partment of our great profession, but a specialist in every ramification of the law. Country born and country bred, he had no chance to take up with a specialty. Like all the old-time lawyers from the country, he became an all-around man. The curriculum there prescribed made him thorough and painstaking, two qualities which in the long run stood him in good stead.

He had a social side to his nature, too. He was agreeable to meet, pleasant in intercourse, the lover of a good joke, a pleasurable associate, a kind friend. He turned no deaf ear to appeals for or from the distressed. To young men in the profession he was a tower of strength, and many have profited by his kindly advice. But not alone by these will he be missed; the blow falls alike upon us, whether we be of the coming generation, of those in manhood's prime, or in the ripeness of good old age. We all knew and loved him. We felt he was our friend, and now that he has gone we hold many tender memories of his work, his thought, his action, his life in our midst, in loving remembrance.



WHY WE ARE HERE.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS, U. F. A. ALUMNI REUNION,
June 24, 1910.

Among the lost records of history is the authorship of that famous epigram, "We're here because we're here." Some insist that Shakespeare coined the phrase, while others ascribe it to Victor Hugo. There are those who claim that its first enunciation was by Napoleon upon the plains of Phillippi, while yet a goodly number maintain that Balaklava was its birth-place and Roosevelt its parent. Mark Twain, Eugene Field, Bill Nye, Petroleum V. Nasby and Mister Dooley have each in turn pleaded not guilty to the charge of shoving the statement forth fatherless upon an unfeeling world. Whoever said it, spoke well. It was the real goods—even Sim Ford and Chauncey Depew would be willing to stand for it. Fred Fincke never expressed anything more epigrammatic. It means all that it says, and says all that it means. Some muse, unfortunately now unidentified, grappled with the thought and framed it into deathless song, making a classic that shall stand for all time with those other lyrics of the past, "A Fond Mother was Chasing Her Boy 'Round the Room," and "Forty-nine Blue Bottles Ahanging on the Wall."

For to-night let the epigram and its musical soul-mate, with the unknown authors of both, fade back into the original case of mystery which enshrouded them. The fact still remains—we are here.

Now, why is it? An eminent authority in a recent outbreak intimated that sentimentalism was dead, and that the enlarged shillelah was the only thing with which to do business in these degenerate days. And do you know when the return postal cards for this festive occasion commenced to arrive I felt very much inclined to agree with somebody on the Egyptian and several other questions. There must be nearly three thousand Academy graduates scattered around the world somewhere, unless the mortality ratio among them has been unusually high. Up to last year 625 of them had enrolled in this organization, at least 70 per cent. of whom attended one reunion or paid one or two years' dues only. To each of those enrolled was sent a postal card. Invitation slips were handed the members of this year's class. Other suggested names to the number of 250 were mailed reply cards. Thus one thousand were notified, and less than two hundred responded. Some of those who did not get notices, who have never attended or enrolled, are indignant, I am told, at our neglect of them. It is we, the active members, who have the right to be,

indignant at them for their neglect of us in the past. There has never been a surplus in the treasury. In fact, a couple of former administrations left legacies in the shape of "Irish dividends." As a consequence, we could not spend the \$60 necessary to purchase three thousand reply postal cards, and we did not feel justified in asking any printer to venture his good money in a doubtful cause.

We who are enrolled and who have fought the fight through the years are here because we still believe there is a little sentimentalism left in humankind. We love our city, we love the name "The Utica Free Academy." We are thankful to the people of Utica for maintaining the institution which gave the most of us more than half a chance in life. The memories of the old days cling and cluster, recalling friendly faces of bygone years and bringing back to life forgotten ideals of youthful brains.

My school days were crowded into ten years. I commenced at five and wound up at fifteen. I never spent a day in school outside of one block. I never pass the old Academy building, now used as the Bleecker Street School, but a feeling of joy and pride and loyalty wells within me. Whenever I gaze upon the structure under which we are now enroofed, the feeling is one of awe and grandeur. We of the olden days had only sentiment to keep us up. You of the later years, because of the increased facilities and opportunities presented, should certainly be more loyal to alma mater than the old-timers.

Not enough has been made of this institution by its alumni, and as a consequence the outside world is too prone to make little of it. The average Academy graduate seems to fade from sight shortly after graduation, many of them leaving the city of course. Those who remain seem to take little interest in the affairs of the old school or of its alumni association, or even of the city at large. In the thirty years since my graduation there have been three Academy boys who held the office of Mayor, and scarcely more than half a dozen who crept into the School Board. At the present time there are three of the cult in the City Hall, and such are the tragedies of political life that it might be worth the jobs of the other two if they were seen at any festivities over which yours truly presided.

• Is it not time to awaken? The officers and committees have done their best to insert ginger into this affair and to secure members. Many of you present at this portion of the exercises are entitled to enrollment and have never availed yourselves of the privilege. Do it before you leave to-night. We need you, and

the small amount of annual dues asked will help to clear the burdens of other years. Tell your eligible neighbors not to wait to be asked, but to hunt up the proper officers and enroll. With every one interested who is entitled to membership, with all the ministers, doctors, lawyers and bank presidents who ever answered to Academy roll-calls attending each annual reunion, with all the school teachers, who won't even come when you set a table separately to satisfy their appetites and stifle their objections of former years, with the hundreds in every walk of life who should be with us, this affair could each year be made the leading event of the City of Utica. Then would the matron and the maid, the gray-head, the bald-head and the collegian await for weeks in anxious expectance each recurring reunion. Look at Rome, Clinton, Lowville, Ilion—all the towns about us. High school reunions are thought as much of as "Old Home Week." Probably if the Central Railroad or the Gas or Water corporations wanted something done in our direction the whole town would be stirred up and possibly an appropriation voted us.

The officers of this year have done their part. Their predecessors in office have likewise fulfilled their duty. It is up to the rank and file. Get rid of the hookworm which prevents your taking interest. Jump in and take hold. Don't wait to be asked. Lend a hand. Your services will be appreciated. Then in a few years that old familiar saying, "Well, I was afraid to go; I didn't think there would be anybody there I knew," will be changed to "I didn't dare to stay away; everybody that was anybody was there, and I don't like to be called a dead one."

To those who have firmly kept the faith since this organization was formed, to the loyal old guard who have responded to every call of duty, and to the new members who have lately attached themselves, my parting admonition is—"Hold fast." By standing nobly together and attracting others to your side, by drawing all eligible within the magic circle, you will have performed something of which you can be proud unto your dying day, and you will have demonstrated to Utica and to all the world that an academic education stands for good citizenship, and that Utica may well be proud of the men and women upon whom she has bestowed the chances of better than an ordinary common-school education.



FOURTH OF JULY ADDRESS.

CLAYVILLE, N. Y., 1911.

To an individual a century and a third, more or less, must of necessity seem a long hark back in these days of short and merry lives. Yet in the life of the ordinary nation it is but a meager space of time. This nation of ours, however, has never been classed as ordinary. In its infancy, it was a sturdy stripling; in its youth, a fearless giant; to-day, in its prime, it is looked upon as marvelous, stupendous, sublime.

Could that brave band of patriots who, sweltering in Philadelphia on that stifling July day of 1776, as members of the Continental Congress pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor to the furtherance and perpetuity of the governmental bark they were launching, but be permitted to look in to-day at the magnificent empire which stretches not only across the continent from the eastern ocean to the western, but reaches out into the vast beyond for its island possessions, how the sight would compel them to rub their eyes and marvel! A scant three millions then have grown to nearly, if not quite, one hundred millions of people.

No good American should ever be fearful of the number thirteen, for it was with thirteen colonies, soon to become states, that this government was founded. And see how the thirteen have multiplied. When New Mexico and Arizona shall have completed the operations which shall bring them within the fold there will be forty-eight stars in the blue field of the flag. Forty-eight sovereign states, and more than half of them nations within themselves! Aye, a half dozen of the number outranking in population, in wealth, in commerce, in industries, some of the nations which have held prominent sway in the affairs of the so-called Old World.

From every portion of the globe came the people who assisted in the creation of this vastness—from every land and clime—seeking the air of freedom, the land where the poor had a chance, and if all the original immigrants did not become assimilated, certainly the succeeding generations did. Turn to any roster of the names in the army, the navy, or any branch of the government, local, state or national, filled with good American names of to-day, many of which still retain their original style and spelling, and you will readily see the many and varied sources from which we have drawn our strength.

And yet all has not been smooth sailing for our ship of state. At times the nights were dark and the waves ran high. Billows,

breakers, shoals, sunken rocks, false lights, tempests, poor mariners at the wheel, scuttlers aboard the craft, mutineers even in high places, are all found entered in the log book which tells the story of the cruise up to date. But back of it all was the guiding hand of Destiny, which foiled every plot and ruse, calked every seam, patched every hole, swung the scuttlers from the yardarm, marooned the mutineers, steered clear of the beacons, shoals and hidden rocks, calmed the angry waves, and to-day propels the good boat over a fairly smooth sea beneath an almost cloudless sky.

Blood and toil and treasure have been exacted. The toll of human life on many occasions has been heavy. The trend of events has at times wearied the stoutest hearts, but yet on each occasion Providence seems to have come to our aid and guided the good old ship safely to a haven.

And yet how many of us pay attention to the history that has been made? How many do not know the names of even a dozen pioneers, Continental legislators and Revolutionary heroes, to whom as a people we have a right—aye, a patriotic duty—to be more than grateful? Those two giants of the early navy, without whose victories on the seas England could never have been beaten, Irish John Barry and Scotch Paul Jones, how have we as a nation discharged our duty toward them? A wooden sign-board alone tells the tale of Barry's interment in old St. Mary's churchyard in Philadelphia, although Congress has provided for a public monument elsewhere. And it took an hundred years for us to muster up courage enough to hunt for the bones of the sailor Scot in France, and then, when we procured them, it seemed impossible to select a proper resting place upon this side of the Atlantic.

The one man who more than all others preached the creed of nationality, and spent his time and his money and used his talents to bring about the separation of the Colonies from England, was an Englishman by birth—Tom Paine. When some of those who became foremost in the cause after the Declaration of Independence were holding forth as loyal British subjects, Paine was engaged in publishing and circulating his tracts and pamphlets, which all the British office-holders held to be seditious and treasonable. How much we really owe to Paine will never be known or realized, as he was a victim to the unreasoning spirit of orthodoxy and intolerance then and often since prevalent. His was a grand and noble character, and he believed in freedom in its highest sense—not only in freedom of men and soil, but freedom of worship, speech and thought. And when this land had been

freed from the tyrant's grasp, he crossed the seas again to France, there to be one of the men who should aid in the liberation of the proletariat and in holding aloft the symbols of liberty, equality and fraternity. And the French repaid him no better than the Americans, for after a seat in the National Assembly came the prison cell, which fell to the lot of so many. And the accidental placing of the condemnatory chalk-mark upon the inside rather than the outside of his cell door alone prevented the guillotine from claiming this brave and wonderful champion of liberty as one of its victims.

And in addition to the brave deeds of those who have been named, each of the three ancient kingdoms furnished its quota to the list of signers of the immortal Declaration of Independence, and the sturdy little principality of Wales was just as well represented. And the names of the sons of all can be found inscribed in the various regimental rosters. And the first life sacrificed for freedom, the first victim of the British soldiery, was not of any of these types of nationality, was not even of the Caucasian race—brave Crispus Attucks, a negro slave, whom thankful Boston still honors, and whom I hope it will continue to honor for all time.

And when the struggle for freedom was at its height, Lafayette, D'Estaing, Rochambeau and DeGrace came from France with men and money and fleets; DeKalb and Steuben proved to the world that the real German spirit was not to be found among the Hessians; and even Poland sent some of its best blood to fight our battles and share the hardships of the Revolutionary soldiers. Nowhere in all the annals of that extended conflict is there a more romantic picture drawn than that of the German farmers at our own Oriskany and the Dutch commanders of the soldiery at Rome, when they stopped the progress of St. Leger and Brant in their daring scheme to join forces with Burgoyne in the vicinity of Saratoga. Surely that was one of the crucial tests of the Revolutionary War, and the British defeats on the soil of our own beloved county made possible the glorious victory of the American arms at Saratoga. That little-sought plot at Oriskany where the tall shaft towers is worthy the homage of all our people, and all honor, say I, to the men and women who are endeavoring to make of it a national park or a state reservation.

The citing of this array of facts proves to you conclusively that America was almost as cosmopolitan in the Revolutionary period as it is to-day. And with these lessons constantly before us, it is well to remember that there were no distinctions of race

or class or nationality or creed among those who performed yeomen's service in behalf of the struggling colonies. All of these varying elements entered into the conflict and became thoroughly assimilated with the natives whose families could claim three or four generations residence upon the soil of the New World. And from the continued association, contact and intermingling of these varying elements grew up that spirit of tolerance and fair play which has generally characterized Americans and American institutions.

The welding together of the various types which comprised our nationality in the days of its infancy into one homogeneous whole was certainly a wondrous task. How it was accomplished can hardly be realized by the student who to-day delves into the records of that period. Legislative bodies certainly have less initiative and fewer evidences of originality nowadays than were shown in the formative stage of our country. The bosses and the bosslets, the bosses' understudies and bosslets' understrappers had not then arrived. There was no great array of wealth to purchase seats for its puppets; there were no infant industries with gigantic maw, ever craving for greater protection, which must needs have personal representation upon the floor of legislatures; there were no public service corporations seeking to perpetuate their hold upon communities by political control, which would let them drain the pockets of the poor without hindrance. No, all of these fellows were aboard the band-wagon of King George, whom they believed to be invincible. And if the same conditions existed to-day, these modern prototypes of the Tories of Revolutionary times would be found shouting "Long live the King!" and bending their every energy to imprison and destroy those who dared to stand up and ask for liberty or death. Search all the pages of the world's history, and you will find the same types in every period. The one, conjured by the allurements of wealth and pelf and place and power, always on the side of the strong and rich; the other, with rich red blood and a love of truth, right and justice in its veins, standing up for the weak and poor. And generally it is more profitable and fashionable, too, to be found in the Pharisee class. But in the great crises of the world tides have arisen so irresistible that even the rich and powerful have been swept away before them, crowns have been lost over night, and dynasties which had been centuries in the upbuilding were overturned in a single hour.

Monarchy upon these shores was an utter impossibility. The Almighty had decreed otherwise, and in consonance with that decree wonders were performed, the weak became strong, the

timid stout of heart, the cautious daring, and from the soil sprang men who performed wondrous deeds of valor, wresting at last the crown of nationality from the grasp of the tyrant. That nationality was a priceless boon, and well has it been treasured and guarded since first it fell to our lot.

What giants they seem to have been as we look at them now, the early guardians of that nationality. And how the immortal Washington and the illustrious Jefferson loom above the rest, to be ever revered and cherished as two of the most distinguished characters the world has known throughout the ages. And as the years pass away their luster diminishes not, but grows apace.

And when the occasion demanded, in the generations succeeding, Destiny was always on hand with the man to fit the place—Jackson for the war of 1812, Harrison for the Indian troubles, and Taylor for the Mexican campaign. Each of these events or series of events seemed portentous enough at the time of occurrence, but all were to be overshadowed by the greatest war in the world's annals. More than half a century has passed since the first shot was fired in that remarkable internal conflict, and yet it stands out to-day most vividly upon the pages of our history. There are left some few who participated in that dread struggle, and still others who have recollections of the thrilling events which followed each other so swiftly, and the younger ones, according to the distance or nearness of their birth in relation to the time, have read and studied more or less of that ever interesting tale.

From out the trials and tribulations of that period shone forth the gigantic figure of Abraham Lincoln, whose remarkable achievements at the helm of state give his name the right to be forever accorded a place beside the name of Washington, the one the father, the other the savior of his country. And the emancipation of the slave can truthfully be called the greatest gem in Lincoln's crown.

And when that long struggle had ceased there was disclosed to the world, in the command of the rival armies, two soldiers whose fame will never be dimmed, two sons of Mars, whose names shall go resounding down through the ages beside those of Alexander, Caesar and Napoleon—Grant, the victor, and Lee, the vanquished.

There has been only one slight passing skirmish since the death of the first martyred President, and while it produced temporary effects which here and there changed for awhile the trend of events, the subject meets with but little discussion now, and probably will be glossed over by the future historian, unless the colonial question begotten of its loins should at some future date assume shape of magnitude or importance.

And yet to-day upon our continent there is being waged one of the greatest struggles that has ever been witnessed by a breathless and wondering world. At last there sits in the Presidential chair a man who has been able to discover the evil effects upon the body politic of the cancerous growths of the last few years; a man who does not temporize in dealing with criminals, and who does not compute the measure of good or evil along the lines of political help or political opposition. And behind him in this work stand all of the people who are not associated in or under the control of the law-breaking enterprises he is seeking to punish, and they stand ready to follow him through to the end.

The veils have been torn from the faces of many masquerading as servants of the people, who really beneath their outer garments wore the livery of the people's enemies. Some of those who were all-powerful only a few short months ago have been relegated to oblivion; others who have sprung up in their places, and are attempting to subvert the popular will and substitute therefor the mandates of machines and bosses, will shortly learn how grievous is the mistake they are making.

The time of moral awakening is at hand. The party fetish no longer compels the intelligent to incline the head or crook the knee. The spirit of independence is abroad in the land. The people have decreed that the crooked corporations must be dissolved, that private ownership of public officials must cease, that the bosses who rule in politics by financial ends for commercial and selfish purposes must be destroyed. If these things are not done, and done quickly, the gnawing of these worms at our vitals will continue until they have honeycombed and destroyed the structure of American nationality.

There never was a political party composed of one hundred per cent. of honest men; there probably never will be, unless its membership is quite limited. But the great majority of the American people believe in honesty. It is carelessness upon the part of the many which permits, and has permitted, the dishonest few to reach the high places where a number of them have recently been exposed. And now that they are being picked out and shown up in all parties, the spread of independence in thought and sentiment has been wonderful. The politicians may pass all the measures in their power to bolster up the failing strength of the political machines, they may create all the bi-partisan machinery which any brain can devise or any mind can conjecture to destroy popular independence, but when the people are once aroused these fellows will be swept aside as chaff, and the spot where once they stood will not be found even to locate a wooden marker.

Monopolies, whether they be political, commercial or industrial, are destructive of the spirit of democracy, of republicanism, or any other recognized spirit of a free people, by whatever name known. The time to destroy a monopoly is at its inception. The smaller the community the less danger there is of monopoly; but yet even in small communities such things have to be watched closely. A small community needs water. A few of its citizens agree to supply it on terms advantageous to themselves, and to which no serious objection is offered. There are some little jokers in the franchise and very few restrictions. The community grows apace. The water company adds some reservoirs to provide for the needed additional supply. About that time the stock has to have some water, too, and quite often it receives added measures of liquidity. The corporation some time since created passes into the hands of strangers, and the community finally wakes up to the fact that it is paying dividends upon not only the original investment, but upon many and various expansions of rather an imaginary nature.

The lighting corporation is built along the same plans, is deftly nurtured along the same lines, and the fellows who control both are always ready to rush to the assistance of each other. In order to protect themselves, they secure representation upon partisan committees, and the title of the party very seldom makes any difference. Sometimes the one crowd is scattered both ways; more often that one crowd unites and makes itself supreme in one party, while the other crowd seeks to obtain the best foothold possible in the opposition party. And then the guerillas deploy regularly between the lines, knifing on one side a candidate for the head of the municipality, on the other side an aspirant for legislative honors, securing the election of servile puppets and defeating intelligent, reasoning men, who would not prove so tractable. And when matters look squally for chaps of this breed, they do not hesitate to bribe weak-kneed officials to betray the people, and in desperate moments they are even willing to count out by fraud the man who appears to be too antagonistic to their plundering schemes.

That aphorism which has been repeated and expounded so often, "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," was never better exemplified than by the disclosures recently made of the bi-partisan deals carried out in the Illinois Legislature. And the bi-partisan game produces just as much stench in the nostrils of the public when it is worked by so-called representative citizens as when the forces of a Blonde Boss and a Hinkey-Dink unite under one standard to pull off a trick beneficial to one or usually

all of the participants. It requires constant watchfulness upon the part of all the citizens at all times to prevent and frustrate the carrying out of schemes of this character. And that is why every man should be on the alert and take a hand in the game of politics down at the base. And if such a course were pursued by every citizen, just as he pursues it in his own private business, there would be fewer scandals in the higher strata of politics.

What we need to-day on every hand is plain, rugged honesty. The man who in a business way seeks to take unfair advantage of his neighbor or his customer is sowing the seeds of bad citizenship. There are some who would scorn to steal a neighbor's doormat or his chickens, and still would think they were really doing something cute if they could only cheat the government out of a few dollars that should be paid as duty on articles of import. The recent disclosures in this connection may be a bit nauseating, but the results in future to be achieved therefrom and thereby will more than justify any steps that have been taken upon the part of the government. And when men like Loeb and Parr dare to stand up and do their duty, no matter how powerful the wrong-doers whom they smite, it gives others holding lesser places the inspiration to perform their duty without fear or favor.

This recurrence of the nation's natal day, conducted along the lines of safety and sanity, finds the nation as a whole in better shape, and its individual component parts in a much happier frame of mind, than many of its predecessors found them. Figuratively speaking, peace and plenty abound. And yet each one of us has not in his or her clothing at the present writing his or her per capita share of the nation's wealth. Such unfortunately never has been the case, and probably the millenium will not arrive in our time. What then? Let those who have and can hold do their best for the common uplift, so that one year hence all of the deserving who are willing to help themselves shall be so much nearer the sunlight. The great curse of to-day is debt, and debt is usually begotten of credit without limit, and the wheels of trade and commerce only revolve through the means of credit. And so long as there is trade, men tell us, there must be credit, and so long as there is credit there must be debt, and so long as there is debt there must be hearts filled with woe. I only wish that I knew the solution of that problem—how to prevent the inevitable heart-breaks that follow the workings of that endless chain.

Someone has said, "The economy of nature knows no waste," and we can aptly see the striking truth of that declaration when we look about us to-day at the beautiful green of the hillside and the plain. It seemed along in the spring as though in this vicinity

we should have little or no rainfall, and as a result the crops would amount to next to nothing. But Nature knew her own plan, and the rain that failed to fall in April was on hand two months later, and though it spoiled the rareness of many of June's days, the result is that the country never looked better and brighter. And, my friends, it is to the country that we must look for the prosperity of the nation. Everything comes from the soil—the minerals, the building materials, the paving materials, the crops, the food of man and beast—in fact, everything in any way useful to humanity comes first or second hand from the soil. Then we owe most of our prosperity to the tillers of the soil and to the toilers who have brought forth from the first instance the finished products demanded by civilization. And in this hour of the greatness of our country, it is but just that we should pay a passing tribute to the farmer whose labor produces everything, and to the mechanic who re-creates for man's use from the raw material most of the articles needed for his personal wants.

An orator, who probably holds the record for the number of living people that have comprised his audiences, said something like this in one of his impassioned bursts of eloquence:

"God made the country. Man made the city. Burn down and destroy all your cities, and the men and the material to rebuild them will be found at once in the country. But burn down and destroy the country, and the land will be desolate indeed, for there is not power or wealth enough in all the cities to rebuild and replace that country once it is destroyed."

Let us hope, however, that neither city nor country is to be burned or destroyed, but that each is to lend its aid to the other, and that both shall work side by side without jealousy or friction for the common good, and that from such union of labor the nation shall continue to grow and prosper, until it shall have dimmed and outclassed in every respect every other competing nation now or hereafter finding shelter upon the footstool.



THE IRISH NATIONAL SPIRIT.

FROM AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT A BANQUET OF DIVISION NO. 2,
A. O. H. AND LADIES' AUXILIARY, UTICA, N. Y.,
MARCH 20, 1911.

Some centuries ago, in varying style, several men uttered the sentiment which has most recently crystallized into this form: "Let me write the songs of a nation, and I care not who makes its laws."

Possibly it was because our race was so prolific with writers of songs, ballads and national hymns, that the British Government drew the inference that the Irish people needed no hand in making the laws which should govern them. Wrong again, Albia! We have written the songs, and now our kinsmen who still cling to the Green Isle propose to make its laws.

I do not intend to be understood that national songs are not one of our great assets. In fact I believe that they are only surpassed by one other, and that is Irish Motherhood. I know that I am and have been all my life an enthusiastic Irish Nationalist, and shall continue so unto my dying day, because of the plain and simple tales told me in boyhood days by the sainted woman who gave me birth. As the evening twilight descended I would sit me down at her feet, lay my head upon her knee for gentle caress, and listen over and over again to the story of the famine days and her own experience therein shortly before coming away from the loved spot fate decreed she never should see more. At other times I was told of the horrors which brought about the Southern Insurrection of '98, handed down to her from both of her grandfathers, who fought in that short and bloody struggle, and who were of the party that marched down Vinegar Hill and through the ranks of the British soldiery, which ranks fear compelled to open for an opposing army for the first time in all Britain's history, an event which only once since has been duplicated,—and then by the brave Boers in South Africa. And as I look about me, as I meet and converse with men and women of the blood, as I read and listen to the words of those who are patriotic and national, I know that many of them can trace it to having the same sort of mothers, gentle, tender, pure, loving, patriotic. And it gives me the inspiration to say, "God bless the old-fashioned type of Irish mothers! May their numbers increase, to the glory of the race!"

Having received the basic foundation for the national spirit at mother's knee, it is then that it is fostered and broadened by perusing true and unbiased history (such for instance as the con-

tinuation of Abbe McGeoghegan's narrative by John Mitchell), and reading not once but many times the hymns, the songs, the ballads, that have won the hearts of every civilized nation and people upon God's footstool,—save one.

There is such a plethoric field to choose from, that it would need more than one whole evening to go over and select all the real good Irish poems for your attention. Every era in the never-ending struggle for freedom produced its own bards. And those who came after sang the glories of the brave departed. Brian Boromhe, Fin McCuhal, Tyrone, Red Hugh, Eoghain-Ruadh, Sarsfield, have all been phrased in deathless song. Clontarf, Blackwater, Benburb, Kinsale, Dunboy, Athlone and Limerick are topics which have inspired not only the native-born Irish to woo the muse, but have given to many of our breed born and nurtured upon this side of the water the material for poems which the race wherever situated has hailed as masterpieces.

Of course you all have heard many of Moore's Melodies sung, and in spite of these melodies our friends across the channel insist upon classing him as an English poet. (The same fate pursued Goldsmith, and in prose they claimed Swift and others.) Most of you are familiar with some of the sweet poems of Gerald Griffin, Thomas D'Arcy Magee, Rev. Frank Mahony, (known as "Father Prout,") James Clarence Mangan and Mary Eva Kelly. "The Memory of the Dead" by Rev. John Kells Ingram, has been recited more often even than the "Fontenoy" of Thomas Osborne Davis, whose many patriotic effusions and whose personal efforts in the cause have won for him one of the strongest places in Irish hearts. Many who have a passing acquaintance with the beautiful prose works of John Banim and Samuel Lover never even dream that these two have penned some of the choicest Irish ballads. Those who have some ready recollection that Charles Gaven Duffy was a '48 man, was three times tried for treason-felony and never convicted, but was forced into banishing himself to Australia, where he rose to be Prime Minister and builded a nation out of the raw material, still seem unacquainted with the fact that by his pen have been created some of the rarest gems in the diadem of Irish national poetry. Time forbids the lengthening of the list, but here are a few who might be looked up in spare moments by those who have the inclination and the time,—Dr. Drennan, Bartholomew Dowling, Mrs. W. R. (Lady) Wilde, D. F. McCarthy, Sir Aubrey De Vere, Michael J. Barry, Richard Dalton Williams, J. F. Waller, Samuel Ferguson, Edward Walsh and John Keegan.

And though America saw his best work and is proud to claim,

him, yet to John Boyle O'Reilly, living or dead, the title of "Irishman" was the greatest which man could bestow. After his conviction for treason-felony because as a soldier of the Crown he had used expressions of good cheer for the Fenian cause, and confinement in one of several English prisons which were to know him, they found scratched upon his cell wall this inscription: "Once an English soldier. Now an Irish felon. And proud of the exchange." And in the same class with him we must always place Robert Dwyer Joyce and many of their contemporaries.

These men and women who have been briefly mentioned and their like throughout all the ages have served to keep alive the national spirit. Were it left to me to select the highest type of individual from all the names in the grand and great galaxy that litter the pages of Ireland's history, I would pick out the name of Michael Davitt, and enshrine him above all the others. And if any of you are prone to doubt upon that selection, I ask you first to read up on the man, follow him through all his career, through his days of want and sacrifice, search his heart, find out his hopes, his motives, his ambitions, go through his life day by day to its end, and then I know that you will come back and state that you are agreed.

And at the risk of disagreeing with many hearers, if it were left to me to designate what movement was fostered by the highest and noblest instincts and what body of men came with the purest and strongest motives into the fight for Irish Nationalism, my answer would be it was the "Young Ireland" movement and the "Men of '48." The name of O'Connell will ever be revered by Irishmen and their descendants the world over, but, my friends, O'Connell's efforts had been directed mostly in behalf of the liberties of his coreligionists and took but little reck of the fact that outside the pale of that religion which he professed stood some of the bravest and truest Irishmen that ever lived. He was tolerant to the limit yet his great life-work had been taken up with a problem which excluded other problems, and the marvelous successes he had achieved led him to believe that only through his methods could any real and lasting good be attained for his country.

There were many causes which led to the defeat of the Young Ireland party, the greatest of which undoubtedly was the terrible famine that for nearly three years desolated the land. Another cause was the break with O'Connell in '46, and through his illness and after his death, the open opposition of his son. But greater in effect than either of these was the fact that events in

other countries had much to do with preventing many from joining its ranks. The spirit of Freedom was alive in every nook and corner of the European continent at that hour. France arose and exchanged its Citizen-King for a sham republic, Kossuth had made and was making his brave efforts for Hungary, the young Germans were striving to shake off the shackles of the old Empire, the northern Italians had resolved to throw off forever the Austrian yoke, and then started the movement which a dozen years later led to the unification of Italy. Those who were striking the blows for liberty and nationalism everywhere came under the ban of that great moral force which "inhabited the statu quo," (to quote from Lola Montez,) and whose watchword seemed to be, "Let well enough alone." To their everlasting credit be it said, clergymen of every denomination, those who were of the people and who mingled with and ministered to the people,—pastors, curates, rectors, ministers, monks and friars alike, were numerous upon the side of the Young Ireland party, as they were numerous in every Irish struggle for freedom. But those higher up in ecclesiastical dominion could see no distinction between these brave patriots and the men who were battling against so-called "constituted authority" in other lands and condemned all alike. From the hours of such condemnation may be traced the falling away in the ranks and the beginning of that fearful end which was suffered by those gallant men of '48. God help Ireland! That unexplainable silent enmity, of which so few dare speak, has too often lost its cause. The Volunteers of '82 felt it, the men of '98 experienced it, John Mitchel has told you of the woes it produced in '48, and John O'Leary and Charles J. Kickham have penned the story of its influence upon the fatal days of '66. In our own time we have seen the sinister opposition to Parnell which kept quiet during his successes, but came forth boldly defiant to rend him to pieces upon the making of a single mistake. And there has never been an hour in the long period of John Redmond's career as leader, when many have not felt the fear that once again an unseen blow might be given.

The national spirit as evinced by those daring men of '48: William Smith O'Brien, John Mitchel, John Martin, Charles Gavan Duffy, Thomas Francis Meagher, James Fintan Lalor, O'Doherty, Williams, O'Mahoney, MacManus, O'Gorman, Reilly, Leyne, and their brave and daring associates, is the true spirit of the race, the spirit that shall never die. Many of them after farcical trials before prejudiced Courts and packed juries received unflinchingly those barbarous sentences to be drawn upon a hurdle to the place of execution, hanged by the neck until dead, beheaded, disemboweled, and lastly quartered, and would have gone

just as bravely to meet that fate as did the Martyrs of '98, had it not been commuted to penal servitude for life. Others uncomplainingly took their long sentences and died of brutality in the far-off convict settlements. And their struggle in behalf of the loved land and fellowmen demonstrated once again the truth of that wonderful challenging statement made by brave Hussey Burgh in the Irish Parliament a few years before the days of the '82 Volunteers: "Ireland is not at peace. It is smothered war. England has sown her laws like dragon's teeth, and they have sprung up as armed men."

Because of the famine and the failure of the '48 movement, America received its greatest influx from Ireland. At the very same time thousands of brave Germans who had dared to make the same struggle for freedom our people had made and who too had lost in that conflict were seeking an asylum in this land of the free. In the contest for livelihood often the one race was pitted against the other. Some of those who styled themselves Anglo-Saxons and arrogated superiority over both were best pleased when the two could be kept quarreling. Quite often it was sought to foment strife between them by ribald songs pretended to be sung by the one race, reflecting upon the other. But, thank God, those days are happily past. And now, when in the British Parliament the three men to whom the world turns as the arbiters of British destiny: David Lloyd-George, the Welsh Celt; John Burns, in whose veins there flows the blood of the Scottish Celt; and John E. Redmond, who mingles Irish Celt with his Norman ancestry;—while these three sons of the various branches of the great Celtic race are sitting upon England's treasury lid and holding down the great throttle-valve which controls the gauge responsible for the Nation's very life, the Irish and Germans in America, the sons of the refugees and emigrés of '48 are joined hand in hand to thwart the Anglo-Saxon's dearest wish.

The London cablegrams of Saturday were enough to make a sensible American laugh. Japan, forsooth, wanted to renew its treaty four years before the present treaty expires, and America must join hands first to get John Bull's assistance before the wily Jap squeezes in. The commercial and financial interests of Lombard street think there is not a close enough relation with the similar institutions of Wall street, and so a new plea is made, a new scheme hatched, to obtain new supporters in this country for a British alliance. Twice has such an alliance between America and England been prevented by an American Teuton-Celtic federation, and once again we must nerve ourselves for the conflict, which this time shall be more determined than ever. The entente

cordiale existing between the parties to this new pact has been exemplified locally on many occasions by the fraternal visits paid by the officers of organizations of the one race to events and occasions when the other celebrates, and tonight is no exception. And so long as the spirit of the men of '48 shall continue to exist among the German-Americans and the Irish-Americans, there will be the spirit of liberty abroad in our land, and we shall, remembering the admonitions of Washington and of Jefferson, keep clear of entangling alliances with any foreign nation whatsoever. For many years to come these sons of the men of '48, Teuton and Celt, shall stand with arms intertwined, and their glasses shall clink, while the Irishman toasts his friends with "Hoch der Deutsche Vaterland," and the German in resonant voice responds, "Erin slanthagal go bragh," and when each has toasted the other, both shall blend their voices in the gladsome singing of "America."



MEMORIAL DAY ADDRESS.

FORT PLAIN, MAY 30, 1911.

Full fifty years have passed since the opening gun was fired in the most prodigious war that was ever known. Three months was the official guess of its duration, and yet some of the original participants were more than four years under arms. That conflict revolutionized warfare, and has kept it continually evolutionizing and revolutionizing ever since. The iron-clad of shabby appearance and crude workmanship which startled the world, though many degrees removed from was but the precursor of the modern Dreadnaught. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." The equipment of the American soldier at the first Bull Run would be laughed at today as inadequate in the mountain fastnesses of the South American republics or along the banks of the East Indian rivers. And it is this wonderful advance in the arts of war, destruction and devastation, which is most surely tending toward the bringing about of a world peace.

When war is made so deadly that none of the combatants can escape, then will mankind certainly realize that its international problems must be settled along the peaceful lines of arbitration. But what myriads of lives and stores of gold it has cost the nations to receive their primary instruction along these lines of education, which still need several cycles of time for completion. And to the crudeness of method, material and armament in vogue in the Civil War period is due the existence of the Grand Army of the Republic, that Army of Peace, which brought forth this noblest and tenderest of all the days in the year,—Memorial Day. There are two conclusions to be drawn from this statement. The first is that if modern developments in manner, methods and style of warfare had then been fully attained, the conflict would have ended in the three months for which enlistment was originally made, through the fighting of two or three decisive battles, and as a consequence the participants would have numbered but a small percentage of those actually engaged, and the most of the men who composed that wonderful organization of the Grand Army, would not have possessed the initial qualification, that of having served their country. The other conclusion is that nearly all combatants, should the war have continued any great length of time, would have been destroyed, and there would have been too few survivors to have produced an organization destined to cast such a wondrous influence over our land.

Someone wrote:

"This old world we're a-livin' in
Is mighty hard to beat;
We get a thorn with every rose,
But ain't the roses sweet?

And this brings home the thought that with the thorn of war and consequent death came this fragrant rose which shall bloom each recurring springtime, and shed its odorous fragrance over the hearts of the living, and lend its colors of light and shade and its balmy incense to the resting places of their soldier dead.

The bitterness, the cruel heart-wrenchings, the maimings, the hospital sicknesses, have slowly receded into the dim vista of the past until almost forgotten, and while they have been receding the little flower of sacred remembrance has grown and spread until its leaves are on every hillside, its branches in every valley, its roots in every field and its blossoms in the hearts of all the living and strewn above all the graves of the departed. As the years advance, this day of remembrance grows more and more sacred to the American people.

We do not particularize, we do not individualize. This reverence and affection which we today share and show is not selfishly for our own kin, but for all the soldier dead, whether they were killed upon the battlefield, died of wounds or sickness, or survived to the allotted years of man. Fortune denied me the privilege of being a veteran by setting my birth date at too late a period, and then again my father's was set too early to permit the chance to be the son of a veteran. But yet I had an uncle who wore the blue for the greater part of four years, who carried battle scars to his grave a few years since, and who knew by sad experience what the prison-pens of the slave States meant. And it is a pleasant thought and a sweet inspiration to know that even though I am absent from home, assisting others in the same mission, his comrades will see that a new flag and a new wreath decorate the grave of my soldier dead.

Ah! My friends those fifty years do not seem to have been a long time passing, but the first four years to the loving and expectant woman at home, anxiously awaiting news from every battlefield, must each one have seemed like a century. Now we jumble in one sentence mention of Sumter, Bull Run, Antietam, Chickahominy, Seven Pines, Malvern Hill, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, Donelson, Shiloh, Vicksburg, Charleston and Appomattox, and give forth the impression that they were but matters of sequence closely following each other. What hopes rose and fell in the varying gaps between those periods! And what other en-

gagements, some even of greater importance than many mentioned, were fought between the contending armies of our common country. O! The long and weary hours of doubtful waiting! O! The mother's sobs and wails over her fallen son! O! The tears and anguish of the bereft widow and orphaned children! O! The saddened faces of grieving sisters and the burdened hearts of the brave women and girls who were awaiting happiness with the return of a soldier, alas, who came home in a coffin! But the grief of these who had a body to claim was as nothing when compared with that of those who were denied such an opportunity. And the records of the national cemeteries show that there are 385,000 Union soldiers buried upon those battlefields, men whose bodies could not be identified or for which no claim was ever made by relatives. Think of it, my friends, that vast army of unclaimed and unknown dead, were enough to make the nucleus of a mighty nation.

The stupendousness of the statistics of that great war must always appal the thinking man or woman. Almost three million men wore the Union blue, and seventy-five per cent. of them were only standing in the gateway of manhood, were but twenty-one years of age or under, while thirty per cent. were mere boys of eighteen or less. What blood and treasure it cost can never be figured. And to its few survivors today let us humbly uncover in the same spirit that we pay homage to their fallen comrades. Their hairs are all of one color now, no matter what may have been the difference shown in the sixties. And how few of them can step off to the beat of the drum, and keep pace with the line. Their officers made handsome mounts only a few years back, but most of them cut but sorry figures on horseback today. No matter how leniently Old Father Time has dealt with the strongest and healthiest of them, God bless them, we can hardly class any of them with the boys in this first year of the second decade of the twentieth century. And as the shadows fall at eventide, when the day's battle has been fought,—for with most of them for long years it has been a daily battle,—the peacefulness of hope and contentment settles with the twilight in the breasts of these gray and grizzled veterans, and each one calmly murmurs to himself, with a joy that lights up his countenance and permeates his entire being, "One day nearer home." And so in corps, divisions, brigades and regiments, our loyal defenders have passed to their heavenly reward, and the survivors are passing now, but the ranks have dwindled to battalions, companies and platoons. It means that only a few years hence the yearly casualties can be numbered in sections, squads and finally files.

And what of us, shall we permit this glorious custom to vanish and depart? Never! It is something to be thankful for that a number of the fraternities and civic organizations have loaned a hand to the old soldiers to keep up the spirit of the day. Our hands must take up the work of the veterans, which they have so steadfastly performed for forty-three years past, and may it ever be performed with the same earnestness, loyalty and devotion which have marked and crowned their loving efforts.

With the fraternities, the custom of memorializing their departed brethren has come to mean a vast deal, and many of them are slowly gravitating toward an uniform date. Two of the great fraternities represented here today, the Independent Order of Odd Fellows and the Knights of Pythias, in each of which I can lay humble claim to membership for a space of more than twenty years, have for a long time held their memorial exercises almost within hailing distance of the soldiers' Memorial Day. And now you of Fort Plain have cut out the few days that stretched between and joined loving hands with the military fraternities and their auxiliaries and united in these tender, impressive ceremonies, thus providing that one touch of nature which shall make kin of the whole world. My friends, I wish that all over this beloved land this custom of union service which you have inaugurated would be followed, and that all the people could become imbued with the spirit so that the day would not be desecrated by any of the so-called sports which mar its beauty and detract from the soul peace that it brings as balm to so many wounded hearts.

When we look about us today and see the magnificent work that the fraternities have done for humanity, for the common weal, for the general uplift, it is hard to realize that a few years previous to the war most of them were unknown, and those then in existence had to contend against calumny, to encounter the veiled sneers of suspicion and to batter down the walls of prejudice in order to secure even decent treatment in the ordinary community. Fraternalism is every day demonstrating that it is one of the most powerful agencies for good the world over. And the fruit of this is proven by the establishment of new fraternities in fields once deemed barren of the proper nourishment for their growth and along lines where once it would have been considered sheer lunacy to predict the possibility of their establishment.

And why is this? Because in the advanced enlightenment of the age Reason is more apt to hold sway than Prejudice. The hearts of men, who are not too strongly commercialized, are opening to

each other. Those who a quarter of a century ago denounced Ingersoll as a radical enemy of mankind, are now classing him as rather a conservative and are beginning to appreciate the beauty and the wonderful qualities possessed by some of his utterances. Those who would not tolerate Beecher living, have many times wept over his eloquent passages in cold type, long years after his burial.

I am one of those who believe that Fraternalism and especially Pythian Knighthood has done much to bring about the radical change that has been undergone in our ways of looking at and treating each other. Brought into being as it was at the close of the Civil War, it had no sundered ties to be reunited, as was the case with the older fraternities. Its mission was one of peace, and to teach man to be unselfish. This has been the doctrine of all the fraternities from time immemorial, and the friendship of Damon and Pythias was no greater than that of David and Jonathan, but yet the tale which comes to us from the pagan lore of the Greeks impresses the more plainly how unselfish a real man through whose veins there courses red blood can be in his devotion to a friend. And then again sometimes pride has a little to do with this belief, for the founder of Pythianism was a native of this beautiful Mohawk Valley of ours, where it has been truthfully said that the grass grows the greenest of all the places in the world.

In my own city only a few weeks ago there was given an example of how broad and unselfish a fraternity can be in its efforts in behalf of the general good. It may be betraying confidences to tell the entire story, but I believe it is best for humanity that this truth should be known and spread. To one who possesses a friendly feeling for both, yet who can hardly be said to have much more than a nodding acquaintance with either, the queer antagonisms which at times and in localities have cropped out between the oldest fraternity and the oldest branch of the Christian church seem mighty strange, in view of the fact that the stronghold of each lies in its ritualism. I am going to tell of how easily the supposed antagonisms and animadversions of men can be swept away. The fraternity has a home with us, and there are quarters for its orphans. Something was needed for those children's wants, and that something was a large fund. They were taken down to a session of the central body to impress their needs. Upon the streets of New York a State legislator, whose name is a household word and whose church connections possibly serve to keep him out of the fraternity, saw the little tots. He has a business partner who is a member of that fraternity, and asked

of him concerning the children and the object of their visit. Upon hearing the truth, this non-fraternal prince of good fellows, went down into his pocket and handed over to the fraternal partner one hundred dollars as the nucleus of a fund and advised a subscription campaign to procure the needful. The partner told the story truthfully and in unvarnished fashion in that day's session and before its close \$17,500 had been raised among the brethren for the orphans under their care.

A few months passed. An orphan asylum in Utica connected with the church needed financial assistance. The superintendent of the fraternal home, big-hearted, brave and manly, in remembrance of that first hundred dollars subscribed to carry out his desires to help his orphans, jumped into the fray, arranged a benefit performance, loaned his orphans and produced artists to make it a success, and as a result of his untiring labors more than five thousand dollars was turned into the treasury of St. John's Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum by William J. Wiley, Superintendent of the New York State Masonic Home. With such deeds as this to its credit, fraternity today needs no defenders in communities where reason, intelligence and civilization hold sway. And when all else shall have been forgotten about them, there will be kindly remembrances in the hearts of some yet unborn for these two splendid deeds and generous impulses upon the part of Superintendent Wiley and Senator Timothy D. Sullivan.

Marc Cook in that splendid burst of pathos penned while the Brooklyn theatre ruins were still smoking, gave birth to this sentiment:

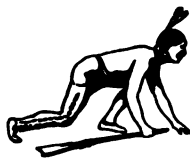
"Tears for the living not less than the dead,
The living who refuse to be comforted.
Theirs the agony, bitter and brief;
Ours the heartache and lingering grief."

It is not our purpose this day to shed tears for either living or dead. We are strewing flowers. Why then not strew them along the pathway of the living, as well as over the graves of the dead? Kind words, friendly acts, generous deeds, such as these I have mentioned serve to bring forth from unsounded depths the true nobility of soul which, according to Lowell, is inherent in humanity, "sleeping but never dead."

Let us then resolve to strew flowers along the pathway of our living friends, to strive to lift their burdens, to make humanity better and brighter because we have lived. That is the creed of every fraternity. It is the true religion of the human heart, and only needs fostering care and encouragement from time to time to aid in the development of man to the highest type of perfection.

There is not one among us but who can remember some poor unfortunate who drifted away that might have been saved by a kindly word or an outstretched helping hand. We have all known of those who died yearning for a little human sympathy which the cold world ungraciously refused. And sometimes from the ranks of those who were spurned and disdained have sprung the grandest types of human heroism. You ask examples? Two will suffice, and they are names which will forever remain enshrined in the heart not alone of America, but of all humanity,—the two names which must always stand forth when the Civil War is under discussion,—the names of Lincoln and Grant. The great Lincoln, in his childhood days, saw and felt the sneers and jeers of those who disdained his family and his humble origin, and lived to be the head of the Nation in the most momentous period of its whole existence. The wonderful Grant, once out of the army under a cloud, shunned by his former associates, given the opportunity to demonstrate what lay within him by war's kaleidoscopic changes, in a few years back at the head of that army, then increased more than an hundred fold. Opportunity opened its pathway to them, talent did the rest, aided by the inscrutable workings of that "Divinity which shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may."

From the sacred observance of today, and the kindly remembrance we cherish of our soldier heroes, our fraternal friends and our departed kindred, may there spring forth in the hearts of all the people better and kindlier thoughts of their fellow-men; a greater desire to clothe the naked and feed the hungry; a wish to make mankind brighter, better, holier, happier; the inspiration to destroy the evil influences menacing the land in high places; and the strength and power to forever eradicate and abolish injustice, wrong, oppression, and the kindred evils which militate against the common good and the equal rights of all mankind.



THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE TRENTON VALLONIA HISTORICAL
SOCIETY, HOLLAND PATENT, N. Y., FEBRUARY 7, 1911.

The French Revolution was not the creation of an hour,—it was not a mad, sudden impulse, which spread contagion from one diseased brain to another, finally to engulf an entire populace. No one can definitely place his hand upon the hour, day or year, and say "Here began the Revolution."

Late in the year 1753, (some months before the birth of the unfortunate Louis XVI,) Lord Chesterfield had penned and posted in Paris that prophetic letter which wound up with, "In short, all the symptoms I have ever met with in History, previous to great Changes and Revolutions in Government, now exist and daily increase in France."

The revolt against Feudalism was several centuries old; here and there temporarily crushed out, now and then apparently smothered, only to reappear and flourish in another spot. It was the ever born and reborn cry of the Proletariat against the hands of power, of the oppressed against the oppressor, of the blind and submerged groping painfully or battling bravely for sight and for land. It is the cry today present in every land and clime of this earth for a real Democracy, where all shall stand equal, and where special privileges shall remain unknown. Let its varying types be what they will, let its demands and utterances differ as radically as they may, call it insurgency, progressivism, radicalism, socialism, any name you like, in the end it means the same. It is the struggle for universal freedom, the effort for the destruction of all class distinction, and slowly and surely is mankind working toward that destination. The descendants of convicts and political prisoners in far-off New Zealand, without a struggle, without bloodshed, have brought forth the governmental Utopia so often dreamed of, so long desired, but without the landmarks and mileposts along the route furnished by the American Revolution, the French Revolution, the German days of '48 and the march of the Marsala Thousand, it is to be doubted if the success could have been accomplished so bloodlessly.

The causes to which can most plainly be ascribed the bloody days in France, stretching from 1789 to 1795, were the exactions of the clergy and the oppressions of the nobility. And these exactions and oppressions were not of one day nor even of one generation. It was the old, old story, written on every page of history, the story of the weak and meek and humble and lowly, the real followers of their Master's Creed, ground to the earth,

beaten, flogged, murdered, without compassion, by those now setting themselves up to be the highest type of that Christianity founded by the same Master.

Of them, Thomas Carlyle, in his great work upon this subject, wrote:

"With the flock, as is inevitable, it fares ill, and even worse. They are not tended, they are only regularly shorn. They are sent for to do statute-labor, to pay statute-taxes, to fatten battle-fields (named 'beds of honor') with their bodies, in quarrels which are not theirs; their hand and toil is in every possession of man; but for themselves they have little or no possession. Untaught, un comforted, unfed; to pine stagnantly in thick obscurity, in squalid destitution and obstruction—this is the lot of the millions."

That revolution was bound to burst forth in all its fierceness at some point. The cry for universal freedom had grown so great that somewhere it must have vent, and the outlet was found in Paris, where the cries of the famished poor for bread, while their oppressors revelled in luxuries and debaucheries, furnished the wind which fanned the first leaping flame into an illumination that startled all mankind and struck terror to the stoutest hearts.

The diffusion of knowledge which followed the invention of the art of printing, the revival of the process of thinking for one's self, which came in the wake of the Reformation, the consequent spreading of intelligence and reason among the downtrodden and oppressed, seemed to have made greater headway in France than in the balance of Continental Europe. The writers of the time of Louis XV, while they seem to have become the pampered and petted friends of royalty and nobility, nevertheless proved themselves at heart to be the champions of the people's rights. Looking backward from this distance it is generally conceded that the two personages who really did the most to bring upon France the deluge of blood which marked the days of '93 and '94, were Francois Marie Arouet, known to fame as Voltaire, and Jean Jacques Rousseau, who was satisfied with his birth-name, but cared not to transmit it to his offspring.

Guizot wrote concerning the nation at the date of the death of Louis XV:

"Henceforth France was marching towards the unknown, tossed about as she was by divers movements, which were mostly hostile to the old state of things, blindly and confusedly as yet, but, under the direction of masters as inexperienced as they were daring, full of frequently noble though nearly always reckless and

extravagant hopes, all founded on a thorough reconstruction of the bases of society and of its ancient props."

The blindness, the confusion, the reckless and extravagant hopes had been implanted in Frenchmen's breasts by the literary noblesse. The literature of the time of the Fourteenth Louis has long since been stamped by the world as of classic mold. Even before the great writers of that era had ceased to exist, they saw their places seized upon by a new generation who dared to go way beyond the boundaries of the past in their thought, their expression and their hope for betterments. And these in turn were supplanted by the generation which acknowledged the supremacy of Voltaire and Rousseau. Inseparably as the world links their names, the two were for the most part at virulent odds with each other. In nature, sympathies, style, the men were direct antitheses. Today we speak of their works as being along similar lines, because free thought and antipathy to the prevailing religious sentiment of the day crops out from each, but there existed about the only similarity to be found between them.

Hardly had the ill-fated Louis XVI assumed the reins of monarchy and restored the old Parliaments abolished by his grandfather, before cries for cheaper bread burst forth from the poor, followed by riots, and historical proofs are not wanting that some of the rioters or at least their leaders were hired thugs with well filled pockets, evidently egged on by those in the house of royalty who might profit by the downfall of the young King. Then (1775) came the revolt of the American colonies, and for a while France, endeavoring to weaken and destroy her ancient foe, England, forgot her own troubles long enough to lend aid to and cast her lot with America. La Fayette, Rochambeau, D'Estaing, and the soldiers and sailors under their command, numbering several thousand, fought Freedom's battles, commingled with the patriots in camp and on the water, united in shedding their blood for the same cause in the new land. With the return of the survivors to France and the dissemination of the tales of their experience came a new idea of what Freedom meant, and the word citizen soon came into vogue.

The contest between monarch and legislative body as to the extent of the powers of the other waged, with pendulum-like temporary advantages but no definite result. Beds of justice, royal sessions, assembly of notables took place, but their settlements really settled nothing. Each day the tide of dissatisfaction flowed still higher. Ministers of state, favorites, courtiers, rose and fell with unceasing regularity. Finally in the latter part of 1787 it was decreed that a States-General as of old should be

convened. And in its formation came the first revolution. A membership of 1,200 was called for, and of this 600 or more were to be chosen as the representatives of the "Third Estate," that is, the common people, as distinguished from the clergy and nobility, who constituted the other two orders, and who had previously given but scant recognition to those who were now to meet them upon more than terms of equality. The methods prescribed for the selection of the members of this body were so cumbersome and full of delays that it was not brought together until May, 1789. The King timidly failed to "verify their powers," leaving the body to organize when and howsoever it would, when summoned to meet at the palace of Versailles. Monsieur Necker, the King's chief councillor, in making arrangements for their use and occupation of the Assembly building had provided a room where could gather the clergy, and another for the nobility. The commons had been forgotten. Immediately they gathered in the throne-room or general assembly hall and took possession. The other orders were invited to come in and co-operate, but held aloof. Soon some of the minor clericals whose hearts were really with the people deserted their colors and presented their credentials for verification to the Third Estate, which had already organized and declared itself in session. But a step was required to change the name, scope and character of the gatherings, and then by its own act and the support of public opinion, the "National Assembly" blossomed forth from the States-General as the real ruling power of the Kingdom.

Soon the clergy as a body were ready to consent to a common verification of credentials, but still demanded the right of separate session. Next came the luckless order (and the presence of soldiers,) which closed the meeting hall to the members. To the tennis-court they flocked and here in reality the proposed National Assembly became a living actuality. Here was taken the oath never to separate until the Constitution of the Kingdom was placed upon a solid basis, and here was first heard the shout of "On to Paris."

And then came the gathering in the Church of St. Louis where the King delivered that speech so full of folly, which was in reality to create an impassable gulf between him and the people. At the close of its deliverance out marched royalty, followed by nobility and the clerical hierarchy, but silent, stolid, in their seats, remained the Third Estate and their supporters among the lower ranks of the clerics.

Back to them came the Grand Master of Ceremonies to disperse them as of old by a single royal command. From the pews

of the Third Estate came the voice of Mirabeau, once the scion of nobility, since disowned by his blood, now much beloved of the common people:

"Go tell those who sent you that we are here by the will of the people, and we will not depart unless driven out by bayonets."

Opportunities for similar display were given this brainy man of early vicissitudes, and it was not long before he was the real head of the Assembly.

When the entire body of the clergy had come down to the level of the Commons, and submitted to credential verification, a handful of noblemen followed them. Then followed the Duke of Orleans, of the blood of royalty, with forty-five followers. At last under the supplication of Louis, the balance of the nobles surrendered.

Versailles and Paris were under the guard of 30,000 troops, many of them in foreign regiments. It was demanded that they be sent back to the provinces. Necker, who had on several occasions saved the tottering monarchy, who had more than once pledged and quite recently impaired his private fortune, was dismissed without ceremony and ordered to quit France at once.

Riots and disorders in Paris followed. The second day brought the cry, "To the Bastille!" The Invalides was stormed and 30,000 guns seized, then came an attack upon the Hotel de Ville; and next a cannon shot landed among the rioters from the defenders of the Bastille. "Hell had broken loose." Soldiers mingled with the mob and joined in the work of destruction. With the surrender of the prison, known and hated throughout all Europe as a symbol of despotism, went a promise of the officers leading that rabble that the defenders of the Bastille would be safe. But the tigers were thirsting for blood, and those who attempted to stand between them and their prey must suffer too. Death for the commandant, a pike for his head. A similar fate for the Mayor of Paris. This 14th of July, 1789, still famous in history, was the advance lightning flash of that storm which should go down through all the ages under the name "The Reign of Terror."

Again was Necker recalled. A demand came from the populace that the king should come to Paris. And with his coming, they met him with cheers. The excesses of the mob died down for a day or two, only to break out more virulently than ever, and then spread throughout all the cities and provinces of the land.

On the 4th of August, the National Assembly remaining in

session until 2 A. M. voted away serfdom, tithes, seignorial rights, sale of offices, exclusive rights of nobility to military preferment, and a dozen other things of equal importance, revolutionizing the laws and customs of centuries, and then by acclamation voted to King Louis the title of "Restorer of French Liberty."

Poor, weak, fickle king. Fickle, treacherous Assembly. Fickle, traitorous, murder-lusting populace. And so to the close of the days of this Constituent Assembly, as it came to be called, the people clamored for new laws and new rights, the Assembly after many bickerings enacted new statutes, the King granted new concessions. It seemed as though the force of revolution had been spent, and that agitation, legislation and concession would settle all the difficulties threatening the land.

Malouet, Mounier, Robespierre, Petion, Barnave, Gerard, Guilotin, Bailly, Danton, Sieyes, D'Orleans, La Fayette, Lally-Tollendal, D'Espremesnil, Liancourt, La Rochefoucauld, Maury, Talleyrand, many of past or future glory or fame are on the rolls, but the one who stands head and shoulders above all the rest is Mirabeau. When apparently he is outnumbered, one appeal from his magic voice often suffices to turn the tide. While the Assembly is at its strongest hour, provision is made that none of its members shall become ministers. Mirabeau's enemies fear his growing strength with royalty. Without such an enactment, had Mirabeau lived and been able to have carried out to fruition the ideas which had germinated in his brain, there would have been no place for a Napoleon upon the checker-board of Europe. Another and one of the final bits of legislation presented was that no member could be chosen to the succeeding National Convention. If it passed, it certainly was not observed. For Mirabeau it was not needed, for death claimed him before the session's end.

And without the Assembly there are grave doings. Each day brings new terrors, new stories of outbreak. Though the Bastille fell and the Rights of Man were voted, flour grew no more plentiful, bread no cheaper. Now comes the woman's mob and the march upon Versailles, the attack upon the palace, the slaying of the King's bodyguards. The National Guard under La Fayette takes possession of the palace, the tricolor cockade is in every hat, the mob acclaims, "The King to Paris," and to Paris he goes, with that howling escort. And thus the curtain falls upon Versailles. The Tuileries is again occupied by royalty, but the occupation partakes somewhat of the prison variety.

The royal brothers and kinsmen who were not inimical to the ruler had long since fled across the borders and were fomenting invasions with the aid of other emigrés and royal connections

seated upon other thrones. Now comes a second emigration, and strange to relate in its wake, sick at heart, go some of the Commons Deputies and many of those who had been clamoring for reform.

Journalism, and its color was of a deeper hue than yellow, seized the reins and sought to bring forth as it always does, a government of hysteria, by hysterics, and for the hysterical. Men fatten on the offal outpourings of the typographical sewers and Camille Desmoulins and Jean Paul Marat through their blackguard sheets rise to be powers in the State.

But even the shouts of the rabble, the hysteria of the pamphleteers, could not keep alive the necessary high-tension which makes revolution a success. There must needs be clubs, with nightly meetings and continuous haranguing from those who know how to play upon the passions. High-sounding names at first they chose, but common usage soon styled each club by some shorter name, which might designate its location or something less important. And as action begets reaction so other clubs were formed to counteract the influences thus created. And so across the stage for greater or lesser intervals march the Jacobins, Cordeliers, Feuillants, Royalists, and others of greater or lesser note.

How fast the events of importance pile upon each other. Mirabeau dies, and strange to say with him dies monarchy's hope,—the royal family carries out its illy-planned and poorly executed flight, the discovery at Varennes, the blockade of further passage to the frontier through Drouet and Guillaume, and then the consent of weak, docile Louis to return, surrounded by that ten thousand which shall swell to nearly ten times that number ere Paris be reached. And then the palace of the Tuileries in reality becomes a prison, for there is someone on watch at every door, and all must be left ajar. Soon came the uprisings from the Faubourgs St. Antoine and Marceau, the march upon the Assembly Hall, the mob forcing its way into the Tuileries, Louis bullied, threatened, compelled to don the red cap, even called traitor by some of the rabble. And brewer Santerre, soon to earn the title of butcher for his bloody work upon humanity, proudly headed all that strange host in its march.

Again they come, and this time their mission is death and destruction. The Assembly brings the royal family into the Legislative hall for safety, the mob destroys the Tuileries. That day the monarch is deposed, that night the cells of the Feuillants furnish scanty beds for the family of royalty. La Fayette, with the American thought of Freedom ever uppermost, because his

conduct toward royalty lacked evidences of brutality, lost favor with Revolution leaders and was deposed from the head of the Army. He left French soil, to be made a prisoner by the Austrians, Marie Antoinette's people, and brutally treated and long imprisoned. Devoted to duty and the people, royalty's curses were for him; kind and conscientious in his treatment of the royal family, he lost caste with the Sans-culottes, and like all conscientious men in momentous crises, fell between two fires.

After the return from Varennes, Barnave had succeeded the dead Mirabeau as republican adviser to royalty. His three friends, the brothers Lameth and Duport shared in his temporary glory, and when at the deposition of the King, Danton became the ruling power, all four became prisoners, lay a year or more in forgotten cells and then paid the penalty which Revolution demanded of its servitors who ever dared to turn back or grow weary of crime, rapine and blood.

The army of the allies under the Duke of Brunswick had invaded France. The "law of suspects" had been passed, and it was easy to throw any royalist sympathizer into prison. Soon the prisons were filled. Mob law prevailed, the Assembly was in the hands of the few who lusted for power, Paris was under the sway of the Commune, whose leaders have often been called Anarchists. The elections to the new National Convention were set for September 2, 1792. That day Anarchy broke loose in Paris. The mob moved on all the places where royalist sympathizers were imprisoned, organized moot Courts to try those whom they did not kill before trial, and struck down and assassinated those whom their own anarchistic "courts" permitted to go free.

It was just after news of these crimes had reached the army of invasion as well as the soldiers of France that the battle of Valmy was fought. Many historians and French writers pass this by without mention, but Creasy gives it as one of the fifteen most decisive battles of the world. It certainly would have changed the destiny of France and would have prevented many future changes in the map of Europe, had the Duke of Brunswick and his allied forces been successful over the troops of France under Dumouriez. There really was nothing to keep the allies from reaching Paris had the French Army been defeated and dispersed. And undoubtedly Dumouriez himself many times in exile regretted his success on this field and that of Jes-mappes.

The new convention was formed and its triumphant masters were soon found to be Robespierre, Danton and Marat. The

Republic was proclaimed. Then came denunciations of the King and demands for his death. One of the members of the convention was the English-born Tom Paine, who had aided America greatly in her struggle for liberty and then came to France to do likewise. He believed in banishment for royalty. But fate and the rabid revolutionists had already decreed otherwise. The farce of a trial was hurriedly rushed through, the King was convicted in reality of having used self-defense.

Robespierre, who in his earlier days, had resigned a magistracy rather than condemn a criminal to death, now was busy in demanding the death of the monarch, and daily soon was to make up his lists of victims for the guillotine. The "appeal to the people" was rejected, delay was refused, and "death" demanded by the revolutionists was voted by a majority. Philippe Egalité, whilom Duc D'Orleans, voted his kinsman's death, and even the partisans of Robespierre murmured their disapproval of such a course. Within three days after that vote had been taken, the right of appeal to the people having been denied the victim, and all who would assist his cause being declared traitors, Louis was put to death, January 21, 1793.

It was not long until Dumouriez had abandoned his army and crossed over to the enemy's country. Then followed the denunciation of the Girondins, the session of the convention dominated by the soldiery under General Henriot, which was repulsive even to the majority of the followers of Marat and Robespierre.

The 14th of July rolled around. It was four years since the fall of the Bastille, and on this anniversary the knife of Charlotte Corday went home to the heart of Jean Paul Marat, thus destroying one of the blots upon France, who helped to make the Revolution a reign of terror.

While Paris was the seething maelstrom of the Revolution, yet it was not there alone that murderous activity held sway. In the provinces revolution begot counter revolution. In Brittany, in the Vendee, at Avignon and elsewhere, there were scenes of carnage, bloody butcheries, and innumerable guillotining. These served for some of the scum of society to gain a prominence which later would be useful at the capital.

Autumn came and with it the revolutionary tribunal which tried and condemned Marie Antoinette. A few hours only between sentence and execution, a common cart to carry her to the fateful place and every last request denied. Brutality had reached its highest plane in the affairs of this new "republic." And this blot will never erase.

Next it was the turn of the Girondins. No hope and no appeal. Even the suicide Valazé had to be beheaded with the rest. Vergniaud, their leader, said, "I was right in saying that the Revolution, like Saturn, devours her children." And then retributive justice took one turn and Philippe of Orleans drew a trial and the guillotine prize. And now the former partisans must draw apart and war upon each other. Herbert and Chaumette with others fall victims to the guillotine's insatiable greed. And then come Desmoulins and Danton himself.

Robespierre had become supreme. And yet Robespierre was religiously inclined, and the Republic had gone Atheist by an overwhelming majority. The Sabbath had long since ceased. Every tenth day was a day of rest, the months had been renamed, France's calendar was at variance with all the world, and in the light of other variances this need not seem so strange. And this "worthy" man, who would restore religion, in less than seven weeks sent nearly 2,300 to the scaffold. In the provinces the crimes perpetrated in the name of justice were often more hideous than those of the metropolis.

Wearied of it all, clearly foreseeing that it was an endless chain which in time would claim them all, a number of the strong men of the Convention agreed to make a last stand against the dictator. With Tallien at their head, they boldly denounced him in the session, one after another heaping up statements of his crimes. From "Mountain" and "Plain" alike came support, a decree was drawn and the late dictator and his brother and St. Just, with those closely associated with them, passed out as prisoners.

The Jacobins rebel. Henriot, still claiming to be head of the Guard, although yesterday deposed, would save Robespierre. An order is given all prison-keepers not to accept prisoners that day. They are freed. Back to the Jacobin Club. The convention is to be forced. Once more Henriot with armed men is to compel its deliberations. Too late. Then the last gathering and the pistol wound in the jaw of Robespierre, whether self-inflicted or done by Meda.

Outlawed, he and his needed no farce of a trial such as had been accorded Louis, Hebert, Danton, Barnave and the rest. Mere identification was sufficient. At four o'clock of the afternoon 10th Thermidor,—July 28, 1794,—the guillotine's best patron himself became its victim. Robespierre's age was then but thirty-four. Like Louis, most of these leaders of the Revolution who became its victims, failed to reach forty, Danton was but thirty-five, Barnave thirty-two, Camille Desmoulins thirty-four.

Mirabeau, whom the guillotine claimed not, reached forty-one, General Hoche died worn out at thirty, and even the great Napoleon was but forty-five when his sun set forever at Waterloo. Truly this was an age when youth burst its bonds, leaped its bounds and held the world in the hollow of its hand. With the death of Robespierre ended the Reign of Terror, and many historians also claim this date as the real end of the Revolution. Few carry its existence beyond the following year, 1795. After the latter year time is marked off into periods of varying length, and the periods are called: the Directory, the Consulate, the Empire, the First Restoration, the Hundred Days and so on. Bonaparte in his proclamation assuming power at the head of the Consulate in 1799 declared that he then destroyed the Revolution.

To that 10th of Thermidor from the day of the opening of States-General in May, 1789, is but three months more than five years, but what years, what ruin, what loss of life, what changes in law, in government, in the very aspect of the people and the country! Never were such pages penned before in history—may their like never be penned again.



And all this while the Republic's armies have kept its foes at bay, scored wonderful successes, vanquished nearly every hostile force. Back to Paris now come its officers, knowing that no more will the guillotine be their ending. From the ranks, since the Bastille days, have arisen great generals, many of them yet to be marshals of France and bear the titles of a new nobility.

X The Jacobin-Robespierre-Henriot revolt had brought Barras forth as army leader and made him a power in the land. It took two more such coalitions of Jacobin representatives with outpouring mobs (who would overcome the convention) before Jacobinism was crushed and its unkilld leaders banished. Then came the uprising of the Sections. Barras, as commandant, called to his aid a young Corsican soldier named Napoleon Bonaparte, who had recently won fame at Toulon. The Thirteenth Vendémiaire was to furnish him with another big upward lift, and the title of General at twenty-five. France had secured Corsica from Genoa only two years before Bonaparte's birth, after having first conquered the island. How strange is history, that a son of that conquered island should bring to France, in less than forty years thereafter, its greatest glory.

The Constitution of 1793 was never enforced. Another was necessary in '95, each recurring two years since '89 having brought forth its own parchment. Two houses were decreed—the Council of the Ancients and the Five Hundred. These selected the


Directory of Five, and at its head stood Barras. The same old battles between factions, new and old, took place in legislative halls, but the power of the army soon rose above that of the legislative branch. Bonaparte was the master of Italy, and Austrian armies were continually succumbing to the valor of French arms, and with that valor everywhere was carried republican ideas and republican enthusiasm, which soon became menaces to all European royalty. And then the Directory must be at odds with its creator, the legislative bodies, and the military under Augereau called in, so that enough of its opponents could be ousted and banished, to the end that the Directory might not be overturned, and the passage of time still more plainly reveals the feebleness and instability of this Directory. Glad to produce the enchantment lent by distance, the members of the Directory had long since fostered and sanctioned the Corsican's descent upon Egypt and the Orient, and in their breasts no feeling of sorrow would arise should the Pyramids continue to look down upon him and his followers for forty centuries of futurity. The other French armies fared ill in Germany, Switzerland, Austria and Italy. Silently, without asking leave of any one, back to Paris came Bonaparte, filled with the glory of Aboukir and thoughts of power.

'Tis the 18th Brumaire. Presto! The Directory vanishes; once more the Constitution gets a solar-plexus blow; Barras's power is at an end, destroyed by the very man he had made. A triple consulate begins, and the man on horseback heads the arrangement. A colleague is the ex-Abbe Sieyes, one of the few who had successfully voyaged through the Revolution from the days of '89, continuously holding office, and literally kept his head—a rare marvel indeed.



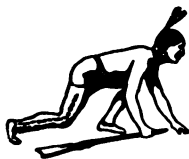
From this moment (November 9, 1799) and for fifteen years thereafter the story of France, with its ever-changing map, is the story of Napoleon, told by many narrators in different lengths and with varying feelings. No one has more forcibly described nor more laconically epitomized the career of this child of genius than that other child of genius, Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, with whose Napoleonic soliloquy I am pleased to close this already too long address:

"A little while ago I stood beside the grave of the old Napoleon, a magnificent tomb of gilt and gold, fit almost for a deity dead, and gazed upon that sarcophagus of rare and nameless marble, where rests at last the ashes of that restless man. As I leaned over the balustrade I thought of the career of the greatest soldier the modern world had known.



"I saw him walking the banks of the Seine, contemplating suicide; I saw him at Toulon; I saw him putting down the mob in the streets of Paris; I saw him at the head of the army in Italy; I saw him crossing the bridge at Lodi, waving the tricolor in his hand; I saw him conquer the Alps and mingle the eagles of France with the eagles of the crags; I saw him in Egypt, in the shadow of the Pyramids; I saw him at Marengo, at Ulm and at Austerlitz; I saw him in Russia, when the infantry of the snow and the cavalry of the wild blast scattered his legions like winter's withered leaves; I saw him at Leipsic, in defeat and disaster, driven back by a million bayonets upon Paris, clutched at like a wild beast, banished to Elba; I saw him escape, and retake an Empire by the force of his genius; I saw him upon the frightful field of Waterloo, where chance and fate combined to wreck the fortunes of their former king. And I saw him at St. Helena, with his hands crossed behind him, gazing out upon the sad and solemn sea.

"I thought of the widows and orphans he had made, of the tears that had been shed for his glory; of the only woman who ever loved him, pushed from his heart by the cold hand of ambition. And I said that I would rather have been a French peasant and worn wooden shoes, I would rather have lived in a hut with a vine growing over the door and the grapes growing purple in the amorous kisses of the autumn sun—I would rather have been this poor man, sitting as the day died out of the sky, with my wife beside me knitting and my children upon my knees with their arms about me—I would rather have been this poor peasant and gone down to the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust than to have been that imperial personation of force and murder, known as Napoleon the Great."



MEMORIAL DAY ADDRESS.

HAMILTON, N. Y., MAY 30, 1912.

The scattered remnants of the mighty conquering hosts of other days have again gathered to pay their tribute of love and affection, of loyalty and devotion, to their fallen comrades. No longer do they march in serried columns, with glistening sword and gleaming bayonet flashing in the garish sunlight. The drum-beat is muffled, the steps are slow, the bodies bent, the lines uneven. But they gather not alone nor unnoticed. A nation marches with them to-day—the proudest nation of all the earth. The stirring events of the past, in which these illustrious survivors were permitted to share and participate, have forged bands and links of union with each upspringing generation, and all, even the school-children, are vieing each with the other to see that the glorious recollections of fifty years ago are kept green upon memory's page.

When we pause to compute the hardships endured, the privations borne, the anguish suffered, it is indeed surprising that such a great percentage of the soldiers who fought in the Union army are still alive. And this reflection once more brings home forcibly to the people of to-day the startling fact that the most stupendous war recorded in history was practically fought by boys in their 'teens. These gray and grizzled veterans upon whom you have this day gazed with pride and reverence are most of them still upon the sunny side of seventy, and yet Appomattox has been fading into the distance for more than two-score and seven years, the semi-centennials of Fort Sumter, the first Bull Run and Pittsburg Landing have passed into history, and the present summer records the half-century mark since the din of battle ceased upon the gory fields of Seven Pines, Fair Oaks, Malvern Hill and Cedar Mountain.

Already committees are preparing for the proper celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of that remarkable struggle at Gettysburg, where, although there was severe fighting for three days, the fate of the nation may be said to have hinged upon the outcome of a single charge. And to demonstrate the manner in which the former warring sections have become reunited, the Confederate Veterans are coming back to the place where the Confederacy became in reality a Lost Cause, to join with the victors in glorious celebration in July of next year.

There was no other battle-field in that long-continued struggle which holds so many memories sacred to the soldiers and the people of York State. Every corps contained New York regi-

ments and batteries; every division save one could make the same boast, and forty-six of the brigades there engaged had a greater or lesser New York contingent upon their muster-rolls. The nearly one hundred monuments, markers and tablets that have been erected upon the hills, in the valleys and along the slopes about Gettysburg by the survivors, by the States and those interested, bear the proudest testimony that our boys fought and fell in every quarter upon that famous battle-field—in the Peach Orchard, the Wheat Field and the Devil's Den, on the Round Tops, Cemetery Hill and Culp's Hill, at Ziegler's Grove, Plum Run Valley, the Railroad Cut, and wherever else troops moved or found temporary lodgment.

To no other locality in this State can Gettysburg have a greater significance than to you right here at Hamilton. From Madison and Cortland counties was recruited the 157th New York Infantry. Here at Hamilton was the regiment rendezvoused. Two-thirds of its men never came back, and the greatest list of casualties was at Gettysburg. On one side of the State monument to the 157th the tablet bears this inscription:

GETTYSBURG
Lost Here 18 Officers and
289 Enlisted Men, Reducing Reg't
to 100 for Duty.

That statement needs no comment at this day. The regiment which marched away from Hamilton in August, 1862, one thousand and fifty men strong, in less than eleven months had one hundred men left fit for duty, and of the killed, wounded, captured and missing, one-third can be charged to this one battle-field. Your men and their families have reason to remember that fight at Gettysburg. That it was not forgotten by the survivors of the regiment was proven when, long before the State made appropriations for regimental monuments, those survivors erected a monument of their own. On the first day of the battle this regiment was on the extreme left of the Eleventh Army Corps, and penetrated to the point farthest north in the fighting of that day. Here it was that they met with the greatest losses. There, near the Mummasberg Road, stands the memorial of your friends and neighbors, as a fitting testimonial to the courage and heroism of their fallen comrades.

One authority some years afterward, in reviewing the battle of Gettysburg, gave us this statement:

"The Empire State, in proud fulfillment of its duty, furnished the most men and filled the most graves. More than one-fourth

of the Union army marched there under the flags of the State of New York; more than one-fourth of those who fell there followed those colors to their graves."

The magnitude of this, the pivotal battle of the war, can hardly be realized. The embattled hosts actually engaged in the conflict totaled more than one hundred and fifty thousand men; the killed and wounded upon both sides approximated thirty-five thousand, nearly evenly divided. It is such staggering statistics as these which bring forth and create in every land to-day advocates of a lasting universal peace.

The world at large has credited upon the roll of undying fame that wondrous charge of Pickett's Virginians across the grassy plains at Gettysburg. But the fame and the glory were paid for by one of the most fearful sacrifices of human life the historian has been called upon to record. Upon almost any other field, against almost any other foe, that charge might have proven invincible. With the passing of passion and prejudice, we of the North can to-day speak with glow and enthusiasm of that charge, and mention it side by side with those glorious attacks upon the stone wall at Marye's Heights and the Bloody Angle at Spottsylvania as proof of the valor which has ever permeated the breast of the American soldier.

And while we bestow praise where it can truthfully be given to our one-time foes, must we not say more for our own gallant men who repulsed that well-nigh invincible charge? Will Carleton said it for us in his dedicatory poem for the monument erected upon the battle-field to the 120th New York Regiment of Infantry:

"O, men out there in the July glare,
Who redden the green grass leaves!
This harvest field gives bloody yield,
And dead men are the sheaves!
Your flags are dim in the smoke-clouds grim—
Or gleam with a costly stain;
At each gun's call your brothers fall
And die with a moan of pain.
Ah, many a grief, past all relief,
Must e'en with victory twine;
But you who stand in that station grand,
For God's sake, hold the line!

"The battle is done—the smoke-veiled sun
Creeps low to a misty west;
Fair Victory's crown sweeps grandly down
On those who have fought the best.
Once more the tide of the foeman's pride
Is rolled, like a torrent, back;
Rebellion's way from this very day
Will creep on a downward track.
Lift proud the head, O living and dead!
You have compassed Heaven's design!
In every zone you shall e'er be known
As the men who held the line!"

That the heroes of the sixties have not been forgotten by the nation as a whole is made evident by the recent enactment into law of the bill providing for pension increases. It may be looked upon by some as only a matter of sentiment, but all the good deeds of the world are built upon sentiment. The poetic sentiment which graces the arch at the entrance to the National Cemetery at Arlington, and which is quoted almost daily, was penned by a Confederate soldier concerning his comrades in the Mexican War, and it was a gracious sentiment and compliment to appropriate it to mark the great cemetery of the Union soldiers.

As an American traveler who has moved in, out, about and through forty-four States of our Union, I ask leave here and now to state my personal appreciation of the beautiful monuments, both North and South, erected in memory of the soldiers who fell upon the battle-fields or died from wounds and disease contracted in the service. And it is not always the artistic beauty of the monument, its apparent cost, its height or its magnificence which impresses the observer. What then? The inscription, the sentiment expressed, holds him, and its memory clings long after the outlines of the erected structure have faded from remembrance.

The monument to the Confederate soldiers at Tampa, Florida, is a modest one, well within the means of the city and its citizens. But this modest stone is lifted far above many of its more pretentious fellows scattered throughout the Southland by the inscription chiseled thereon:

"Not theirs the rush of maddened wrath
That, reckless, sundered ties of blood,
But Honor's beacon showed the path
Where dauntless duty stood.

Through famine years they followed far
Where her unswerving banners led—
Beyond her, Glory's fame-tipped star;
Behind her, Honor's dead.
The years their slow procession keep,
The banner barred with red is furled,
But now its gray-clad soldiers sleep—
The heroes of a world."

One of the most magnificent monuments reared to perpetuate the valor of the Union soldier is to be found at Cleveland Ohio, and such a structure is truly worthy of the words carved upon one of the interior walls of its base, originally uttered by the gifted and talented Henry Ward Beecher:

"The honored dead!

"They that die for a good cause are redeemed from death.

"Their names are gathered and garnered.

"Their memory is precious. Oh, tell me not that they are dead! That generous host, that airy army of invisible heroes.

"They hover as a cloud of witnesses above this nation.

"Are they dead, that yet speak louder than we can speak, and a more universal language?

"Are they dead that yet act?

"Are they dead that yet move upon society and inspire the people with nobler motives and more heroic patriotism?

"Till the mountains are worn out and the rivers forget to flow, till the clouds are weary of replenishing springs, and the springs forget to gush, and the rills to sing, shall their names be kept fresh with reverent honors which are inscribed upon the book of national remembrance."

And though the monuments be of the modest single-stone type or massive constructions of blended art and masonry, they all shall crumble, molder and decay in response to the ravages of Time; but the expressions, the sentiments that touch the hearts of men and women, that find abiding places in books and human minds, shall forever travel down humanity's broad highway and bring forth tenderness, sympathy and admiration from the generations yet to be inducted into the mysteries of life. All that man has done, all that man can do, always bears the same marks of mortality. The monuments and muniments of preceding ages must stand at some day as the moss-covered ruins which speak of a forgotten past or are needed to embellish the alms-seeking

tale of a tourist's guide. But Nature's handiwork stands out in bold relief, unchanging and unchangeable, save by man's interference, through all the centuries.

How few of us to-day can offhand name a dozen of the officers of the Union army, whose names only a few short years ago were household words. Fewer still are those who can mention the names of a dozen enlisted men from the vicinity of their own homes. And the important battle-fields of that struggle—how seldom are they mentioned in ordinary conversation. And it is not forgetfulness upon the part of the people. The wonderful progress in many lines has built up distance barriers between us and that date. Judging from the advance along scientific and mechanical lines, we are distant from the War of the Rebellion not five decades, but five centuries. Just look at the marvels brought forth and made matters of common usage within that period of time. Without them it would seem that present-day life must become impossible of any success. The telegraph and the locomotive engine were then still young, and the Atlantic cable had been laid scarce a couple of years before the war. Since the days of Appomattox have come telephones, electric lights, trolley lines, automobiles, wireless telegraphy and aerial navigation, and each day and year marks new changes in the development of every one of them. Turn in any direction you will, and the revolutions that have been made in methods, tools or instruments and procedure are so marvelous that they would compel our forebears of a few generations back to gasp in open-mouthed astonishment. But not us. We take it all in a matter-of-fact way, and marvel more if something new is not brought forth each hour.

The surgeons and nurses of the war time were mostly of kindly natures and sympathetic. But when one attempts to compare their work with modern surgery and the Red Cross system of to-day he is compelled to stop and wonder that so many of the wounded actually survived. Nowhere have there been more rapid strides than in the line of medicine and surgery. New diseases and their proper method of treatment have been discovered, anæsthetics and narcotics have been multiplied, germs which proved elusive from time immemorial have been traced to their lair, antidotes for almost every toxic poison have been compounded, the X-ray, the Murphy button, Koch's lymph and a hundred other articles or treatments have been made or formulated which tend to lengthen life and to alleviate disease, pain and suffering.

The gain is not all net, for sometimes in these matters has use

begotten abuse. The best citizen a community can have is a conservative physician, who usually remains calm, cool and collected, who seldom overdoses, who uses desperate remedies and dangerous drugs sparingly, who retains his student-love of baffling disease and defeating death, and whose palms have not become sordid and itching. And to apply the contrary rule, one of a community's poorest assets is the holder of a diploma qualifying him to practice the medical profession, who stopped studying at graduation, who treats his patient according to the latter's whims, whose only thought of the outcome of each case is the coin received in payment for alleged services.

What holds good of one calling or profession holds good of them all. Men and women, brave, noble, honest and true, are to be found on every hand and in every walk of life. And very often the world does not accord them the meed of praise to which they are really entitled for the success actually achieved, while too many times the false pretender, the bluffer, the quack, gathers in the glory and the shekels.

The world is prone to judge a profession or an element of the people by a single specimen, which specimen is apt to fall far short of the ideal. Radicalism brings out erratic and neurotic characters in the pulpit, with the press, and on the stage. Hasty judgments are too often formed, and an innocent large majority of a class blamed for the shortcomings of the few. The notion that a man is supposed to set the fashion in morals, in intelligence or in any other line in his own community, and the actual fact fully demonstrated in contravention of such notion that he is only common clay after all, leads to wholesale condemnation of many innocent persons. And yet too often are members of the classes condemned responsible for the formation of the hasty judgments. The ranting, roaring pulpit occupant who, without any real knowledge upon the subject, denounces men of prominence or sets about reforming the shortcomings of a whole community, so as to get himself in the limelight of publicity, is generally a half-educated degenerate whose family mistook his calling, and his ending is often an inglorious one. But because a few such wolves creep into sheep's clothing it is not fair to condemn unheard the great majority, who are doing their best for the betterment of humanity and the propitiation of Divinity. The world owes much to the ministrations of these physicians of the soul, and they should be no more judged by the standard of the few quacks who have crept inside their lines than should the physicians of the body, or than the great mass of brave, fighting soldiers should be judged by the handful of enlisted deserters.

There are publications which should be censored, and others which should be suppressed—there are venal newspapers; but what a punishment we would inflict upon ourselves were all publications to be catalogued alike and condignly consigned to oblivion. The trouble with most censorship and criticism lies in the fact that a single viewpoint selected is the basic formation of human judgment, and the angle of vision used does not always give more than a limited horizon for inspection.

Had the war of the Revolution proven unsuccessful, the names of Washington, Jefferson, Henry and other illustrious Americans would have been handed down to the British subjects now occupying a more limited territory than our United States as traitors deeply dyed. The untrained eye is apt to gauge success or failure by outward appearance. In many instances the success which the world applauds is sooner or later found to be the rankest kind of failure, while those who have been taunted and jeered as derelicts have in the end found their names writ in luminous letters high up on the tablets devoted to the successful.

It takes as keen a discernment to-day to discover the line of demarcation between success and failure, in most instances, as it does to distinguish between demagoguery and statesmanship. And in the matter of the latter distinction, the average locator of the imaginary line seems to be willing to concede that his judgment needs revision from time to time. The idols worshipped as gold yesterday, last week or last year, are being subjected to new acid tests, and the gold repeatedly is shown to be of the thinnest veneer. Humanity continues to be frail, and the God-like specimens are being furnished in no greater number than in preceding centuries.

Despite humanity's frailties, it always possesses underlying elements of strength. One event, one occasion, arises from out the commonplace happenings of a year, a decade or a century, and mere men, who have been looked upon as commonplace or less, are called upon in a moment to face a stupendous crisis and mayhap to offer up their lives that weaker ones may be saved. It is then that we see that in supreme moments there are men, not few, but many, who can rise almost to Divine heights. The great *Titanic* disaster showed to the world the manhood, the chivalry, the courage, the heroism that was latent not only in the breast of a Straus, an Astor, a Butt, but in the breasts of hundreds of others occupying less exalted stations in life. The casualties in that northern, ice-covered sea were greater in proportion than upon any of the battle-fields of the Civil War, and yet man is baffled when he attempts to mark the spot, and no shaft can

ever be erected above the graves of the heroes which will tell passing travelers of the heroism and devotion there displayed. The waves of ocean shall alone sing their mournful requiem, but mankind will long remember and cherish their brave deeds and noble sacrifice, even more strongly, possibly, than had they fallen upon the field of battle.

Thus we see that human heroism and human victories, be it the heroism of war or peace, be they victories of peace or war, leave lasting impressions upon the race. The repetition of deeds in the storied past has molded many an heroic character, and it will continue to mold heroic characters so long as language retains the beauty which can ever repaint in new and glowing colors the narratives of those brave days of old. To the survivors of the conflict between the States we, the American people, who to-day number close to one hundred millions, pledge our friendship and support, and to them we extend the wish of good health and many years in which to enjoy the same. Of their work and the work of their departed comrades in the four-year struggle, and the feeling for them existent in American hearts, no more fitting testimonial can be prepared or uttered than that said upon the field of Gettysburg at the dedication of the monument to the "First Long Island," or 67th New York, by the Rev. Thomas K. Beecher:

"A grander monument than this, or these, not made like them with hands nor graven by art or man's device, is standing broad and high, to certify mankind that our living labored and our dead died not in vain. Rising from either ocean and reaching to the other, its base is the western continent, its uplift tops the clouds, salutes the morning and detains the evening sun. Its carvings are the work of ancient days, when by the word of God the waters ran down and found their place and the dry land appeared, a continent unveiled. Its decorations are the forests, rivers, plains and valleys, rejuvenated by each returning spring. Its inscriptions are the cities, villages, farms and homes of men.

"Set thus between the oceans, the United States, thank God, still united, her own magnificent monument and memorial proclaims and certifies the world that we have fought a good fight and kept our faith in those days by-gone, whose deeds we celebrate."



GERMAN DAY ADDRESS.

UTICA, N. Y., AUGUST 7, 1911.

Renan wrote, "A great aggregation of men, of sound mind and warm heart, creates a moral conscience which is called a nation." Sometimes it was geographical boundaries, sometimes the use of a common tongue, and again the need of unity for commercial and defensive purposes which created a state or kingdom. Now and then a single state comprised a nation; more often it has taken two or three nations to make one state. Races exist and make their mark every day upon the world's history and record of progress, which form neither state nor nation, in the common acceptance of the latter term. One of the most distinctive governmental entities the world has ever known is the German Empire of to-day. It is a state of the first magnitude; it is a nation, magnificent, superb, sublime. And while within its borders have been blended many other types and races, all have been merged into one type, one race, one people. It is true that not all of the German peoples have been gathered within the domain of the Empire. Luxemburg, Austria, the German Cantons of Switzerland, are so situated and constituted that they may never rejoin the main body of the race, but in many breasts hopes of that kind have more than once arisen.

There have been German Empires and German Kingdoms in other days, but the fusing and welding together was not perfectly done. And the present formation, which has been evolved all within the lifetime of a man as young as myself, and which to-day appears to be about as permanent as monarchies can be made, proves conclusively that a race or a nationality which clings to its language and refuses to lose its identity, in the parlance of the sporting fraternity, "can come back."

The pride of a race, the loyalty to nationality, is probably more often inspired by common memories of the stirring events of a past period. But a German is peculiarly fortunate in that his pride has not to turn to the events of the past for its justification. The greatness of his nation to-day can inspire him with the feeling of exultation which contributes so largely to patriotic enthusiasm.

Imbued with a strong dislike of monarchs and monarchies, undoubtedly inherited from a rebellious ancestry, many members of which have fought against and suffered under royalty, I hardly think that a residence in Germany at the present time would be conducive to my personal happiness or welfare. It is better to remain in a country where they do not imprison the quick-

tongued for *lese majeste*. But yet the fact that one does not admire a ruler or his vagaries need not in the least detract from his admiration for a people, who, for the benefit of their racial solidarity, are willing to stand for the aforesaid ruler and overlook the beforementioned vagaries. Rulers are but passing incidents. So long as they do not seek to overturn the world in a single night they may be tolerated and endured. And even under a monarchical form of government such as now envelops Germany, there may be taught and shown within her borders some of the best and purest theories and types of that Democracy which its advocates and devotees say sooner or later must govern all the peoples, races, states and nations.

Many of you older men and women, who have spent a half century or thereabouts in America and have not revisited the scenes which your childhood knew in Fatherland, can hardly appreciate the changes that have been brought about since the unification of Germany. Not in soil, not in individuals, not particularly in methods. To the casual glance it may all look the same, but beneath that first look everything seems to be different. Many of those changes are subtle, almost indefinable, barely perceptible. Yet they exist, and exist mainly of, by and because of the rebirth of the nation. Some of the old boundary lines have been obliterated. It is true that kingdoms, grand duchies, duchies, principalities and free cities exist, in name at least. The old free cities which dominated the Hanseatic League and for four centuries ruled the Baltic, which built up the commerce and brought about to a great extent the civilization of the north—Hamburg, Bremen and Lubeck—bear but slight resemblance to the free cities of half a century ago, when Frankfort-on-the-Main still enjoyed that distinction with them. You will hear people speak of Hesse, but the numerous distinctions of the past—Hesse-Saxe, Hesse-Cassel, Hesse-Darmstadt and Hessen-Nassau—have almost faded from view. The hyphenations which were the abomination of many of the school boys and girls of another generation—Mecklenburg-Schwerin, Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Reuss-Greiz, Reuss-Schleitz, Saxe-Anhalt, Saxe-Meiningen, Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt and Schwarzburg-Sondershausen—very rarely stare at one from the geography maps of to-day. One color suffices to make the map where more than a score of colors was formerly necessary, and calm, peaceful, serene, yet vigilant and wakeful, united Germany stretches from the Baltic to Lake Constance and even farther south, and from a point some miles west of Metz, beyond the Rhine, to another point within a few kilometers only of the ancient city of Krakow, in Austrian Poland.

In the crucible where Nature, Fate, Providence or Divinity fuses the varying elements to produce a nationality all these conflicting states and peoples were immersed and fused, and forth from that crucible arose an united nation, more virile, vigorous and venturesome than ever before. Of course, the ancient memories of the Hanseatic League had something to do with it; the confederation of the North German States, wresting Schleswig, Holstein and Lauenburg from Denmark, likewise played a part; memories of the old empire and the vigorous rulers of bygone days may have added their mite; but I can never be shaken from the belief that the men and deeds of the year 1848 were the most potent factors in the reconstruction of German nationality. It may seem like a strange anomaly, or even a paradox, to assert that republican insurrection was but the precursor of renewed royalty of the imperial brand, but if that truth held good with reference to Italy and Austria, why should it not as well apply to Germany.

It was the spread of the democratic ideas which the revolutionists of '48 in nearly all the European countries stood for and represented that forced the new royalty to dilute and diminish the old monarchical ideas of government, until but a thin veneering remained, under which could be plainly seen the grain of the new wood, born in America, baptized in France and confirmed in Switzerland, upon which must rest the basic foundation of all governments—the consent of the governed.

But whatever the '48 movement may have done throughout the continent of Europe and the British Isles, nothing can be more certain than that they, through the exiling of many of their participants, whether the same was self-imposed or otherwise, contributed much to the upbuilding of America. Those people, who could not tolerate monarchy, or whom monarchy could not tolerate, were the best bone and sinew that America ever secured. In '46 began the strong German movement Americaward, just one year later than the inception of the immense Irish immigration, which for a long time alone exceeded the German in numbers. In one year alone in the early '50s the record kept shows a quarter of a million German immigrants. In the years elapsing since '46, at least five millions of German people have come to our shores. And they have become absorbed and assimilated, giving ready compliance to our laws and willing assistance to our institutions. One of the greatest and best German colonies to be found in America is right here with us in Utica, and it is more than a source of pride that its members were one of the main instrumentalities in the formation of the great German-American Alliance, which already takes foremost rank among the organizations of the world, and which stands as the sponsor for this

day we are now celebrating. It was from the ranks of the men of '48 and their children and grandchildren that this local colony was built, and that they have made good in every direction is so self-evident that it needs no mention at this hour.

Having been for many years in a position where it is easy to discover who are law-abiding and who are law-defying people, I can now, without any attempt at fulsomeness, truthfully say that there never was a better, cleaner, more God-fearing and law-abiding people located in any community than the German citizens of Utica. I have been in close touch with them in organizations, have met and mingled with them at their fetes and feasts, have enjoyed their humor and their hospitality, and to me they seem to be an ideal people, God-fearing and law-abiding, as I have said, yet without ever once evincing a trait puritanical or pharisaical, both of which traits are too often the stock-in-trade of some others who pose as law-abiding. The Germans are readers, thinkers and reasoners, and while ordinarily slow in movement to action, when once aroused and rampant they form a great moral force which exerts no mean influence upon the community at large. They are good people to touch elbows with. Common sense is well distributed in their ranks. They love amusement and enjoyment along natural lines, and very seldom are they found traveling the pace which forced hot-house civilization has made a feature of modern life in so many localities. They do not strike the extremes of belief in rigid blue laws upon the one hand, or rabid licentiousness upon the other. But yet that beautiful sentiment from Goethe, which all of us near-Germans accept in good faith, as well as many of your own people, shows that they believe in sunshine and pleasant thoughts:

"Wer liebt nicht Wein, Weib und Gesang,
Er lebt ein Narr sein leben lang."

To the younger generations I say, "Do not forget the land of your fathers. Keep up its language. Glory in its traditions. Keep in touch with its songs, its literature, its philosophy, and you will have built a solid foundation for good citizenship."

Take a look at what the world owes Germany for the work of its people in printing, in astronomy, in explosives, in art, music, education, poetry, religion and philosophy. It would take me a far greater time than has been allotted to mention the names of your great men in the peaceful, literary and artistic pursuits, who have shed their luster upon the German Nation, and were I to speak of their work and works in even brief fashion, there would be nothing of this celebration but an Irish talkfest. What each

one of your great Germans has accomplished along the lines mentioned was the result mostly of plodding industry, which is shown to be a German characteristic by the words of that familiar proverb:

“Die Rechte Goldgrub ist der Fleiss
Fur den, der ihn zo ueben weiss.”

For the honor of being permitted to address you this day I wish to return my personal thanks to you and to your officers and committees. As the son of a man whose belief in a '48 movement made him an exile, and by that very exiling gave the greatest blessing under the sun to his progeny, to wit: American citizenship, I most heartily felicitate you, children and grandchildren of the men of another '48 movement, upon the magnificent achievement of to-day. In selecting the closest date possible to the anniversary of the battle of Oriskany for your annual celebration you have chosen most wisely, for Oriskany battle-field prevented a British victory at Saratoga and saved the American Union. And while many other nationalities were represented, the great bulk of the American force was composed of Germans, and from among their number the commanding officer was selected. We cannot do too much to keep the memories of Oriskany battle-field and of General Nicholas Herkimer in plain view of the American public. Both deserve far greater recognition than has ever been accorded them.

It is just a little source of personal pride to me to have worn rightfully this day a Continental uniform similar to that worn by the Revolutionary soldiers, and to have been the founder and first captain of the Nicholas Herkimer Continentals. Largely through my personal efforts that organization has generally turned out with you each German Day, and that gives sufficient personal interest to warrant my being enthusiastic in your celebrations and arduous in any assistance I may be able to render. It is my fervent wish that your Alliance may continue to grow and thrive until it has secured a foothold in every hamlet of any size in the country, and that German Day may become a known and positive factor from Coast to Coast and from the Lakes to the Gulf.



WHY MEN STEAL.

DELIVERED BEFORE STATE CONFERENCE OF PROBATION OFFICERS
AT SYRACUSE, N. Y., NOVEMBER 19, 1912.

The excuses offered for theft by the perpetrators thereof are almost as varied as the numerous styles of offenses listed under that head. Neither philosophy, nor psychology, nor sociology, will ever be able to separate all the reasons given into classes and subdivisions, and prepare an analytical table which shall be an unerring guide to determine under what particular head or branch shall be placed the future offender.

For some considerable time the intelligent nations of the world have been permitting themselves to be satisfied with the thought that the various blessings or ills which fall to the lot of the average human entity are traceable to four sources,—heredity, environment, condition, circumstance. "The sins of the parent shall be visited upon the child, even unto the third and the fourth generation," has long been accepted as truth, and during all the years of its acceptance heredity has had to bear the brunt for many misdeeds. Next came "Evil communications corrupt good manners," thereby placing its share of the blame upon environment. But it is only in the days of recent greater enlightenment that the other two concomitants have been permitted a prominent place in the diagnosis of human frailty or goodness. And so it came that the more ancient causes which cursed the delinquents or blessed the fortunate yielded places at their table to other fates. And now the category reads:—heredity, environment, condition, circumstance. And these at times wend in and out upon each other's courses in such intricate and complicated fashion as to be almost indistinguishable. An unchanged environment for many generations produces much of that which we are wont to ascribe to heredity. Condition is apt to be produced by either environment or heredity or both. And circumstance, the most variable of the four, is liable to owe its happening to a single one of the other attributes, or a juxtaposition of them all, or to owe nothing whatever to any of them.

In plant and animal life we see how efforts at selection of species, hybridization, evolution and progression are more prone to failure than to success. Even where species have been selected for several seasons and every effort made to improve upon the former specimen, there will be constant recurrence of original types or reversion to intermediate types. If uncared for, it does not take the descendants of the abnormal long-tailed and long-finned goldfish a very great while to drift back to the commonplace shiner.

The real solution of the present-day lack of respect of the property rights of others, undoubtedly is to be traced to the days when man was first classed as somewhat of a rational being, and property rights as they now exist had not yet been evolved. The air, the earth and the waters were all free, and man partook of them and their contents at such times, in such proportions and under such conditions as he felt the need, with no restraining hand or overseeing mortal power. If the latest developments of science concerning the earth we inhabit and the million of years that it has been inhabited be true, then the space of time since property rights, so called, have existed, is but an infinitesimal portion of the period of habitation. Such being the case, is it any wonder that we constantly meet with the recurrence of the type that sees no harm in taking that which strikes the fancy or suits present needs or appetite? The inborn and inbred theory that might makes right and that there can be no wrong in gathering up what we most desire when it is in plain sight, held sway for a long time. Heredity transmitted it through long lines of descent, environment championed its cause through long periods of association, condition usually seemed to demand the upholding of the doctrine, and circumstance rendered it easy of performance.

Throw in the way of the babe, still crawling, tawdry baubles or fancy objects of pleasing hue, and want and wish and contact lead him to seize and possess them, and struggle against their surrender. The child by instinct still possesses intuitively all the early frailties of the race. He must be weaned away from them. Without any thought of wrong, children will appropriate their playmate's toys and sweetmeats. The child needs many, many lessons before the rights of property, looming large in some spots as the Frankenstein of today's civilization, impress themselves upon his powers of perception. What of those to whom the world has denied proper tutors? Is it not rather surprising to find any good among them, who have been "kicked up" rather than brought up, when so many of those who have received superior advantages have failed to profit thereby?

There has been too much threatening of people into the right path by producing the symptoms of fear of eternal damnation, and too little of salutary teaching of right and wrong where tutors of that sort are scarce. We have wasted too much good money upon foreign missions, while slums which needed it more were permitted to grow up and fester on every hand. To what a depth of degradation had the poorer classes of England been permitted to sink, until Hood and Dickens took up the questions of the sewing girl, the workhouse, the parish children, the im-

prisoned debtors and the conditions of the jails, and interwove them into and through the woof and warp of song and story. And even that revolution was not brought forth in the twinkling of an eye. It was a long and a hard battle before better conditions were reached.

More thieves have been created by law, by government, by ruling officials and by those who secured swollen and abnormal holdings through devious and tortuous ways, than through all other sources combined. The men who successfully irrigate Erie valuations, loot Third Avenue tractions, or promote worthless mines, create an endless series of imitators, who in many cases are either not tricky enough to evade criminal responsibility or do not possess sufficient influence to prevent prosecution and punishment. The conductor, the cashier, the ticket agent who has seen "the man higher up only getting his'n," thinks he too is entitled to his piece of the loot. The many careless and even criminal proceedings upon the parts of men in "high finance," the collusion between large contractors and those having governmental supervision of their work, the desire of vice to pay for immunity from punishment and the greed of those charged with its suppression to share in the toll thus levied, have caused a partial breaking down of the barriers of conscience that civilization has been endeavoring to construct for a few thousand years.

The woman whose face and figure would never tempt any man to ply his wiles upon her nature, is apt to look with scorn and haughty pride upon her sister of the street, who could not always resist when the tempter spoke, and through her weakness and man's perfidy sank low in the social scale. She who has been tempted, and while still recognizing her veins to contain human blood and not ice, has been strong enough to withstand the onslaughts of mankind, gazes only with tender pity and heartfelt sympathy for the fallen. And so with the cold matter of fact man, in whose way the temptation to take that which is another's has never been thrown. He is the one who as prosecuting officer insists upon the fullest punishment being meted out to the offender,—who as Judge never permits the shadow of human sympathy to fall across a single page of the book wherein he enters his prison sentences. Among the best and the truest are those who have been tried by fire, and even sometimes singed and scorched.

I have seen men sent to prisons, whose natures were of a very high grade and class, men who meant no wrong, who gave way to sudden impulse or took without wrongful intent that which they believed they could replace. One of the best-hearted fellows

I ever knew is today in a Federal prison for bank irregularities. There was no intent upon his part to do a real wrong. And when he comes forth, the greater part of those who knew him will meet him with a welcoming hand and seek to aid him to regain the place in the world he lost through an error in judgment. The man who has not been hungry, wandering in a strange land, can hardly realize the desperate straits of the man who has had that experience, and of the chances such an one is willing to take when nerved by desperation.

Each one of you at one time or another has had come under your notice, many and varied forms of stealing, and the motives back of those cases were even more varied. There has been the reputed financier in whose integrity a whole neighborhood has ever reposed its confidence, to whom that neighborhood has rushed with its savings without apparent request, until one day came a crash and it was found that the financier had long been insolvent and had been living in ease from those savings thus thrust upon him. He may have speculated, or he may not. Unwise speculation has too often left its votary charged with one letter less,—peculation. Women have many times been at the root of the evil,—sometimes a wife who wanted more style than the means would allow; frequently an actress who played her “angel” for a fool; now and again a siren who lured a soul to the depths; sometimes an innocent, honorable woman upon whom an infatuated one lavished flowers and presents bought with the shekels of another.

Some have stolen or committed other crimes when crazed with drink, who in their sober senses would not have transgressed. There are those who have stolen large sums and hidden their plunder, so as to have an easy time in life after the payment of the penalty exacted by the law. There have been cases of self-sacrifice where stealing was done to make good for another, and there have been crimes committed almost or actually in the public gaze, so that the flighty perpetrator might receive the cheap notoriety for daring or bravado his weak brain coveted. The sneak-thief, the burglar, the safe-blower, may have all started in innocently enough upon their careers, but in the end knew nothing too desperate. I have known of a church sexton who, after being suspected for some time, was found stealing marked money from the plate which he passed at service,—have had arraigned before me those who rifled of its pennies the poor box nailed to the church wall, and thought them quite mean and low, but the palm for being an outright, low down thief, I think will have to be conceded to a carpet-bagging ex-Governor of a Southern State, who

after he had helped to plunder that State of millions, which he and his associates spent in revelry, drifted down the line of larceny until his specialty was purloining articles of wearing apparel from hotel hall racks.

More than a few thieves have been made of honest, innocent country lads, whose all has been beguiled from them by sharpers, and who, jeered and derided, spurned and cast aside by the community, have felt themselves to owe all humanity a grudge, and sought payment with manifold interest for the amount of which they were originally despoiled. Women carelessly carrying handbags and pocketbooks, messengers openly displaying money on the way to or from the banks, have on numerous occasions created the sudden impulse in the passer-by which led him to seize that which was so openly and without caution displayed. Messengers who have been trusted for years, financial agents who have handled large sums of money without a wrongful thought for several decades, have become victims of that same sudden impulse. Employees of the various post office departments, after years of long and faithful service have fallen, and that too after seeing so many others detected and knowing that detection was almost absolutely sure to follow wrong doing. I once saw a postmaster sent to prison for eighteen months, because when the inspector suddenly arrived upon the scene, the actual cash was not in the post office cash drawer, but upon the other side of the street, in the shoe store conducted by the postmaster, where it was commingled in his business with his private funds. And then again come those who have contracted the use of soul-destroying drugs and by such use have become entirely different personalities from the beings they were in early life. And "numberless as the sands upon the shore" are those who have fallen by reason of a mania for gambling.

And the man who has once made a mistake and paid the penalty. If he be without strong friends, how fierce the battle to regain a foothold in society. Should he attempt to begin anew, those who know his tale or possibly have served beside him, undo him if he refuses to be blackmailed or to associate with them. Too often the relentless human sleuth-hound whose greatest pride lies in the number of men he has "put away," is constantly on his track and causes loss of occupation, veritable outlawry and even suicide. There have been too many Jean Valjeans in the world, because there were and are too many Javerts, who do not possess the idea of responsibility to duty, the conscience subject to remorse even slightly, or the ultimate sense of fair play displayed by the original creation of Hugo's brain.

No formulated set of reasons for stealing can be brought into play, which will govern a probation officer's treatment of the charges coming under his investigation or care for such offense. As every individual case deals with a different personality, these cases can hardly be governed by set and stringent rules which do not vary and relax. Each case calls for its own treatment. Probation officers must make of themselves students of human nature at close range. Every individual case must be studied out without reference to chart or schedule. Long ago it was said that "the education of a gentleman should be begun thirty years before his birth." If one of your probationers be charged with a larceny as a first, or second, or even possibly a third offense, (where there have been no previous arraignments), look carefully over the facts at the moment of commission, and the incidents which led up to the deed. Trace out the home training and the school training, if possible. Look back of today. See what were the conditions at the time of and prior to the delinquent's birth. Pre-natal influence has cursed many lives. Search out the habits of the parents in early life, without of course attracting public attention or the hue and cry which follow the hounds upon a scent. Go back even one or two generations if possible, and note carefully the legacies of heredity or the molded impressions of environment. Many of your cases must remain unsolved mysteries. Many of them have never wavered from the line before, will never waver again. With others the proneness to repetition will be irresistible. Older and wiser heads than we have failed to solve these perplexing problems. Good advice, good example, caution against the pitfalls, a watchfulness that never abates, yet which never tyrannizes or oppresses, these are the weapons which you can best use to overcome the faults of those charged with an offense of this character. Remember that they are but human, their acts and deeds will be shaped much as those of other humans, and you can best exercise a humanizing and reforming influence upon them by, at all times in your dealings with them, continuing to be human.



ELKS' MEMORIAL DAY ADDRESS.

BUFFALO, N. Y., DECEMBER 3, 1911.

Tinkle and toll. Chime and clang. The bells are singing their sweet refrain. It is the hour of eleven. Throb and beat. Beat and throb. The vibrant heart of Elkdom sends forth a responsive chord to every passing note of the sounding bells. Momentarily the head of every Elk is bowed. But one thought teems in each brain. The lips part, and the whispered sentence, "To Our Absent Brothers," is uttered in reverent tone by many voices. From day to day this action is repeated, and each day binds the participants in that scene more closely to the beautiful inspiration which draws forth from memory's golden store tender thoughts of the friends we have "loved long since, and lost awhile."

But this generic observance of the "golden hour of recollection" would not in itself be complete. To enlarge upon and supplement this daily matter of remembrance of all our brothers who have completed their earthly labors, one day in each year is designated and set apart upon which to hold a specific memorial observance for those who have passed away within the preceding twelve-month. And so today each Lodge gathers, in accordance with the law and custom of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, to render our tribute of love and affection to the brothers whose names have been most lately inscribed upon that "mystic roll-call of those who shall come no more."

'Twas but a little more than two score years ago that there first assembled together that small band of kindred spirits whose efforts were to culminate in the formation of the mother Lodge of Elks,—New York, No. 1. It was rather a spirit of loneliness that formed their bond of union, and not a single participant then dreamed that he was present at the birth of what should in less than half a century prove to be one of the greatest of human institutions. The few survivors of that natal hour must gaze with unalloyed pride and unquenchable devotion when they look upon the massive structure which now shelters the magnificent membership built up from the handful of the early days, who were content to meet in a back bedroom in an actors' boarding-house.

We are living in the day of great achievements and the Order of Elks keeps abreast of the times. America needed just such a fraternity, and it was born to fill that long-felt want. It encroached upon the territory of no other fraternal organization, it engendered no rivalries, but marched along its own broad highway, gathering adherents at every step. Born in the closing half

of the nineteenth century, it is of the same era and class as those great marvels of science which have become household necessities, the telephone and the electric light. To plunge backward and eliminate all three from the earth would be doing humanity an irreparable injustice.

The Gospel of Love was preached in many tongues and taught in various ways centuries before the coming of the Elk, but mankind awakened to its best and truest meaning when from the lips of the Elk first came those words of his Golden Rule, which shall never die:

"The faults of our brothers we write upon the sands,
Their virtues upon the tablets of love and memory."

The perfect specimens of humanity have been few indeed. All of us are prone to faults. "Let him who is without sin among you cast the first stone," since its initial utterance by The Great Teacher, has been used as a text numberless times, in every age and land and clime, and yet it needs to be retold every day and every hour to a forgetting and forgetful humanity. That is an admonition to self alone, to each individual to be not unmindful of his own shortcomings. It preaches not love but rather caution and prudence, while the newer thought enunciated by the Elk breathes the sweet tale of charity for all mankind.

Fraternity is today the guiding star of many lives, and those who are living faithfully up to their fraternal obligations are performing the greatest labor in behalf of the general uplift. The work of the fraternities along benevolent and charitable lines is but little known, even to the vast majority of the members. The great outside world rarely ever catches a glimpse of the splendid achievements along such lines, and we pride ourselves upon keeping the world in absolute ignorance thereof. And such action we know to be for the better. There come moments in the life of every sentient being when there is need of physical, moral or financial aid, sympathy and encouragement. And the weak of today become the strong of tomorrow, often repaying many fold, and discharging the debt not alone to the temporary benefactor, but to mankind at large by rendering unto others, unasked, aid similar to that received in trying moments. And it is from the consciousness of having performed such deeds, of having been presented the opportunity to repay humanity an hundred fold for the benefaction received in time of stress, that the true fraternal member receives his reward. It needs no claue to proclaim, no thundering applause to flatter, no words of praise in print,—only the conscious knowledge of humble self-respect for

having, without ostentation, done one's established duty. And the sharing of such knowledge with others compels that self-respect to shrink and shrivel in proportion to the increase in numbers of those who share in the knowledge.

Tennyson wrote:

"Men may rise on stepping stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."

The novelist and the dramatist have used this theme times without number and always with thrilling effect. How often do we see the part enacted in the life about us. A careless man has said little things and done little acts that are open to criticism, or he has failed to perform some of the little niceties falling to his lot. The onlooker has made his passing comment, the tale has been repeated and distorted many times, until the gossips have built for this unthinking man a character of the basest, though his heart be true as steel. From the great fountain of inspiration, the great encyclopaedia of not only English but world thought, we glean how

"Men that make
Envy, and crooked malice, nourishment,
Dare bite the best."

And by such bites of the envious the sands become piled up almost to mountain height, and the ordinary waves of ocean cannot sweep over those sands to wash out the faults written thereon. The searchlights of the passing craft bring out every fault in luminous letters. 'Tis then in the true man that the old self dies to become that stepping-stone to higher things. The old spirit slinks away into the darkness never to return, and there in the "fierce white light of publicity" he dons the new raiment while kind Providence sends one wave mightier than all the others so that the inscriptions upon the sands may be obliterated.

The man who has taken to its full this course of treatment, who has thus been reborn of trial, feels in his soul thereafter the greatest balm when listening to the singing of the beautiful words of John Henry Newman's "Light in Darkness." Possibly unknown to the envious, his life has been filled with acts of charity, not always the charity of word and thought, but the charity of deed and action. The Divine Hand guided by that wonderful truth, "Charity covereth a multitude of sins" has seen fit to radiate the reflection of the individual's charities into the eyes and hearts of the many, despite the malice of the few. And from that Charity, within the breast of him who has thus been

tried and tested, there springs "the tender bud of hope,"—that Hope which reverently repeats,

"The night is dark, and I am far from home—
Lead Thou me on,"—

the Hope which slowly brings the wanderer back to the green fields of Faith. And so he who possessed only the saving clause of charity, and that charity of the common earthly sort, in time is brought thereby to the possession of all the cardinal graces, through and over the thorny roads of trial and torment.

Many of the brothers whose names elicited no response when called tonight were apparently in the best of health one year ago, when the previous Memorial Day was observed. Some of them undoubtedly were interested in the preparation for this event. Not so long ago I was invited to address a similar gathering of another fraternity in the City of New York, and as there were many subordinate bodies interested and each was to be represented upon the committee of arrangements, that committee was appointed six weeks or so before the event. When the time for printing programs came, a few days before the date set, the names of two of the original committeemen, one of whom was cast for a prominent part in the observance, had to be set in the memorial column. In one case death came without warning. In the other the illness was but of a few days' duration. And such may have been the fate of some of the brothers who were preparing for the proper rendition of this service which we today dedicate to our departed brethren.

Pick up your morning paper and the telegraph pages each day deal with deaths in manifold. Here it is the story of a disaster in midocean, there the cave-in of a mine, yonder a railway collision. Next day a dam has burst, carrying death and destruction before it,—again a trestle gives way, dropping a train-load to a watery grave. In one column there may be a frightful tale of a theatre holocaust,—in another the dread recital of a powder mill explosion. Turn then to the pages of every issue devoted to news of a local character, and day after day you will find, in the list of the dead, names of those whom you have known, and sometimes you have met and conversed with the bearer of one of those names only a few short hours or days before the chronicled time of passing.

To the individual resident of the crowded city who has reached the age of fifty years, in most instances death has become a mere matter-of-fact circumstance, to which only the passing attention of a moment is given. To the one who lives alone and who long

since severed ties of kin and friendship, refusing to be bound in any way by the ties of fraternity, only such ghostly visitors as Charles Dickens brought to the bedside of Scrooge in "A Christmas Carol," will produce an awakening to the possibilities of Death and the Hereafter. To those who have lived as Scrooge was taught by his spectral monitors to live in his remaining years, there need be no fear of the coming of the Last Visitor. He is bound to make that visit,—it cannot be evaded. The Elk is taught to meet death with a smile,—his fears have long since been calmed. Those of our brothers who have so recently responded to the summons from the other shore, have gone forth willingly, bravely, manfully. They are enjoying eternal rest in the Land of Peace. And we who remain behind for a short period have blotted from the sands where we had inscribed them all mention of their frailties and shortcomings, but deeply graven upon our tablets of love and memory are the stories of their good parts. And when the end comes to each of us in turn, we will glory in these remembrances of the past, and in the knowledge that those who survive shall, on the next Memorial Day, pay the same tribute of love and friendship to us, as we have done to those who left before us. And not alone are we to be remembered upon that single day, but whenever the hour of eleven is recorded upon the dial of Time, tender thoughts will flash across the loving memories of many who knew us in the days of "Auld Lang Syne."



THE MEN OF TO-MORROW.

DELIVERED AT BANQUET OF ILION BOARD OF TRADE, FEBRUARY
27, 1911.

"As the twig is bent, so is the tree inclin'd."

"The boy is father of the man."

"Spare the rod and spoil the child."

"And the sins of the parent shall be visited upon the child, even unto the third and the fourth generation."

These are but samples of the many proverbs and platitudes which have been hurled at mankind for centuries. And for a long time mankind listened attentively, pondered thoughtfully and benevolently assimilated into its everyday life the aforesaid proverbs and platitudes. It was then that a lesson learned in the curriculum of experience held lasting weight for a lifetime. It was then that the establishment of a record in any particular walk of life meant that such record would stand for a long time to come.

But, alas, for proverbs, for lessons, for records. We are living in an age where records are being smashed every minute. What was impossible last week became probable yesterday, is practical today and next week will be superseded by something which but a few days ago seemed more stupendously impossible.

When those two great events of the closing years of the 18th century, which changed maps, histories and peoples,—the Surrender of Cornwallis and the Fall of the Bastille, occurred, there were no telegraph wires, telephones or cables to carry the announcements of those happenings to the far corners of the earth, and the man or woman who would have dared to predict the "wireless" of today would have fallen a victim to the fury of an enraged mob. There were no morning or evening papers with the latest news from every quarter of the globe to be perused with one's meals. The steamboat did not become an assured fact until after the new century dawned, and still later came the steam engine, and the million marvels of modern machinery. The Morse system and the Field cable were but novelties crudely working when the sound of the guns at Sumter stirred the nation one-half of a century ago. Men who were born since that event can easily remember the introduction into offices and business places of the two great aids of modern business, the telephone and the typewriter.

And through the folly of the party attacking Fort Sumter, with the additional folly of Napoleon the Little in his opera bouffe demonstration against Germany, clicked Ilion's first glory, the click, click of the Remington gun which made your home famous wherever a body of soldiery was marshalled. And hardly had your guns clicked in unison to the strains of martial music the world over, saying in thunder tones, "Remington! Ilion!" before in the busy marts of trade and commerce, in the offices, the mills, the schools, a feebler and less perceptible click, click was heard, the click of the typewriter, and it seemed to repeat the statement of its older and louder brother, "Remington! Ilion!" until all creation knew that both in peace and war Ilion held a place upon the map and the name of Remington deserved an inscription in the Hall of Fame. And because of these industries, and their call for able-bodied men at high-priced wages, which enable families to be properly cared for and supported, Ilion can proudly make its boast of being a he-town, and those who live in she-towns, where industries that employ able-bodied men are discouraged, and plants which only want women and children for long hours at barely living wages are fostered and nurtured, know how in their helplessness they silently envy you this real mark of civic greatness.

But enough of yesterday and today. This talk is supposed to deal with tomorrow. The honk-honk and the trail of dust which marked the passage of the sixty-mile-an-hour-chauffeur of yesterday and the speck in the sky which marks the flights of today's bird-man will hardly be out of sight and hearing before their successors will try to startle the world. I say "try" because the world has gotten used to startling sensations and no longer startles.

The newer generation is growing old by leaps and bounds. It is up to you and me and all others who stand forth before the people in any light, however feeble, to render an account of our stewardship and to demonstrate that we are endeavoring to keep the line steady, the step in tune and the guide to the right.

It sometimes takes years to eradicate false impressions gained in youth, and it is up to every one of us not to create those false impressions. Grocer, have you sanded your sugar, used short measure or palmed off something not as good upon your unsuspecting customer, while your errand boy stood by? Coal dealer, have you weighed in the driver with your load to be delivered, while the new clerk looked calmly on? Lawyer, have you stretched the truth visibly while dictating an affidavit to your stenographer and in the presence of the student in your office?

Bookkeeper, have you forced a trial balance with a base-ball club and let the novice see your crude work? And you, the man in the corner store, have you sold cigarettes to boys of doubtful age? The list is long, the questions many, but if a single one of you has deviated from the path of honor, right and duty, in a single instance, and that instance has been brought to the attention of a youngster, in that respect have you harmed him, and no one knows where the endless chain of evil influence will lead to, or when and how it may come back to curse your own.

Why are politicians corrupt? Because Big Business has made them so. And the apostles of Big Business who, by tortuous paths and devious methods have wrested great fortunes unearned from producer, wage-earner and consumer alike, without regard to the rights of any, and then sanctimoniously endowed colleges, churches, libraries and schools with their tainted money, these are the real blots upon civilization, the real curse to the rising generation, in whose breasts they generate the desire of emulation and the spirit of trampling down all humans who stand in their way.

The youth of today knows that he hasn't a chance to fight and beat a machine unless unlimited wealth be his, and even then he has to watch his men to see that they stay bought. The cold-hearted, ill-shapen, homely-faced woman who has never been tempted, averts her face when the voluptuous sister, whom nature cursed with tenderness, love and passion, passes by. So the man who has never stood in the place of crucial test, rails at the hitherto honest man who has allowed himself to be snared into the paths of corruption. The man who has never drunk the drugged and poisoned stuff they now label whiskey, wonders at the deeds of him who falls as its victim.

It seems as though with the marvelous changes going on about us that our very natures must be changing. Not long ago we all took stock in the Biblical tale which figured out this earth to be in the vicinity of six thousand years of age. Now the very bugs picked from the limestone in Trenton gorge, just up above us in the West Canada Creek, and the stone itself, prove to scientists that stone and bug alike have been on the job for more than ten times that number of years. The alphabet, the basic stone of modern education, undergoes changes with the rest. The initial G we long ago looked upon as typifying God, goodness, grandeur and greatness; today it is more often heard of as the symbol of gain, grab, graft and greed. The next letter indicated the holy hearth of happy home, with hope of a halo in heaven. Now it too often helps to hurl its harassed hordes into the hell of heart-break.

Everything is moving swiftly and the youth of both sexes too readily grasp the accelerated paces. In the last three years the population of the insane hospitals doubled. It took ten years before that to double it, and the previous doubling occurred after a space of thirty years. And the greatest cause of all is the rapid pace. But all of the victims are not of the first instance, for the curse of heredity, of the rapid pace and the excesses of previous generations, has been collecting the toll long overdue. It is a time for men to think and act. Look at one-half of the lads who slouch along our streets without a spark of manhood in their stride. The deadly cigarette is getting in its fatal work there. And every whiff of the poison creates the same desire and craving for more which marks the use of what are known as the deadly drugs. Step into the "pool-parlor." There are the lads who are old enough to escape the truant officer, but they don't seem to find work. And when they don't work, very often they steal to get the money to play pool. They come under my observation every week, and pity is the only feeling that can be generated, outside of disgust for the man who breeds these conditions.

A change is coming. Hygiene and physiology are not being reserved for the high schools alone, but are percolating into the lower grades. The poisons, useful in slight portions for tonics or medicinal purpose, but dangerous when abused, nicotine and alcohol, are receiving their share of attention, so that the coming generation may be warned of their effects when overuse becomes abuse. Though prudes and hypocrites decry, the teaching of the sex relation must necessarily follow, for in ignorance in that respect is to be found the pitfall which engulfs so many that might be useful lives.

To each of us then the burden comes home. If you have not thought of it before, turn your mind in that direction now. Precept, example, steady hands, are needed every hour in this great cause, and for the benefits they receive therefrom and thereby, the men and women of tomorrow, from happy homes, blessed with healthy children, will utter words of thanksgiving and praise to those who set their feet in the right path and guarded them from going astray.



HIS MOST DRAMATIC UTTERANCE.

FROM A CAMPAIGN SPEECH DELIVERED AT AN OPEN AIR MEETING IN THE EIGHTH WARD OF UTICA, OCTOBER, 1903. THIS STATEMENT BROUGHT SOBS AND TEARS FROM SOME OF THE SYMPATHETIC IRISH WOMEN LISTENERS. ON ELECTION DAY THE WARD GAVE HIM THE LARGEST PLURALITY EVER GIVEN A CANDIDATE.

I want to say and I swear, by the name and memory of my dead mother, who sleeps yonder in St. Agnes' Roman Catholic cemetery, by all the hopes I cherish for the little five-year-old darling, with flaxen hair and laughing eyes of Irish blue, whose lips I kissed a fond farewell on leaving home this night, I never met or saw this person with whom they have connected my name. And if that be not the truth, may the Eternal God strike me dead where I stand.



EXTRACT FROM SPEECH OF ACCEPTANCE WHEN FIRST NOMINATED FOR CITY JUDGE, 1899.

I have never been owned or controlled by any man or clique or set of men. I have never worn any man's collar, and so help me God I never will.

* * * * *

If I am elected city judge of Utica, all shall stand equal before that bar. Race, color, creed, sex, wealth, influence, shall not enter into the deliberations of that court. Political pull shall save no man. If he be found guilty and deserve the extreme penalty of the law, even though his influence stretch from Chateaugay to Stapleton, from Canaan Four Corners to Dunkirk, I shall not be swerved from performing the duty which the magistrate owes the community.

* * * * *

I am one of those who believe that a magistrate should be merciful to the unfortunate, lenient with the young who have unwittingly wandered for the first time into error's path, but sternly just with the scalawag, the reprobate, the hardened criminal!

FOUR YEARS LATER, WHEN NAMED FOR THE SECOND TIME, 1903.

How well the faith thus given has been kept, is an open record, within the knowledge of all.

Criticism has been made that the room capacity of the jail has not been overtaxed, and that a string of officers were not kept busy conveying prisoners to Syracuse Penitentiary. Had such a course been followed, who would have had to foot the bills? Why, the taxpayer, of course, and has he not already borne burdens enough of that kind? Punishment has been meted out to every one who really deserved it, or whom it could benefit. In some cases it has been severe, but always intended for the common weal. The pages of the Revised Statutes or the sections of the Penal Code have not always been consulted, more often it has been the leaves of the human heart and the chapters of common sense. Politics, race, creed, have cut no figure. No man has been punished because of enmity. No one has been permitted to sin with impunity because of friendship.

What the record has been for the past four years, if the people ratify your choice at the polls next month, I pledge you it shall continue to be for the coming four years. Whatever the faults, follies, foibles or vagaries of the individual may have been during these four years, or in other years ago, the record in official station, whenever and wherever held has never been tarnished. Nor shall it be.

(And then again there were a couple of others, in '07 and '11.)



MEMORIAL DAY ADDRESS.

FOREST HILL CEMETERY, UTICA, N. Y., MAY 30, 1913.

With a greater pride and a graver sadness, we gather each recurring Memorial Day to pay our tribute to the deceased soldiers and sailors of the Civil War. The great majority of the participants in that never-to-be-forgotten struggle have been mustered out by the Supreme Commander. The answers to roll call are few and faint. Robust manhood, with here and there a few shining exceptions to prove the rule, is scarcely discernible in the ranks of the survivors. Each year the number of graves to be decorated has grown larger, and as a consequence the number of those left to perform that offering of love and devotion is gradually dwindling away to the point of extinction.

This is not even passing strange to us, for well we know that time cannot be cheated. We are standing in the shadow of the semi-centennial celebration of the most glorious Fourth of July since that first famed day when in 1776 the old Liberty Bell rang out its glad news to the colonists,—the Fourth of July, 1863. What a day of comfort that was to Union hearts, what wonderful news it was that brought them balm. The tide of rebellion was swept back at Gettysburg, after a three days' fight which concerned the greatest number ever gathered on a battlefield, a total in both armies of one hundred and fifty thousand men,—and these men, to tell the actual truth, to a great extent were only boys in their teens. And on that same day the starving garrisons at Vicksburg surrendered to the immortal Grant, and here too was a display of the magnitude of numbers, for nearly 32,000 prisoners were taken besides many cannon and great quantities of small arms, said by a military authority to be "the largest capture of men and material ever made in war," not even excepting the Napoleonic campaigns.

What wonder then, with all that lapse of time, with the hardships and privations endured, with the wounds received and sicknesses undergone, that the percentage of survivors is very small. And of them many are but awaiting the end. Their state is best described by the words of the poem "In Extremis," from the pen of our own beloved Marc Cook:

"Never again to know
Health's radiant warming glow;
Never again to feel
The sinews pliant as steel
Tempered in action's heat,
The sweat of honest toil

Earning its respite sweet,
But day and night, night and day,
To watch the body's slow decay,
And know that Death scores one in the game,
In sunshine and shadow just the same,
Every day,—every day."

The events of those intervening fifty years have served to weld together the sections of the country in such a manner that the scars of the one-time separation are no longer discernible. And now, thank God, to show that we are a thoroughly reunited people, the survivors of that momentous and stupendous struggle at Gettysburg, the wearers of the blue and the wearers of the gray, are to meet and commingle as one common host, upon the fiftieth anniversary of the battle, upon that great battlefield, where so many of their comrades closed their earthly careers in July, 1863.

We here in Utica were pleased to see such a reunion on a smaller scale,—when the Confederate survivors of the Fort Fisher fight visited our own "boys" who had been their armed opponents in that bloody struggle, as the return of a trip made by the 117th Regiment to the scene of that battlefield. This blissful forgetting of the harshness of other days is bearing fruit to the land in many ways. Because after all, it was only a fight between brothers. In the border States, most of the families divided, and many today are strewing flowers above both sets of kindred, without distinction as to whether their forms were arrayed in battle in the blue of the North or clad in the Southern gray. And not alone in the border States, but throughout each section, were those who had kindred enlisted upon the side of the other. Sleeping peacefully in one of our own cemeteries, lie the remains of an uncle, who with other kinsmen, enlisted in support of the Union, and yet I knew of some cousins who battled upon the side of the Confederacy, and one of them is filling an unmarked grave somewhere on his last battlefield. The woes and the sorrows of the past are forgotten, the only remembrance today is that they were all kindred.

And each side fought a good fight. And each believed that it was right. But today all are satisfied that from the arbitrament of war came a just decision. Recent researches and outcroppings have developed the fact that the great commander of the Southern forces, Robert E. Lee, whose name will be classed in future history as one of the world's greatest soldiers, never believed that the South had a chance, in his heart opposed the war, in fact really thought that slavery should be abolished, and was swayed in his action by a wonderful love for his native State which

seemed to outweigh all other considerations. In how many other breasts were smothered similar sentiments, no man may at this late date attempt to conjecture. Lee saw what he believed to be a duty, and that duty he performed with disastrous results, even though he long before felt that the institution of chattel slavery must forever pass from the earth.

And oh! the blood that was shed, and the treasure that was destroyed, and the homes that were blighted, before the righteous verdict could be entered into judgment. It was a costly arbitrament, and cruel to many, but the result achieved was worth untold men and money, as they are estimated in battle figuring, to the country, which has thereby become reunited. Chattel slavery was a disgrace to the earth. God had decreed that it should no longer have a place in a land which men called free. The cost of entering that decree was so stupendous that it settled for a very long time to come the prospect of another disagreement between the various sections of the country, along similar lines. But the extermination of one kind of slavery did not loose the world from all forms of bondage. Other and older forms of slavery were in existence and had lived and thrived long before the enunciation of Lincoln's great Emancipation Proclamation. Others yet have grown up since the close of the great conflict of the sixties. And each of these must be settled by a great conflict first in the minds and consciences of the people, and then in the halls of legislation, if we would keep from other conflicts upon the battlefield.

That sort of slavery which has sent the woman to the penitentiary, the gutter or a nameless grave in the Potter's Field, while her associate of the other sex, calmly, without pain or punishment, took his place among the elect, must cease. The victim must no longer be banned as an outcast, while the real culprit enjoys untrammelled immunity. If there is to be immunity granted on one side, it should be extended to both. If punishment is to be inflicted, one side alone should not suffer.

Industrial slavery too must be ended. And by industrial slavery is not meant the mere performance of manual labor. Labor is healthful and necessary to us all. But the labor which cramps up women and children in inadequate quarters, deprives them of necessary ventilation, stints their food supply, makes them work long hours for mere pittance, this is the industrial slavery which must be destroyed. Dividends are necessary and useful things in every enterprise, but dividends which are earned from the woes of humanity, which are coined from human flesh and blood, from the lives of little ones, from the health of the future mothers of the race, these dividends shall in time be looked upon as being

just as unholy, just as poisonous, as were the profits of the negro slave mart.

So far as America is concerned the adult male portion of the population has to a great extent emancipated itself from the long hours, unsanitary workrooms and starvation wages. Men have been able to do this because of increased intelligence, by reason of their organizations, and the ballots which they could cast, that served to "bend the coward's knee, and force from the lips of fear the lies of praise."

These two forms of slavery which have so often proven interchangeable, at least in one direction, are today the great blots upon the American escutcheon. And the shackles can best be stricken from the limbs of the women and children by destroying another and interlinking form of bondage. Place in the hands of womankind the same weapons that the men are able to employ, and the twin evils of white slavery and industrial bondage will succumb to their blows just as Savannah and Charleston succumbed to the victorious Northern armies and fleets. In Colorado, Idaho, Wyoming, Utah, Oregon, California, Washington, Arizona, the dykes which were sustaining that unequal suffrage bondage have been swept away as were the dykes of negro slavery at Vicksburg, Petersburg and Atlanta. And the tide is rising and rolling eastward, its momentum being greatly accelerated by the aid of the foremost labor organizations.

A civilization has been false to itself which conferred unstintedly upon a John Wilkes Booth, a Charles J. Guiteau, a Leon Czolgoscz, the right to secure a participation in government which has been denied absolutely to a Nancy Hanks, a Barbara Frietchie or a Clara Barton. And when that civilization shall have reversed its traditions and established its base upon the grounds of Eternal Truth and Equal Justice, giving lavishly to each qualified citizen what every other enjoys, the celebrators on future patriotic occasions, shall give the same praise and glory to the revered names of Matilda Joslyn Gage, Lillie Devereux Blake, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and their associates, the pioneers and forerunners of the abolition of sex bondage, as we now attach to the sacred names of Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison, Gerrit Smith, and their compatriots, who suffered so many ignominies for preaching the doctrines of the American Constitution, "that all men are created free and equal." And we can best judge and consider these problems of the future by keeping well in mind that many of those men whose graves we crown today with wreaths gave up their lives upon Southern battlefields in support of that everliving, never-dying principle, the equality of mankind,

from which has been drawn the warp and woof, the texture and fabric, that have knitted together this gigantic institution known as the United States of America.

Another slavery is now openly threatening, which has been engaged for years silently, secretly, stealthily, in the undermining of the fortifications of American liberty. On every hand those who should have opposed its progress, have been catering to those who have furnished and equipped the sappers and miners. "Invisible government," the great foe of human liberty, at last has been unmasked, and rather too late than too soon. Battles are raging strenuously, though quietly, in Nation, in State, and in every minor political subdivision. That great man, whose utterances resemble more closely those of Lincoln than did those of any other who stood between them, placed his finger on the Nation's pulse beat, felt out the Nation's heart throb when he said:

"This is not a day of triumph; it is a day of dedication. Here muster not the forces of party, but the forces of humanity. Men's hearts wait upon us; men's lives hang in the balance; men's hopes call upon us to say what we will do. Who shall live up to the great trust? Who dares fail to try?"

And those who would attempt to create panics and destroy credit, because of the reduction of their enormous profits at the general expense to a reasonable percentage based upon actual cost, will find no sympathizers if they persist in adorning the gibbets which have been erected for financial and commercial traitors.

And as the financial and commercial pirates of the Nation have been warned from Washington so must the other "interests," the pirates that fatten upon state and county and city benefactions, who in their corporate capacities, as public service corporations, seek to dictate every act of government, the naming of every officer, the disposal of every dollar gathered by taxation from the rich and poor alike,—so must these pirates be warned by those who have the strength, and driven from the trough by those who have the courage and determination to say and maintain that if this government is to endure as the same free republic, which our gallant soldier lads strove to uphold on so many battlefields, then "invisible government" must end at once and forever.



AN AFTER-DINNER SPEECH.

FORT PLAIN, JANUARY 9, 1905.

One who assumes the responsibility of after dinner speaking must first have taken a course in some other hardened sinner line. Some have gouged the patrons of railroads by patent duplex reversible freight rates, and some have played the limit upon the gullibility and pocket books of hotel patrons, before graduation into this class—and then leaped into it at a single bound. Others less fortunate have wiggled and wriggled their ways over devious and tortuous paths before being recognized as “of The System,” while still others have arrived by the aid of press boomers—for a consideration, of course.

We all deal in the same stuff, call it prattle, twaddle, guff, gabble or what you will. We are supposed to tickle your fancy as the caterer is employed to tickle your palate. But it is far easier to tickle the fancies of gentlemen who have followed through a number of courses, mostly of liquids, than to perform the same operation where the ladies of a church serve the supper. Explosions of corks and escaping of bubbles will lead to explosions of laughter and escaping of general merriment, whatever be the atmospheric temperature, but the old oaken bucket never inspired what Joe Howard would call “a wild hooting continuity of turbulent hurrahdome.” This merely serves to prove the truth of the Jekyll-Hyde theory. Each of us is possessed of a dual personality, and some are known to have a dozen, varying with the hour and the beverage.

We swerve from the strenuous to the simple life and vice versa with scarcely a moment's notice. The man who is a major-general in the presence of his timid wife and brow-beaten children, is not even a color bearer six blocks away from home. While the fellow who lords it over his mates and sends a shudder down the back of his business servitors, creeps into the house at 1 A. M. with shoes in hand, and a meeker look than ever a street-crossing beggar could muster. The financier who would not loan you twenty simoleons unless your right eye were removed and left as security, probably has forty thousand plunks of the depositors' good stuff floating around Wall Street where he has been trying to guess the market. And as for the fellow who is attempting to collect that bill from you, three others are dogging his footsteps bent upon a similar mission.

Some change their religious and political beliefs as often or possibly oftener than shirts or socks. But sometimes such versatility is rather more commendable than the conservatism of the

mossback who glories in an unbroken line stretching back several generations or centuries with never a single swerve. The postmaster who will not let go until his teeth give out and the editor who secures the pap with double somersault are no longer objects of derision, but "leading citizens of the community to whom we point with pride."

This is the day of change—but the trouble with most of us is we find ours of the small variety. Ideas which half a dozen years ago were expressed by one man on the stump, and found vent from another's pen in a newspaper though couched in somewhat different language, were derided as "socialistic," "anarchistic," "inimical to our institutions;" today uttered by a stripling arrayed with the other alignment are greeted by shouts of approval and wild huzzas from the very throats of those who so clamorously decried them but recently. The crowd moves with the celerity of the butterfly. The laws of the Medes and Persians may have remained fixed and immutable, but death is the only game in our time which can boast of holding its own without change. Some fellows have learned how to dodge the tax man. The rabble is the same today as it was "back through the vast of the clamoring years." Nineteen centuries have made no difference. They would shout today "Give us Barabbas," and the chances are in some sections Barabbas might even be more popular than he was of old.

A few there are who still think Solomon the wisest of men, but that may be accounted for by the fact that possibly they have never read a line penned by the Sage of St. Johnsville, that wondrous man so aptly described by Byron:

"Time writes no wrinkles on thine azure brow,
Such as creation's dawn beheld thou rollest now,"

and probably some who doubt these words and rely on Solomon in this respect have affixed their signatures to a petition to keep Reed Smoot out of the United States senate.

And speaking of Solomon and Smoot brings us down to the topic of woman, lovely woman—how sweetly she smiles as she bestows tender kisses upon her sex companion while too often the clawing finger nails lacerate the bare shoulder behind. But God bless her, no matter what she does to womankind, we of the masculine gender will forgive her so long as she keeps on loving us in the same old way and fails to discover our untruthfulness and unworthiness. We will continue to open our hearts and our pocketbooks to her as long as she is willing to listen to our taffy and our fables, to make the bread, cook the meals, tend the furnace, shovel the snow, do the washing and ironing, keep track of

the children and perform a few other trifling stunts uninteresting to a bachelor boarding in an hotel.

And how the contrarities of life do mix themselves. We attend a wedding and a funeral in the same day, and it is pretty hard on those of us who possess two suits of clothing to hustle home, make the lightning change and return in time to properly assist at the other function. Some of us take the pledge and then cross the street to wet it. We shake our heads in sorrow at the downward course of Highflyer and Goodfellow, and then quaff a bumper that we know how to tamper with the booze in moderation, though others may be winking with a knowing eye. We pawn our jewelry and diamonds for a few weeks' pleasure at the seashore or in the woods, and then hustle all winter to make good. If we pick up a newspaper one column will tell of that midnight blue-blooded revel at Philadelphia, while the deadly parallel column gives us a glance at the woes of thousands of starving New England factory hands. One page tells of Christmas cheer throughout all the world—of earthly peace. Another recounts the horrors of Port Arthur. Here is a story of certain gigantic schemes to be put through by wonderful millionaires whose names stand for all that is pure and true; and there you may get a tale of "Frenzied Finance" from one who knows the ropes.

There is great trepidation at Albany because the lid is found to be off in some spot or other in New York, while every New Yorker over seven knows that the Albany lid was broken up and sold for old iron several years ago, and no new one was ever ordered.

And yet after all we have advanced a bit from the days of the Stone Age. We are building hospitals, homes, orphanages, libraries. We are here and there boosting humanity's cause a little, and the greatest aid in this line is fraternity. The lodge is every day improving mankind, softening the edges, rounding the angles, uplifting humanity. Much is to be done, and fraternity proposes to do its share. Widows, orphans, stricken homes, sick and injured brothers, sorrowing families, bear willing testimony in our behalf that there is some good left in this old world after all. It is the very best world that you and I have ever lived in, and let us pledge ourselves to continue making it better whenever and wherever opportunity presents.



"POETRY."

Early in life he perpetrated some rhymes, several of which appeared in print. These are carefully guarded nowadays from profane eyes, but this one specimen was found in a scrap-book. It was published in the *Elmira Telegram* of November 29, 1885, and glorifies the exploits of a half-breed Indian leader of a rebellion in the Canadian Northwest. Father had a long line of rebel ancestry, and, as he admits himself, rebellion appears to have been so strongly imbedded in his own make-up as to crop out with more or less regularity against somebody or something every little while. He was always particularly enthusiastic about any who might engage in rebellion against the British monarchy.

These may not be his best stanzas, nor even yet his worst, but, as the circus posters say, they constitute "the only specimen in captivity."

LOUIS RIEL.

Thou wert mad, Louis Riel, Louis Riel;
Still for thee, freedom's child, we can feel,
For "mad," too, was our own "Old John Brown,"
The hero of Ossawattamie town.

Yes, he too was murdered legally—
The oppressed he also sought to free;
His band was not so large as thine;
Two years passed—armed millions were in line.

And they sang, "His soul goes marching on."
By that tune inspired they fought and won.
Fanatic him every one termed,
Yet in blood soon was his creed affirmed.

Shall thy soul go marching on, as well?
Dost thy death sound the oppressor's knell?
Will thine own countrymen now arise
And avenge thee, chief of the Metis?


Craven thou may'st have been, Louis Riel,
When upon thy doom time set his seal;
For mercy the Briton yet may crave,
And wish that to thee thy life he gave.

No niche hast thou in the temple of fame,
But the world will not soon forget thy name.
Mayhap thy race, with gun and clanging steel,
Will avenge thee, Louis Riel, Louis Riel.

HIS GREAT MUSICAL COMPOSITION, "TIT, TAT, TOE,"

WHICH SWEEPED UTICA BY STORM, NOVEMBER, 1911.

12

OFFICES	A ★ DEMOCRATS	B ☼ REPUBLICANS	C 👤 SOCIALIST	D ⚖️ PROGRESSIVE LEAGUE	E 🏰 PROBATION	F 🗳️ Independent	
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EXTRACT FROM SPEECH DELIVERED AT LITTLE FALLS "OLD HOME WEEK."

August 20, 1903.

The committee which yesterday afternoon invited me to speak here to-day said that every participant must get along without a theme; that all commissions issued for the event were free and open. The occasion, an Old Home Week, furnishes a delightful fund of pleasant thoughts, on which one may dwell for a long time. Certainly the man who first bethought of the Old Home Week deserves the thanks of all humankind. It was no doubt his hope by this conception to have all the wanderers the world over to return to that haven of bliss from which they had long since drifted—home, and enjoy for a week or so that heaven which we all anticipate to meet us somewhere.

I have been something of a wanderer myself. I have traversed considerably this great and beautiful land of ours. I have seen the sun rise in beauty on the Atlantic Coast, and have gazed with rapture on the regal splendor of a sunset in the Pacific Ocean. I have set foot on the snow-capped crests of the Sierras and the Rockies; have gazed upon the blue waters of the Mexican Gulf, and have lolled at ease in the soft and sunny lands of the South when blizzards were raging at home; but, with every other traveler to those points from our own glorious section, I am thoroughly convinced that the grass grows no greener in any other section of the world than it does between Syracuse and Schenectady.

Events such as these bring back memories of the past, and memory is a thousand times blessed thereby. Unpleasant incidents of the by-gone days few care to recall—they sink into merited oblivion; but the memories of our pleasures and enjoyments, these endure with us forever and a day. Old Home Week! Ah, what pleasant memories are thus revived! We live again in our childhood. Memories of the boys and girls who were young with us, who shared our joys and sorrows, who attended the same schools, crowd upon us, and we wonder whither they have gone. I look back twenty-five years and think of the boys then in the same class in the High School—and I am the only one left in my native city. The others have died or drifted to all parts of the country, and they, the boys, are all growing old; but the girls, God bless them, they never grow old.

In your own midst, do you not wonder "Where are the boys and girls of yesterday"? Think of the rich and respected families of the city who years ago were prominent among you—they have

disappeared, and a new generation from a new strain has taken their places. Some of you may remember a little bare-footed Irish bouchal, who had one suspender, no coat, a tattered straw hat and patches on his trousers. Mayhap you hear of him now as a business king in one of the great commercial centers. Then there was the little quiet lad, who had been a Mohawk Dutchman for many generations, and you imagined he was going to live and die where his forebears had performed similar acts so peacefully; but no, he is to-day a famed legislator in the far West. And the little freckle-faced girl with the cheap sunbonnet—what has become of her? She is to-day one of the society leaders in a great city.

* * * * *

This event has brought back to your city many who could not have been beguiled to return for any other reason, and they are certainly enjoying the pleasant occasion. Many of those listening now, who are still young in years and spirit, will strike out into new fields, will find new homes; but when you do, boys and girls, remember that it is well to keep in mind the old home, and your old friends and old associations. Don't be too busy to think occasionally of the home of your boyhood or girlhood, and don't forget to come back to spend the Old Home Week each recurring anniversary. Keep well in memory those sublime words written by that wanderer who from boyhood never knew a home, John Howard Payne—"Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home." These words strike a responsive chord in every human breast, and only the wanderer a long while and a long way from home appreciates them in their truest and fullest meaning.



